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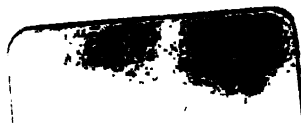
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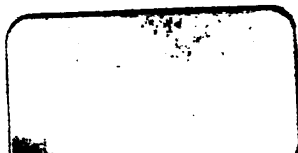




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VOL. XXVIII.

NEW SERIES, VOL. VII.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1859.  
" "

JOHN R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

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# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, JANUARY, 1859.

## ON READING.

Much of the pleasure and interest with which we peruse a work, is dependent upon the time and place of reading it. Fully to enjoy a book, fully to enter into and appreciate it, it must be read in solitude, in quiet, and in our own peculiar apartment, among things to which we are accustomed. There must be no outer distraction—no strange presence, to bring us back momentarily from our ideal world to an unseasonable consciousness of the actual by which we are surrounded.

For reading, and especially for studying, a small apartment is better than a large one. Few can read with satisfaction in a large library, with many windows; there is too much space in which the thoughts may expand. In a small room, with drawn window-curtains, we shrink more into ourselves, and concentrate our thoughts more exclusively on the work in hand: we are shut in from the world, and the narrower the sphere of outer observation, the deeper appears the concentration of thought within.

Out-of-door reading is a fallacy. One may wander into the woods and fields with the purpose of doubly enjoying a good book, but how far satisfactory does he find such reading? "We have tried the mockery of a book in a garden," says Lamb. Who can confine his thoughts to the volume in his hand, when before him lies outspread the great Book of Nature, and above is the open sky, wooing his thoughts away into its limitless depths? For we must all have experienced the irresistible power which the expanse of sea and sky, or even an extensive landscape, exerts, in

attracting and dissipating the thought, and opposing the concentrative powers of the mind. Hence, even in musing in the open air, we instinctively turn our eyes downward, in order to shut out this bewildering space. No; it is impossible to read or even to think deeply in the open air. Our ideas float about us in fitful and broken flights; and we at last hurry back to our accustomed room, as the most satisfactory place for such exercise.

For different kinds of reading, different times are appropriate. Newspapers should be read before or during breakfast, and in the family circle. The various items of news form an agreeable subject of remark and discursive discourse, as you sip your coffee—neither occupation interfering with the other. After breakfast, if there is no more important business or engagement, it is delightful to sit down with fresh, untired energies to some favorite book, or study, or writing; something requiring the whole powers of mind and thought. A novel should never be read at this hour; it is an inauspicious beginning for the day. Then the mind is fresh and unoccupied, and its unfatigued energies require exercise. If this is not gratified, there is a feeling of dissatisfaction and unsatisfied craving, and an uneasy consciousness of time and talent wasted, which haunts us throughout the day, unsettling both mind and temper.

I believe that few persons like noonday reading except for an interval of recreation in the sultry summer days, when other employment is impossible. Then, a novel is admissible; but the most agreea-

ble reading for such times, are cheerful amusing, sketchy books, treating of the Country, or summer tours, and breathing an atmosphere of freshness and lightness. Willis is a charming companion for a summer noonday—so is Dr. Doran; and such books as the *Bedott and Sparrowgrass Papers*, seem intended exclusively for this kind of reading.

After-dinner reading is delightful, when the principal business cares of the day are over, and we are at leisure to enjoy the luxury of a lounge in a breezy hall in summer, or a cushioned arm-chair beside a bright fire in winter. And in winter, as the day-light begins to decline without, and the fire light to glow within—when the lamps are lighted, (for with Poe I prefer that soft astral glow to the harsh gas refulgence)—then is the time for reading. There is something genial, inspiriting, in the influence of the warm, bright glow of mingled fire and lamp light; in the luxurious arm-chair, the covered reading-table, the comfortable footstool, and the drawn window curtains. Thus settled with a really good and interesting book before you, and pen and paper at hand for the convenience of making notes, should you require it, and with one or two quiet, happy, familiar household faces beside you—then, reading is indeed a luxury. Mind and body are alike gratified—a double pleasure.

This making notes is a pleasant and instructive thing. Here we take down whatever strikes us as being desirable to remember, or suggests a train of thought or apt association which we would wish to record. Many of our most distinguished authors have read and written thus; have owed some of their brightest and most original thoughts to suggestive passages of other writers. For thought is like the fire in flint: it may lie dormant until contact with another excites the latent scintillations, which properly cherished, may grow into a broad and glorious flame.

But few, comparatively, understand or appreciate the merits of, and advantages to be, derived from works of fiction; and those who condemn them as a class, merely betray the ignorance of a narrow-

minded prejudice. It is from this species of literature more than any other, that we gain a knowledge of character and of human nature; of the world and its ways, and of life, with its innumerable social phases, its struggles and trials, its good and evil. Thus we become acquainted with scenes and places, and classes of people, and modes of life, of which we would otherwise have remained as ignorant as of El Dorado, or the man in the moon. We are hereby drawn out of the narrow and contracted sphere of individual observation and experience, and are led to take more liberal and enlightened views, of things, and to form more correct judgment upon many subjects of which we should else entertain but vague and prejudiced ideas. Moreover, it is not to be doubted that by far the largest number of readers of works of fiction are those who possess no taste for literature of a more serious and ambitious cast, and it is not unfrequently the case that these derive their principal knowledge and information from such works. Thus instruction may be gained by the only method in which it would prove agreeable; and History, Philosophy and Religion, be rendered attractive to persons who would never have read books devoted solely to these subjects. By this means, also, they glean a store of general knowledge of the world, and of social life, which they could not otherwise obtain, except by an actual mingling with the world and society to an extent which but few can command. As a distinguished English writer has said: "We regard the authors of the best novels and romances as among the truest benefactors of their species. The world is not in danger of becoming too romantic. The golden threads of poesy are not too closely woven in the ordinary web of human existence. Mistaken are those miserable reasoners who object to them as giving 'false views of life,' merely because that with poetry and romance the world too seldom blossoms."

Novels should be read, not systematically, as an employment, but as a recreation from more serious studies, or as a relief and soothing when the mind is wea-

ried or troubled. Thus read, they help to restore the balance to the mind, which, fatigued with over-exertion, may now repose at ease, and be administered to; for the mind, equally with the body, requires rest and refreshment. When wearied in either, how soothing it is to take up some pleasant, cheerful, genial work of fiction, bearing the impress of a master-mind, and allow yourself to be borne, without care or effort, on a gently flowing tide of fancy, amid scenes and incidents that interest, without unduly exciting. Pleasant in such moods are Scott's, and Dickens', and Thackeray's works, and the later novels of Bulwer-Lytton; but when in place of these, we adventure upon one of those miserable "new publications" of the day—frivolous and ephemeral productions, not worth the time spent in looking them over—then, instead of experiencing the refreshment which we sought, we throw aside the book with a feeling of redoubled weariness and depression, and an uneasy consciousness of time misspent. Not thus with Scott's novels. Truly may he be called "the Wizard"—as great a magician, indeed, as his namesake, Michael, whom his pen has immortalized. Let us take up one of his magic volumes, and straightway what a spell is thrown over us; what a new life is open to us; what a world of picturesque and healthful romance—differing alike from the extravagance of the school which preceded it, and the mere commonplace, every day style of later works of fiction. Here, under the influence of the wizard's spell, we are led amid scenes of rich and picturesque beauty; amid Highland heights, and mountain lakes, and lonely caves and cairns; now in the chieftain's hall, now in the monarch's palace, and again in the shepherd's lowly shieling; now with the Crusader in the Holy Land, and again with the warlike chieftain at the head of his devoted clan, mingling now with the revellers at the wassail board, and then amid the roar and crash of battle. Varied, swift, and bewildering as the shifting scenes of a phantasmagoria, the motley crowd of the Wizard's creations sweep past; prince and bondman, monk and warrior, Jew

and Pagan—the stern covenanter and the lawless freebooter—now on the burning plains of Syria, then on the frozen northern coasts, and again amid the loveliest scenes of pastoral beauty that the fancy may picture or the pen describe. A mighty magician indeed, is Walter Scott; and let critics sneer as they will at the "aimlessness" of his writings, and hold him up to the world in the attitude of "writing novels at steam-engine rate, in order to make money to buy farms and upholstery with," still we can scarcely doubt that while many of the works of the best novelists of our day will pass away and be forgotten, those of Scott will retain their popularity, and he himself hold a place within our very hearts, as a loved and esteemed friend and benefactor.

It is pleasant also to take up one of Thackeray's works, and to watch, as we would a performance on the stage, the progress of his life-drama—with its plots and counter-plots, its crafty and worldly characters, and its shifting scenes. For there is an *unreality* about Thackeray's creations which gives them a dramatic, rather than a natural effect. He lacks the power to interest deeply. We are never drawn out of ourselves, and led to forget our own individuality in sympathy with his characters. We look on with a certain interest and admiration, it is true, yet with a feeling all the while, that those characters are not real personages, but merely actors; well gotten up, indeed, to burlesque nature, but still only actors. Thackeray's very style of writing is such as to heighten this impression, by continually recalling us from a realization of his ideals to a consciousness of his or our own individuality; just as we might hear the voice of the prompter on the stage, or the showman, explaining the progress of the puppet-play during the performance. This destroys the naturalness of the scene. We admire the wit and ingenuity of the inventor, applaud the actors, approve the performance, and are curious and interested in the progress and *denouement* of the play—but we feel no *sympathy* with any of them. With Dickens it is different. We feel a personal interest

and sympathy with his characters. They seem to us like familiar, every day friends and acquaintances. The author forgets both himself and the reader in the absorption of his ideal—and we do the same. Then Dickens possesses what Thackeray rarely displays—the pathos of genuine *humour*. Thackeray is witty, brilliant, intellectual; but there is about him a cold sparkle, like the frost on glass, while the genial humour and pathos of Dickens may be compared to the warm glow of the hearth-light. In this, probably, lies the secret of the latter's greater popularity as a writer. Humour appeals to the feelings, and wit to the intellect; hence, for one who can appreciate Thackeray, there are twenty who will prefer Dickens, for not only is the larger class of readers more susceptible of an appeal to the sensibilities than to the reflective powers, but the former impression is more powerful in its effects than the latter. Humour, and its invariably-accompanying pathos, touch us with a far stronger charm than do wit and sarcasm; and while we admire wit, we love humour.

Another attraction of Dickens, is the invariable mystery with which he intersperses his plot—sometimes too palpably gotten up for mere effect, (as in the case of the Haunted House, in *Little Dorrit*), but never extravagant, and always explained by sufficiently natural causes. We all know the charm of a little mystery, in reading; not the trap-door mystery, which is now almost exploded, and was the terror and delight of our childish days, when the *Three Spaniards*, and the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, and *Walpole's* scarcely less extravagant romance, discovered amid the cast-away rubbish of our grand-fathers' libraries, caused our hair to stand on end with horror—but the more subtle and refined mystery of some of our later writers. Poe possessed much of this spirit—as most favourably exhibited in his description of the “*House of Usher*”—but our own Hawthorne surpasses him in a subtle delicacy of charm—quaint, vague and inexplicable, and which consists as much in the style of writing as in the subject itself—and haunts us with a weird, sombre, and

ghost-like influence from the commencement of his narratives to their completion. We read with a still and eager suspense—a suspicion rather than a conviction of something hidden behind the scenes—as we would gaze upon and listen to one who beholds and vaguely mutters of a phantom, invisible to our eyes; and though often impatient at the slow progress of the story, we can never put down the book until we have completed it, and even then the painful impression will cling to us for days after.

I know of no more pleasant reading than the British and our own Essayists. The polished wit of Sydney Smith, the clear brilliancy of Hazlitt, the genial humour and touching pathos of Lamb, and the quaintness and freshness of Kit North, with Tuckerman's elegant essays—what can afford more gratification to the mind and taste than such companionship? Their very names have become to us as household words; we feel toward them as to personal friends, of whose sympathy and interest we are confident; and as though we had been accustomed to hear daily from their living lips, the words and thoughts transcribed upon the glowing page.

This is one great privilege of reading. It introduces us to a throng of associates among the noblest, and best, and wisest, of our fellow creatures, in communion with whom our own spirits are ennobled and exalted, and encouraged to aspire beyond the narrow limits of a mere social and material existence. This is especially the case in Poetry. We must all at some time have experienced the blessed and soothing influence of poetry—how it cherishes and strengthens all that is good within us—how it cheers us in affliction and despondency, with an assurance of the good that shall come hereafter, and that others, better than we, have lived, and suffered, and striven, even as ourselves, and left these, their footprints, as marks of cheering and guidance.

“Footprints that perhaps another  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.”



And some few there are, who know how soothingly in those moods of vague, yet strong yearnings for the Good, and Beautiful, and Imperishable, that come to us at times like a home-sickness of the soul, speaks to us the voice of the Poet who has felt even as we; and how, in the consciousness of sympathy and kindredness with him, our spirits are strengthened and won from the great Loneliness that had oppressed us in a dread isolation among others who knew us not, nor dreamed of the Invisible and voiceless

life within us. "Thanks be to God for the Poets!"

Poetry is not to be *read* merely; but its utterances must become to us as mottoes and watchwords of the soul, abiding in our memories and our hearts, with a purifying influence—as faint echoes of music and perfume of violets, haunt us with sweet and tender associations. This is the true effect of poetry, and he who has accomplished it, has not lived in vain. Again we say, "Thanks be to God for the Poets!"

---

### SIR SANS-AVOIR REJOICES.

Good minstrel! go upon your way—  
The Future charms me not to-day;  
Earth holds no joys for me in store,  
Half equal to the days before!

I leave the court, and go with smiles  
To shadowy woods and summer isles—  
And feel a heart beat near my own—  
A heart that throbbed for me alone.

To only recollect her face,  
Her lips, her eyes, her airy grace—  
Is better far than noted, known,  
To stand beside the Imperial throne!

How all a-glow with living light  
She shone upon my happy sight!  
I care for nought that earth may give  
Or take—in her alone I live.

I'd have no other life! the years  
May come and go, with smiles or tears—  
In thought I'm ever young again—  
Careless of age, and want, and pain.

Poor though I be I would not own  
Thy peer, the king, upon his throne.  
Poor royal state! how vain it seems  
Beside the splendor of my dreams!

And so I live in memory!  
No other than I wish to be—  
Serene—content to live or die—  
No monarch half so calm as I!

## IT IS OMNIPOTENT.

Years ago, it matters not how many, there walked the streets of a nameless city a little school-girl. Tip-toe she stood upon that mount whence the warm splendours of womanhood are desoried. Sweet, sweet, and never to be forgotten is that scene! The realities of later life may be better, but never, never so entrancing.

She had not a sinless heart—that child: all her impulses were intense, very intense, but, because she was not selfish, those impulses led her oftenest in the right way, yet sometimes too far in that way. Little beauty had she—nothing to take pride in, except her lavish black curls that floated free on her shoulders in those careless days. Her broad brow shamed her, for it was too broad, of almost masculine mould, not delicately shaped, nor fair. Mind she had, more than she knew; power, that came of her intense feeling, more than those who should have known her best ever dreamed, but the light of that power was not yet fully come into her grey eyes to beautify them.

One bright spring morning, this little girl, in her school-going walk, passed a gentleman whose presence so touched her that she stopped, and turned to look after him as he went on. Morning after morning she met him, passed him, turned to look after him. To her young eyes he seemed old, taller than he really was, grave, pale, abstracted—a student whose blood ran cold, who pored over dry books, who cared not for the world budding in May, blithe and warm with sunshine and bird-songs, cared least of all for homely little school-girls. From the heights of manhood, he seemed to see only far things—wise and great things, that so fixed him he could see naught that was little, be it never so beautiful and sweet.

This tall, handsome gentleman—he was handsome—but very, very cold and hard—stood far above the pettiness of such poor things as flowers and music. He was all mind—pure intellect; he had no heart. Surely, his mother and sisters must have died when he was very young.

Poor, unhappy gentleman!" This was the little girl's thought.

Once his deep hazel eyes deigned to fall to the level of that child's brow. Fearlessly and full she met his gaze; he but saw that it was a human being and went on. She sighed, and hastened on to school, to miss her lesson (was not her mind wandering?) to be harshly, too harshly reproved by her teacher, to return home and in solitude, unnatural and unhealthy for a child, to give way to that passion of tears which only half grown school-girls knew, and which is so terrible, because so boundless, so vague.

Ere that grief was fully past, another May morning dawned, a morning all too soft and brilliant for her mood. The storm, indeed, was over, and outwardly all was calm and fair; but within, the long sullen waves were lashing the barren shore, and the clouds, no longer spread smoothly over the whole heavens, were gathered into dreadful black shapes, none the less horrible because they went hurrying away upon some fearful errand of ill. Her heavy heart foretold what bechanced as, satchel in hand and with bonnet downcast, she paced slowly toward her dungeon, the school-room. A carriage stood at the door of the house, trunks were piled behind, the driver was gathering his reins. A tall, manly form came out upon the door-step—farewells were said, hands shaken, a kiss given to a stately lady, and, with pale face and eyes that looked not up from the pavement, he stepped into the carriage, and the door was shut. It rattled with cruel sounds away. A little while, and the door of the house was closed—the carriage had turned the corner. And not a parting word, not one look, vouchsafed to her who saw all this. No, not one word. It was only an idle school-girl, stopping in the street—an idle little girl—that was all!

Who told this little girl that the tall, handsome gentleman was going away, told her so plainly that she stood by and watched his leaving as calmly as if she had been sent for to witness it—who

told her this? Grief told her—grief, the truest, the only prophet left us in these the uninspired latter days. How sorrow—it must be *deep* sorrow—and that alone of all the emotions, can be and is prophetic, who shall tell? In the nighttime, come the spirits, yet if the night be many-splendoured they come not, it must be *dark*.

"He came, and he is gone. He will not come back. Will he? When?" So the little girl said to herself, and went quietly to school, sat down at the desk, and opened her book. She remembers how *very* quiet that morning, and all that day was—as if the sense of well bearing had been numbed, or as if an eclipse had overshadowed the world and hushed it. She studied hard that morning and thenceforth; what else was left for her to do but to study?

The eclipse of that morning passed not quickly away. In its shadow, she dwelt; happy, she knew not why. Far, far away, in the distant sky *behind* her, shone a star, faint, feeble, tremulous—a pulsing speck of light, which followed her, coming never nearer, never going further. Could she have seen it plainly, she would have named this shining mote with a pretty name—she would have called it Hope. She did not see it, she *felt* it there, all the time, not watching her, but simply *there*. So peacefully she wrought away at her work of knowing what books might teach. Something she learned of that illumined volume whose beautiful lids Spring uplifts, whose glorious leaves Summer unfolds—that volume which Autumn shuts somewhat again, but which even Winter cannot wholly close. One other book she studied closely—that living, thinking, feeling book, we call the heart, the mind, the soul.

And now the girl was a woman grown, wore a woman's dress, and learned to bind her black curls in formal puffs and bands. But the curls were wilful, and the woman would often let them have their way. She had quitted school, or rather she had changed her school. Her school-house now was solitude, her teacher, herself. This is the best, the saddest school of all—for the young.

Only strong scholars can go to it. The weak, the worldly, the puny of mind or of heart, cannot go; they *die*. It is the best school, but to be forced to it in youth, day after day, day after day, oh! it is wearisome, it is hurtful. Jane Eyre's school is gladsome to it.

The girl was a woman grown: it is no discredit to her to say that she wished to be admired and loved—and it has been already said that her impulses and her desires were intense. In the fresh morning of womanhood, homage comes most naturally to woman, and *she should have it* then. If she misses it, she goes sick, and if she misses it long, the sickness is but too apt to become blight, from which she may recover, out of which she may wear, but not without retaining a foul sore at heart.

"She intensely desired to be loved," aye! and to love. No shame to her for this. Admiration she also desired, and she is no woman who pretends to wish otherwise. Love of admiration is not vanity; *self-admiration is*. How could she be vain whose mirror told the truth, and whose heart was not afraid to own it? She wished, as only a plain woman can wish, to be beautiful, dazzlingly beautiful, and in beauty's default, she longed that some clear eye of power might pierce to that hidden spring whence flowed emotions she knew to be more beautiful than any tints of complexion or lines of configuration. Yet she stood a handbreadth's height above her companions, her shape was envied, and her skin—too quick to lose or gain its color—was so praised that she herself, at times, lingered to look at it. She could talk, talk nonsense too, and abundantly, laugh merrily, and in any other way make herself, as she thought, truly agreeable. The girls enjoyed, or pretended to enjoy, her society wonderfully. What wonder then, if she asked herself many torturing and unanswerable questions, when, looking around her, she saw many of her school-mates belles, *all* more or less beloved, and herself alone *wholly, utterly* neglected. *It was thus for years*. Years! and every moment of every day of these years her heart ached in want, in empti-

ness, in shame, in anger, in fear. Her maiden's right—love—was denied her. *Why?* What was, what *could* be, the reason of it." What had she done to be punished thus? Was it to be always? Would it *never* end? These questions, repeated a thousand times oftener, it is to be hoped, than any of her hapless sisters have repeated them, *were never* answered then, nor since. It was so ordered; simply that.

Her wont, during these unhappy days, was to walk alone in the garden. There, book in hand, she would pace the level-topped terraces for hours on hours, not reading, not thinking of what she had read, but fruitless task! questioning destiny, and conning in the high clouds hopes that winged themselves too quickly away, or studying the sadness that dwells asleep ever in the far horizon. Her imagination, though it teemed with fairest images, claimed not the power to give pantheistic shapes to the beautiful earth-life around her, to give poetic utterances to the slow, soft wind that whispered secrets in her ears, or to compel meanings from the splendid light that rained out of the blue heavens. And the leaves that were born, grew old, and died silently at her feet—telling her nothing of all they knew. The mystery of the changeful elements, the magic work of Nature's hidden alchemy, she was content to let pass in bright panorama, uninterpreted, except as signs and wonders, telling of Him that dwelleth in light inaccessible and full of glory. In her books she saw how some priest or priestess of Nature construed these wonders, but when she came back from the book to the temple itself—the mighty temple of the visible, ever-changing, ever-renewed life—she confessed with sorrow that the makers of books were false, or but partially inspired prophets. Every movement, every sound in that sky-domed temple, older, grander, more beautiful than Greece, Egypt or India ever saw, points to some sibylline leaf yet undiscovered, perhaps undiscoverable. Something of Nature's form and color, the poets may describe; but of our mother's *speech* and true dialect,

they bear no witness, they know nothing. Sight is the sense the Muses love to instruct; *hearing* they will not, because they cannot educate. Not that man is deaf; he hears, indeed, but cannot comprehend what he hears under the azure dome. How pitiable his guesses at the significance of sounds in the *not* soulless world of matter! What 'do the prattling waters say? the winds with their almost human breath? the vocal birds? and what the hush of starry nights and swooning noons—what say *these* eloquent silences? The poet cannot tell. At best, he can only imitate the tongues he hears, and listen—further off than ever from the meaning—to his imitations.

Yet it is pleasant to listen—beyond all things pleasant to imitate even remotely, and to fix on the legible page the sad, sweet intimations of Nature's music—the hinted thought of the worlds of light and peace, the sorrowless worlds, where melody in all the fullness of its spiritual significance and force is known, truly, perfectly.

Ellen, so was she called, had many friends among the girls of her acquaintance, but her best friend was her piano. To her the piano was something more than a plaything, much more than a mere help to fill up the pauses in conversation with tiresome visitors. It was the joy of her life, the interpreter of all her wordless moods, whether gay or grave, the confidante of her heart—that heart so full of longings, seemingly never to be appeased. Hence she excelled in music, astonished her masters, learned to despise them, and, when alone and secure against intrusion, not seldom surprised and delighted herself—so prompt and so volubly the keys gave back the music which neither books nor masters had ever taught her. In the Autumn twilight, when the fire in the grate warmed, but did not dispel the gloom, there would sometimes come to her a thrilling force, a passion and a power to compel whatever she would of strange, wild, sad, beautiful utterances from the instrument she loved. When the piano was obedient, she was happy. Then she truly *lived*,

then placed due value on her life, which at all other times seemed wasting uselessly away, then felt not the teasing of hope, but the high and joyous fruition of power.

One evening—can she ever forget it? she had wandered late in the garden. Step by step, during that long walk, her spirit seemed to have descended the solemn vale, where, among great dusky rocks, overgrown with gnarled and leafless trees, was put the cavern of Despair. Long she stood breathing the deadly vapour that came out of its black, illimitable depths. When an unseen hand led her gently away from the mouth of that horrid vault, she was loath to go. Yet the kindly force constrained her. The October moon was riding high, the yellow mist was thick and chill, when she went in, and her school-girl sorrow, the terrible, vague sorrow which seized her the day before the proud, cold stranger left, never to return, was upon her. She locked herself in the parlour, and there, with thought and sense and feeling, with fears and hopes, all the fears and hopes of her lonely life, blended in one usurping passion—the piano listened and replied to the sad story which had been dumb in her breast so many years. It was a weird, a melancholy, yet most sweet story—the sweetest ever told in the sweet language of music. The trembling, tender fire of the Serenade, the mortal sadness, and the immortal hope of the Requiem, were indissolubly and harmoniously interwoven in it, and through this warm, melodious woof of mournful sweetness ran tortuous threads of scarlet and of silver sound, now lost, now found again—intimations, suggestions, reachings, upheavings, aspirations,—ever hiding, yet ever flashing back to light—something almost unbearable, inserted upon and piercing through all the changeeful, thrilling chords.

Unlike other improvisations, this air was defined, complete; she played it again and again; it did not change with the ever-changing shades of emotions, although that emotion did not even keep always within the key; it insisted upon

its own original utterance, admitting nor permitting any variation. She remembered it perfectly—could have written it in notes if she had chosen. But she was startled to find how *old* it was, familiar to her as the most familiar airs of childhood—the oldest, it seemed—the sweetest and the dearest of early recollections. Where she had heard it, when, and under what circumstances it was first played to her, she could never tell; but she soon ceased to think of it as her own production.

Noiselessly as a spirit, she walked from the parlour to her chamber. The clock struck twelve. Was it possible? She retired, but not to sleep; she wept, but the tears were sweet. *The faint star which had stood so long above and behind her, was brighter now and had moved forward.* Then the days began to go swiftly, the air became purer, the light shone clearer, something dark and heavy had passed away from her. Yet it was Autumn still, and the breathing of her spirit was not quite free and unimpeded. So the Winter came on, less stern than of yore, but vacant.

With the Winter came parties, in which she took little delight. She danced to fill up the set; she talked with those who talked with, her because they could talk, just then, with no one they liked better. She was always asked to play, and she played mechanically—banged, that under the coverture of the banging, the chatter might go on more quietly, and soft words might be spoken to willing ears. Sitting thus one night at the piano, the thought came to her, “If I have any skill it is on this instrument; yet, play as I may, they heed me not.” Her great pride was stung to the quick at this. “I will convince myself how silly and weak I really am,” said she to herself. “I will play the air that moves me most; I will play it with all the feeling and all the force I can command, under these lights, and in this noisy throng, who know me not, nor care for me.”

She played. There, in the midst of the revel, she boldly told the secret of her heart—told it in that beautiful language which speaks the native tongue of

the souls of all men that walk the earth. Whether there was something in the air itself which had power to command her consciousness away from the gay scene around her, she knows not; she only knows that the thrill of strength, creative, passed from her heart to her hands, and—there was silence; and then applause, questions, entreaties, warm entreaties to play it again. If her life had been at stake she could not have complied. She rose, and was introduced to ———

Oh! how pale her poor foolish face grew—the chill of death ran to her very feet. She needs must take his arm, and they walked into the hall where the air was cooler. She could not look at him, yet she saw him, faint as she was. Unchanged, unchanged; grave, pale, cold, proud. For the first time she heard his voice; it was low, deliberate, full of power, and, at that moment, kind even to pity. And this angered her. "What! after so long, pity me, and pity me here—the time is past when I needed pity. Have I not been well this half-year?" Summoning all her strength, she forced the colour back to her cowardly, tell-tale cheek, and answered him: "No, she was not sick—she was quite well, and would trouble him no longer."

This was even roughly said. A film of something very near disgust overlay his surprised voice when he replied:

"Trouble?"

The cadence of interrogation ended in pity. It was not *that* she wanted. She withdrew her arm, and so they parted.

Yes, the house was lonely, and the grey eyes, feeling ashamed of the warmer light that shone in them, *would* look out of the window—a glance, and then to work and study again. But nothing passed the window; days, days, days, and nothing passed the window. She would not go out; they might beg, they might threaten, and talk of doctors, but she *would not* go abroad. She could get fresh air in the garden, and *now*, what were doctors made for? She wondered. Yet the dull days sped on, on, on, how wearily, how lonesomely! Hope, new-born and full of vigorous life, was dying,

the light of life was darkened, the star above her shone paler, and the fresh impulse which had made her heart warm and the world habitable, was gone. Then—why is it always thus? *then*, he was announced.

She was not slow to meet him in her own parlour, nor backward to atone for her rudeness at the party. Surely, it became her to make his visit a pleasant one, so pleasant that he would return again. But he was calm, and would not respond to her warmth and animation—perhaps she showed her gladness too plainly. Pained by this thought, she became as cold as himself.

Conversation had not fairly commenced, ere he startled and offended her, by asking her to the piano. She could not refuse, neither could she do herself justice. "I am only a musical instrument in his eyes, to which he will listen a little while and go away and forget it." How *could* she play?

"Excuse me, Miss Ellen," said he, "but I have not forgotten the beautiful air which procured for me the pleasure of your acquaintance. Will you play it for me now?"

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"Indeed, I cannot."

Soon he went away, leaving her not altogether at peace with herself. But he came again, and with the same petition. The compliment implied in his visit, was destroyed by this request, preferred, as before, but a few moments after he entered the room. "He is in love with the tune," said she to herself. "I have heard of such instances before."

She would not play it for him, though he asked a second and a third time for it. There was a smile of derision, barely perceptible, but unmistakable, on his face. "He thinks me childish. I am not."

He went away, and the weary days began to come and go. While the long hours wore on, she thought to herself, "I will yield next time; I will play it with all my heart, my soul—he shall like it better than before."

But no sooner was he come than this

promise was broken. The old unwillingness and jealousy returned to her. Rising to leave, he said :

"I have never before sought a favour so earnestly, nor will I ever again."

Yet he came back, and though he said not a word concerning music, his eyes asked all and more than his lips had ever asked. Only once, but very wistfully, almost sadly, he looked towards the piano. At this, her heart instantly gave way, and, unbidden, she took her seat at the instrument. His face did not even brighten. "But why," said she, wheeling suddenly on the stool, "why are you so anxious to hear this air? It is old; you must have heard it often before you knew me."

"Never, I assure you. It is beyond expression tender and sweet, it is wild yet sad, the spirit of freedom, the freedom of the forest and the seas, breathes through its soft melancholy. I think it must be original with you. These are reasons sufficient to induce me to ask, but beyond these there is another stronger than them all."

"Then tell me that reason, or I will not play for you."

"I cannot."

She closed the piano. He took his leave, manifesting his displeasure only by the gravity of his parting words, "I will persist no longer." Fain would she have called him back—after it was too late. Her satisfied pride assured her that womanly self-respect demanded kinder treatment toward one whose only fault was perhaps of her own coining—a suspicion on her part transformed into a defect on his. If he was in love with her music, was *that* cause enough to justify behaviour such as hers? It was not, her common sense, her conscience told her it was not. But what waywardness equals that engendered of the purest emotions, acknowledged or denied, in woman's breast?

Her heart told her he *would* persist, and told her truly.

"Confess the secret reason, and I will play," said she the moment he came.

Had she not abundant reason for

alarm, when he answered with all the solemnity of truth :

"In Paris, I was sick, dying, my physicians thought. Little I cared, for life had never been dear to me. But as I lay, whether awake or asleep I knew not, whether dreaming or indulging those fancies which come with Death's shadow I cannot tell, while I lay thus, there came to me, from the street it seemed, though the nurse assured me otherwise, an air so like and yet so unlike the one you can play if you will, that the resemblance, if it be a resemblance, is wonderful even to the borders of the miraculous. What the echo is to the sound, the shadow to the substance, the twin brother to the sister twin, was that air to yours. And yet it differed in this, that its suggestions were wholly unlike those produced by yours. *That* suggested Home, in its most vivid conceptions of repose, peace, seclusion, purity, sanctity—all that endears life; while yours, as I have said, suggests Freedom, as of a plumed angel, sweeping the starry expanse, joying in his swift flight, yet carrying with him everywhere the infinitely tender memories of Heaven; memories pensive because of their unutterable sweetness. I bade the servant open the window that I might the better catch the notes of this ineffable melody. The moment he did so, it died away; and often as it returned to me during the night, and often as I bade him open the window, the same result followed. There was, of course, nothing supernatural in this. Doubtless my brain was excited as the brains of composers often are, and the melody was *within* and not without me. Yet the effect was to arouse and stimulate me, and this stimulus saved me. Can you wonder that I was startled the night of the party, that I immediately sought an introduction to you, visited you, entreated you time and again, in defiance of my self-respect, to play this air for me, or that, seeing how closely the story borders on the marvellous, I should have been loath to tell it to you?"

"I cannot," she replied, with his own solemnity, for the chill and the pallor of that very apprehension he had striven to

disclaim, viz, of the supernatural, was upon her—"I cannot. I fully believe this story, nay I *know* it."

"How?" asked he quickly.

"Because the melody came to me the very night it came to you."

"Do you remember the night?"

"Perfectly."

"What was it?"

"The twenty-sixth of August."

"Of the year just gone?"

"Yes."

He bowed his head upon his palm, and sat in sculptured stillness.

"How can this be?"

Then, with the star of her life shining in full splendour near her, with the authority of one whose destiny is assured beyond mischance, she answered:

"Ere very long I will tell you."

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Many days after this, she was playing the melody he loved so well and which she also, for his sake, loved.

He withdrew the hand that had been hidden among her curls.

"Ellen, you have never named this air."

"Never, until now."

"The name should be sweet. What is it?"

"Sit down, then."

"Why?"

"That you may see the name in those

grey eyes which you say reveal so much."

"I see it, plainly," said he.

"Then, tell me."

"'The Dryad's Requiem.'"

She shook her head. "Is it so sad as that?"

He guessed again. "'The Naiad's Bridal?'"

She dissented. "You are not bright this morning, or else my eyes are dull. I must tell its name."

"What?"

"Love!"

"First or last love?"

"Both first and last, the one, only love."

"The best possible name. But why have you so named it?"

"Now that I have the right, I will tell you."

She told him the school-girl's story—the history of her heart from childhood to girlhood, from girlhood to womanhood, the pure secret which had revealed and interpreted itself in the air he so dearly prized.

"You must give it another name," said he, when she had finished.

"What name?"

"Call it 'Woman's Power.'"

"Why?"

"Because—" he hesitated.

"Because what?"

"It is omnipotent!"

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## WHAT'S IN A NAME.

NOMENQUE ERIT INDELEBILE NOSTRUM.—*Ovid.*

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
 The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;  
 Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime  
 Has felt the influence of malignant star,  
 And waged with Fortune an eternal war;  
 Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,  
 And Poverty's unconquerable bar,  
 In life's low vale, remote has pin'd alone,  
 Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!"

*Beattie.*

The human mind naturally recoils from the prospect of annihilation. Can the soul, progressive and expansive in all its manifestations here in the body, find its final destination in nonentity? Shall the blackness of darkness thus settle down upon and obliterate all its hopes and longings? *Horresco credere.* We are petrified at the thought. Even bad men prefer the risk of the terrible in the future to utter extinction. On the contrary, the earnest-longing, not only for immortality, but for some distinction and notoriety, both present and posthumous, is so observable among all classes and conditions of men, that it may be justly considered as universal and instinctive. It seems to be a spontaneous out-welling from that fountain of life which has been created in every human bosom; an ascendant flame from that inextinguishable spark which the Divinity has struck into the sanctuary of the soul.

These propensions or aspirations of the mind are therefore perfectly natural, and perhaps, even necessary. They doubtless have their uses also in the development of the intellectual and moral powers, in the conservation of character, and in the general economy of our probation and destiny. But for the consciousness of immortality and the "fear of something after death," the number of those now made victims to the fierceness of human lusts and the wiles of the destroyer, would be greatly increased. And were it not for the ambitious principle—the reaching forth to the higher, the more rich, the more honoured, the more powerful, and the more advanced posi-

tion—in how many instances would the mind sink down like lead, to a state of hopeless inactivity and sloth. These principles in man, therefore, serve as reagents or counteracting forces. They resist his gravitating tendency, give him the *as sublime*, and inspire him with vigorous and ennobling purposes.

It is interesting, however, and sometimes very amusing, to notice the various methods by which different persons seek to attain this distinction and notoriety. Homer and Virgil, may be considered as the representatives of a race who, with rich thoughts, beautiful images, and the sweet numbers of poesy, have sung their way to immortality. In like manner Demosthenes and Cicero, among the ancients, and Chatham and Webster in modern times lead forth long columns of the favoured sons of eloquence, who,

"With thoughts that breathe, and words  
 that burn,"

Have graven their names on monuments more enduring than brass. Cæsar, and Alexander, and Napoleon built their Mausoleums of human bones, and cemented them with human blood, while Wilberforce and Howard, and goodly hosts of men and women, moved by Christian philanthropy, have wrought works of beneficence which will follow them to eternity, in all the beautiful and enduring forms of imperishable glory.

These are among the more dignified and impressive illustrations of our subject. If we turn now to the common or lower walks of life, we shall find other

examples—less improving, it may be, but not less striking—of the same principle.

It is related that Empedocles, a Grecian philosopher and poet, wishing it to be believed that he was a god, and for that purpose desiring to conceal his death, leaped into the crater of Mount Ætna. This reminds one that a few years ago a fool-hardy adventurer at Passaic, Niagara and Rochester, leaped from dizzy heights into the boiling flood below. His last leap was at Rochester, and proved a leap into eternity. Poetry pitied his wickedness and folly, and embalmed his name in the caustic dirge,—

"Toll for Sam Patch! Sam Patch who jumps no more,

This or the world to come. Sam Patch is dead!

The vulgar pathway to the unknown shore  
Of dark futurity he would not tread;  
No friend stood sorrowing round his dying bed;

Nor with decorous woe sedately stepp'd  
Behind his corpse, and tears by retail shed:  
The mighty river as it onward swept,  
In one great wholesale sob, his body  
drowned and kept."

Nebuchadnezzar gloried in the magnificence of his works. "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the honor of the Kingdom, by the might of my power and for the house of my Majesty?" The Patriarchs rivalled each other in flocks and herds—the writer of Ecclesiastes bearing off the palm, who says—"I have great possessions of great and small cattle, above all that were in Jerusalem before me." In later times the question has become, who owns the most square leagues of the earth's surface—who sails the most and the largest ships—who drives the most spindles—who supports his family in the most wasteful extravagance, or who worships the most metallic disks in the form of dollars and eagles?

There are considerable numbers, indeed, who vie for distinction in things still more microscopic. Herr Saufer is a "man of strength to mingle strong drink." His comrades will wager on him, at any time, any amount, to drink more lager beer, wine or brandy, than

any other man this side of Botany Bay. What renders him still more remarkable, is, that he can also eat as much—of no matter what—as any other man in the United States, who is not a lineal descendant from John Bull. Beau Buckram boasts of the smallest feet, the slenderest waist, the softest hands, the glossiest moustache, and the prettiest eyes and mouth, which were ever congregated in the same person. He can frisk a gold-headed rattan, or display the lovely brilliants upon his "lily-white hand," with the enrapturing grace of an Adonis. Lizzie Belle is almost his exact counterpart in all the particulars appropriate to her sex, besides possessing many other charms which render her a perfect cynosure. Had Praxiteles enjoyed the advantages of such a model, what higher forms of beauty he might have wrought into his group of Niobe, none can tell. Her cousin Fannie, less endowed with an attractive *personnel*, endeavours to supply the deficiency by greater prodigality in the use of *artificials*. Double bracelets on each arm, diamond pins and brooches, and diamond rings for the ears and fingers divert attention from an unexpressive eye and face; and then accumulated crinoline and a half dozen extra breadths of brocade in her robe, made a quarter of a yard longer at the bottom, and as much shorter at the top, than the Parisian models, suffice to *round-out*, and temptingly reveal her figure, and perfect her challenge to public observation.

In faithfulness, even to the fair sex themselves—of whom all the world knows I am a great admirer—I must speak here of one other class, even at the hazard of incurring the displeasure of some of them. Yet no *true woman* ought to take offence at the exposure I propose, since not only are all such above reproach themselves, but since they also most condemn, and are most wronged by the vice referred to—just as solvent banks and their genuine notes are most injured by counterfeit and spurious issues.

The disorders that infest society grow out of the weakness and corruption of our common nature, and are not, therefore, generally confined to any particular

age or class. Mr. Addison, in one of the numbers of the *Spectator*, entertains us with an interesting account of "the dissection of a coquette's heart." Your readers may be amused and perhaps instructed by referring to that very profound and scientific paper. I know of no better impersonation of the same class now-a-days, than is found in the case of Miss Cora Ketchum. This lady, while in "the blush and bloom of early womanhood," made quite a good and genteel appearance, and possessed many fine qualities of mind and heart. She was, however, ambitious of distinction, and dangerously fond of admiration. A misguided and improper culture, intellectual as well as moral, developed and strengthened these propensities, diverted her thoughts from woman's true sphere, and laid the foundation of a character, marked by the want of strict integrity, and high, honourable principles and intercourse with those of the opposite sex.

The sequel is briefly told. Miss Ketchum is now drawing near the close of her twenty-fifth autumn. This may be relied upon, for she has assured me the same, herself, every Christmas for the last twelve years. And though still young—as thus appears—she is manifestly less than a score of years from the "sere and yellow leaf;" and her long, thick hair, once so lustrous and jetty, no longer needs an *artificial* strand of silver intertwined, to diversify and adorn it. Meanwhile, however, she has largely attained the aims of her ambition, having had, in despite of her seeming reluctance, many admirers, and among them several sincere and manly lovers. With these she has played, as with pawns in a game of chess, using them as occasion called—at one time for defence, and at another for further aggressions, until having sacrificed them upon the altar of her vanity, and having no further use or relish for them, she bade them give place to their hapless successors. Had not the following lines been indited by the ribald Moore, one would suppose their author must have had a quill from one of these porcupines rankling in him, when they flowed from his pen:

"Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,  
More joy it gives to woman's breast  
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,  
Than one true manly lover blest."

A nice little cabinet in her private parlor contains the costly gifts of no less than twenty-seven of the unhappy victims whom she has intrigued into her toils. She is, of course, too fastidious and *honourable* to boast over her own triumphs; but her friends, and her servants even, and with her own permission, often display these keep-sakes—as Indian warriors do the scalps of those whom they have slain in battle—to glorify her successes and spread her fame.

Among all the processes, however, by which distinction and notoriety are attained, that which brings them by *inheritance* is by far the most easy and often the most gratifying. To be the son or the great-grand-son, or heir, in the two-hundredth or two-thousandth degree—of a king, an emperor, or a lord—of Alfred or Boadicea—is often "praise enough to fill the ambition of a private man." True, the "boast of heraldry" adds no virtue, no vigour, no power to character; but then it is so pleasing to the pride, besides *costing nothing*, that there are few who can rightfully claim the patrimony, who do not stand somewhat higher in their boots on account of it.

In this view, one can hardly refrain from admiring the affluent bounty with which such emoluments and honours have been distributed among some of the large families of the earth—as the Joneses, and more especially, the Smiths. From the very large number and proportion of the human race embraced by this latter family, I suppose that not less than one fourth of all the wealth, honours, dignities, titles, emoluments and distinctions, of whatever kind, enjoyed among men, must fall by natural inheritance to this tribe, and so be participated by each member of it. Then this family is so ancient as well as so large and so honoured, dating away back near the beginning of time, and bringing down with it all that is venerable, profound and patriarchal—that, in contemplation of the

many distinguished advantages which would thus obviously enure to me, I confess that I am nearly persuaded myself, to apply to the proper authority for a change of name, that I also may be introduced into the illustrious connection, and share its magnificent honours.

Further to justify this lofty aspiration, I shall commend to my readers the following sketch of this time-honoured family, extracted from a letter of Irenaeus, communicated, some time since, to the New-York Observer.

Perambulating the grave-yard in White Plains, Westchester County, New York, he comes upon the resting place of the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in 1751, and writes as follows:

"On the old brown head-stone is the following inscription:

"Here lies the remains of the  
Rev. JOHN SMITH,  
the first ordained minister of the  
Presbyterian persuasion in Rye,  
and the White Plains,  
who was born in England,  
May 5, 1702,  
wore out with various labours,  
and fell asleep in Jesus.  
Deceased February 26, 1771,  
aged 68 years, 9 months, and 22 days."

The name of *John Smith* has been the subject of so much pleasantry, that perhaps I may be pardoned for speaking of this venerable pastor as one of the original stock in this country; a family more numerous here and in England than any other. I turn from the antiquities of the revolution to the curious researches of a modern scholar into the origin and spread of the family of SMITHS. This anonymous writer asks: "Who has not acquaintances among the Smiths?" a most extraordinary name. Some time ago there were very learned discussions going on concerning the origin and wonderful extension of the race. Studious explorers among derivatives and nominal roots found in the name of John Smith a world of mystery. Some philologist in Providence wrote thirty columns to enlighten the public on the subject, and threw down his pen because it was ex-

haustless. Some profess to have discovered that the great family of the Smiths are the veritable descendants, in a direct line, from Shem, Noah's son, the father of the Shemitish tribe, or Shem—hence the derivation—Shem—Shemit—Shmit—Smith. Another learned scholar in Philadelphia contends for the universality of *John Smith's* name, not only in our own, but among all lands.

Commencing with the Hebrews, he says they had no Christian names, and consequently no *Johns*. In Hebrew the names stood simply *Shemr* or *Shemit*. In other nations, however, the *John Smith* is found full, one and undivided. Let us trace it:

Latin—Johannes Smithius.  
Italian—Giovanni Smithi.  
Spanish—Juan Smithas.  
Dutch—Hans Schmidt.  
French—Jean Smeets.  
Greek—Ion Skimitton.  
Russian—Ionloff Schmittiweski.  
Polish—Ivan Schmittiweski.  
Chinese—Tohn Schimmit.  
Icelandic—Tahne Smitison.  
Welsh—Jiohn Schmidd.  
Tuscarora—Ton-Ta-Smittia.  
Mexican—Jontli F'Smitlix.

To prove the antiquity of the name, the same *savant* observes, that in the temple of Osiris, Egypt, was found the name of "Pharaoh Smithosis, being the ninth in the eighteenth dynasty of the Theban kings. He was the founder of the celebrated temple of Smithopolis Magna."

In conclusion, I will only add, that in case I carry out my project, mentioned above, and apply to legislative authority for the change of my humble patronymic in order

"to win the wreath of fame,  
And write on memory's scroll a deathless name,"

My ambition will aspire to an alliance with the millions of Smiths in general, and not to an introduction to the special fraternity of the hundred thousand *John Smiths* in particular.

CLIO.

## THE TABLES TURNED.

Many years ago I visited Ghent, whence, after a sojourn of several days, it was my intention to repair to Ostend, there to embark in a steamer for London. At the *table d'hôte* of my hotel sat next to me on my right a quiet, well-dressed man, some forty years of age, a fair type of the English merchant. The soup was served and the first course came: he was silent and reserved: I was equally so, knowing well the character of English people in general and their prejudice at that time against Americans. On my left was placed a vulgarly handsome and overdressed individual, about my own age. "I beg your pardon, sir," said the latter, addressing me when we had been at the table long enough to be well settled, "may I inquire if you are not of the Guards?" "No, sir," was my dry reply, not much pleased with either his assured tone or loose appearance, "I am an American." My object was attained: the gentleman was dropped. After the lapse of sufficient space, my neighbour on the right modestly remarked, "You said, sir, if I mistake not, that you are an American. I, with my father before me, have had many dealings with your countrymen, and in all things we have ever found them such as they should be. Allow me the honour of a glass of wine: here is some tolerable sherry." This was said in the tone of one who knows how to make an advance without the baseness of mean subservency, and how to accost another, his junior, without an air of offensive patronage. "With great pleasure," I answered, as cordially as before I had spoken coldly.

"Are you here for any length of time?" he inquired.

"No," said I, "this is my last day in Ghent, as the next Ostend boat for England will leave some time to-morrow, and, after a twelvemonth passed upon the Continent, I long to set foot on the land of my fathers. The *diligence*, I believe, leaves this place in the morning."

"Yes, but there is a later one, and if you will defer your departure till the

afternoon, we will go together and shall still be in season for the steamer, which does not sail till midnight. My object in this is to examine one of the most celebrated private collections of pictures in the world, which with some difficulty I have only just now procured the right of visiting."

We were perfectly of accord, and thus began an acquaintance with a man whose life, in one passage of it, furnished matter for study and admiration—painful, indeed, to the last degree, but full of instruction. In that passage my friend—for friend most dear did he afterwards become—exhibited, under almost desperate circumstances, patience, courage, self-command, self-reliance, and, to crown the whole, a capacity for artful combination more than sufficient to meet and baffle the extreme of villainous artifice.

Dinner being finished, my new companion accompanied me to the opera, where a casual remark of his convinced me, myself being no novice in such matters, that his time and talents had not been wholly devoted to commerce. On the morrow, too, in the gallery of a Mr. Schamp—a gallery well worth a visit if still in existence—the connoisseur shone strongly forth through the assumed garb of the modest amateur. My curiosity was excited. Could this plain merchant-like person be some great artist? or was he nothing but an expert dealer, and his dealings with my countrymen, of which he spoke with so much satisfaction, merely in painted canvas? Before retiring for the night I called for the hotel register, and, after duly examining all the names in it and cross-questioning a *valet de place*, I came to the conclusion that Nelson was the only one that would suit. But, Nelson! no sculptor, painter or other artist had ever borne that name within my knowledge. As for the army or navy—the church might have claimed him—but the love of neither red nor blue coat had ever disturbed the equilibrium of that strong, compact, and placid concentration of matter, which his shoulders

carried. What then was he, and what had he been?

During a daily increasing intimacy of many months in England, where his house was my home, I came to know him and the story of his life, partly by narrative, partly by personal observation and experience.

At the time I am writing of, it took from fifteen to twenty hours to cross from Ostend to London, so that the old *Earl of Liverpool*—the first vessel with English colors I ever entered—being slow in pace, it was dark night before we were able to turn our backs on the ship, the custom-house, and the many nuisances pertaining to them. Mr. Nelson, whose carriage was waiting for him, and who had already done more than enough for one whom he had picked up, as it were, by the way, said, as we emerged from our last place of torment,—“Let me set you down at your hotel, and to-morrow, if you will permit me, I shall call to see how you find yourself in Old England.”

The next day I dined at his house. No one was present but himself and a young lady—his daughter and only child. I will describe her as I afterwards knew her to be, and the history of her father I will relate as it more lately came to my knowledge.

Mr. Nelson had not a single blood relative save the fair, bright-eyed creature who sat opposite to him. His father was one of those forlorn children who, bereft of parents at an early age and unowned by relatives as poor as themselves, are cast upon the world's rough tide to sink or swim as God, or fate, or accident, or innate energy—according to each man's way of thinking—shall decide. He had worked his way from an obscure village in Yorkshire to London, a poor, ignorant and unknown boy—strong, however, in head and heart and hand—strong also, as a merciful Providence had ordained it, in moral conformation—in honesty itself. A little after his arrival in town he was walking slowly and painfully along, keeping close to the wall, through the crowded Strand—it was his second day in London, where he had slept under an old-fashioned archway in the city, starving

from cold and lack of food—and, as he rested his little, wearied and wasted limbs against the highly polished bar which protected a rich fancy shop window, he saw a gentleman pass out of the door very hurriedly. In an instant his dull and leaden look turned to brightness—a gold snuff-box of richest workmanship lay glittering at his feet. In an instant and unperceived he was in possession of it. For a moment he was confounded, but only for a single moment—the next he was in full pursuit of its owner. But so thick was the throng—so exhausted was he by fasting, and so much did his eagerness take from the little strength left to him, that he could not overtake the object of his search for a considerable distance. Seizing the gentleman by the sleeve to attract attention at once, for his breath had all but failed him, he could hardly gasp out, “Isn't that yours, sir?”

“Mine!” was the answer of the astonished owner, feeling instinctively at the pocket where the article before him ought to have been, “to be sure it is mine! Where did you get it?”

“You let it fall as you came out of that shop yonder, and I picked it up.”

“Who are you and where do you live?” asked the man, narrowly eyeing the tattered and wo-begone youth.

“Nowhere, sir,” said the poor boy, answering the last question alone, in confusion at being so abruptly interrogated and shame at his own wretched plight.

“Come back with me to the shop,” exclaimed the gentleman, “I wish to know more about you.”

There was no evading, even had there been a wish to avoid, the quick and close examination which followed. The honesty of the little fellow could not be doubted: the box had evidently been pulled from the inside breast-pocket when the owner was in the act of taking out a small package, and had slipped between coat and waistcoat to the ground. Ragged and dirty as was the boy, the rich man—the chief of an opulent West Indian firm—saw in him a specimen of Nature's noblest work which he at once decided to cultivate. This was the beginning of young

Nelson's fortune. He proved to be first a faithful drudge, next a trustworthy and skilful clerk, for his patron did not neglect to educate him, and at last a successful merchant. He married a woman in humble life, relationless like himself, who died leaving him a heart-saddened man, with an only son his future associate in business. That son, my friend, on the decease of his father suddenly retired from the prosperous house he had inherited, and devoted his time to an only daughter—the sole pledge of an affection which death had robbed him of while it was yet in all its freshness.

John Nelson, as I knew him, was a serious though not a gloomy man, but an original gaiety of heart, an unbounded spirit of hospitality and ample means of indulging it—for his fortune was about £100,000—made his home the happiest of resorts for the few who were admitted to its enjoyment. His daughter Agnes—one woman excepted, to whom my heart had long been engaged—was, without being beautiful, lovely even to fascination. She was rather tall, her form well developed at the age of seventeen, and her features—the smooth, pure forehead, unindicative of any special development,—the delicately marked brow—the large, sparkling hazle eyes, full of fun and sense—the well-proportioned though slightly irregular Saxon nose and mouth—made up a whole such as one rarely meets with twice in a lifetime. The ear too—an ornament in man or woman seldom alluded to and still more seldom found—was exquisitely shaped and small; nor in hand or foot would Agnes Nelson have been shamed beside the most favoured of our own countrywomen. Though by nature shrewd, she was too trustful and confiding by habit. Warm-hearted, she relied too implicitly on the fondness of others. No expense had been spared in her education by a doting father. Like him fond of music, she surpassed in execution many a professional performer whom I have listened to with admiration; and like him also she spoke several of the modern languages in perfection, having been taught them from her childhood by the best emigrant professors. But Agnes

had never been out of England, having remained quietly at home during the late brief journey of Mr. Nelson, which he had made in quest of some objects of art. It was therefore the desire of both father and daughter, to pass a year or more on the Continent, for the sake of pleasure as well as of improvement. My affairs, too, after a while, recalled me to Paris, so that having seen as much of England, Scotland and Ireland as I wished, when the time came for the projected journey, I was all ready to join so agreeable a party.

It was near the end of Summer when we reached the shores of France. Everybody had left Paris for watering places at a distance, or to crowd the charming environs of that great city. On searching these environs, at first sight, it seemed as though no suitable apartments could be procured for Mr. Nelson's family; but by a happy chance an hotel in the *Rue des Ursulines* at *Saint Germain-en-Laye* was heard of, which being held too high at the commencement of the season, had remained unoccupied till now, although superb in itself and luxuriously furnished. In this house my friend and his daughter were soon happily installed, and fortunately several families, to whom they had brought letters, were their near neighbours. Wealth and hospitable intent greatly facilitated their progress in a society at that time one of the most agreeable in France, nor did an intimate knowledge of the language of the country serve them in less stead. Without possessing the last requisite, many English and American families pass years in foreign lands in little better than dumb show, fancying that they are in the enjoyment of society, when all the while their only intimate associates are of their own nation, nor often good specimens of that nation, but rather such as would not be numbered among their commonest acquaintances at home.

There is always stationed at *Saint Germain*, as at other principal points about Paris, a large garrison of regular troops. Having nothing but parade duty to do, the officers, for the most part, lead a very idle life. A brilliant saloon, therefore,

where music, dancing, and refreshments are provided for them two or three times a week, is a thing beyond price. Mr. Nelson's hotel was the best frequented by the best people of the place during the remaining days of Summer and through a considerable portion of Autumn; for in France it is not the custom to return to town-life and all its extravagancies till cold weather drives the poor but proud devotees of fashion from cheap country quarters and economical *chateaux*, where he has been doing penance for the follies of the past winter. In Paris, so soon as the season commenced, a furnished apartment in the *Rue de Rivoli*, amply provided with all the elegancies pertaining to that quarter of the city, was opened to the society which Mr. Nelson and his daughter were pleased to receive, and which in truth was such as alone should ever be admitted to the intimacy of well educated foreigners. Men of rank and worth, others highly placed in political or military life, or enjoying the immediate honours of great literary success,—some whose names in the most elevated regions of art have become world-known, and women whose reputation was too pure even to be spoken of—such were the frequent and welcome visitors where merit was appreciated, and where to them the host and hostess were objects both of love and esteem.

Among the most constant guests at the rich Englishman's door, though to him the least welcome of all, was an officer of the *Saint Germain* garrison—a *chef d'escadron*, or Major in rank, who had for months been paying assiduous court to the light-hearted, happy Agnes. Before quitting the *Rue des Ursulines* this gentleman had more than once offered to make the plebeian beauty, as he termed her, Countess of Viscomté, thinking thereby, doubtless, to do her honour, although himself an extravagant pauper and deeply in debt. From the first moment of his advances I had anxiously kept watch, but never could detect on the side of the lady any marks of partiality, notwithstanding that the Count was, physically regarded, one of the handsomest human beings I ever beheld. But when morally

inspected, there was seldom absent from his beautiful features a self-complacent, unbelieving, unfeeling and faithless expression, worthy only of a fiend. I loathed him from the instant that he fixed a dark and greedy look upon the dear and artless Agnes, whom I had learned to love even as a sister, fearing the evil which such a man might effect with perfect inexperience opposed to him. Tremblingly I asked myself, would she be able to detect, as I had done, the unholy element, not half concealed, which so effectually marred such an admirable specimen of humanity, or, her natural perspicacity overshadowed by love and her sensitive apprehensiveness of evil blunted by passion, would she discern nothing but the attributes of the angel? Much to my delight Viscomté was rejected—politely but decidedly rejected, both by father and daughter, and most heartily did I then venture to congratulate them on the event. Then, and not before, for no one had consulted me, did I disclose all that I had taken some pains to learn of the discarded suitor.

An Italian by origin, he was well entitled to a peculiar sort of beauty, which was in no way French, and to a patient cunning which a Frenchman is too impetuous to practice. His family had inhabited the South of France for many years, and, never rich, had been completely ruined in the great Revolution. As will appear hereafter, the time now spoken of was anterior to the fall of Charles X., and before railways and telegraphs had connected the capitals of England and France by seconds and hours instead of interminable days and nights, according as storm and accident might order it.

Owing to family influence, Viscomté had been early made a page in the royal household, and though he had seen no active service, his advancement in the army had been rapid, for his age could hardly have exceeded thirty, while he looked younger by several years. Unprincipled and improvident, and consequently always in debt, he nevertheless contrived to maintain his position by some means or other—chiefly, it was sup-



posed, by gambling; and, as was often suggested, by gambling of rather an illegitimate description. Whatever suspicions, however, were entertained in this respect, few cared to express them openly against a man who had more than once shown himself to be a remorseless duellist. He was generally disliked by his comrades—no one loved him, and of all his regiment he could call his friend only a single individual, named Taulin, who was a worthy associate for such a character. But if Viscomté was unpopular among men, with the other sex he was an especial favourite. Women either never heard, or refused to believe, the evil reports which from time to time were circulated about him; and indeed one could hardly wonder at it when taking into account the fascination of his manner, his thorough acquaintance with men and things, his inexhaustible store of anecdote, and, above all, his imperturbable assurance and self-command. The very day even after the rejection of him by Agnes, such was his easy and cheerful mien that one would have supposed him to be high in favour with both father and daughter. But his was a persevering nature which never failed while the object of its longing, or the means of attaining it, were within the bounds of possibility. Quietly and without a show of gross presumption he kept his eye on what he had resolved to win—the fairest of women, or rather, through her the fairest of fortunes which had ever come within his reach.

During the whole winter he kept the even tenor of his way, making no progress with the father, who would have gladly excluded him from his house had there been a decent pretext for doing so, and gaining no favour in the daughter's eyes, I fondly hoped, though at times I feared the effects of such unremitting attentions. Yet so utterly insensible did Mr. Nelson appear to any impression which might be made by an individual, detested by him, on the heart of his daughter, that *Saint Germain* was again selected as a Summer residence, preparatory to their Autumnal journey. To their former residence, therefore, in the *Rue des Ursulines* did the family return, and

there again did Viscomté become a daily visitor.

Long before quitting the capital I had noted with great concern that Agnes Nelson had altered much for the worse in health and spirits. She had lost flesh, the colour had faded from her cheek, she was less inclined to society, and once on entering her boudoir abruptly I saw the newly-shed tear upon the long silky eyelash, which had evidently been wet with many weepings.

We had been in the country about six weeks when I perceived, what for days I refused to believe, that, though the poor girl's cheek grew thinner and thinner, her person exhibited no corresponding emaciation. Could a mere friend, I painfully asked myself, be sharper-sighted than a father so keenly alive to the happiness of a beloved child—and that child his only idol! I now recollected that Mr. Nelson had deferred his intended journey to Italy at the earnest solicitation of Agnes, who argued that while at *St. Germain* she had enjoyed perfect health, and how could he now, with fear awakened, be insensible to the frightful change daily taking place before his eyes? I, of course, could venture to say nothing: all action, too, was forbidden on my part, and indeed I became nervously unhappy. But in Mr. Nelson there was no alteration except an increasing anxiety for the health of his child,—not a particle of suspicion as to the cause of her illness; and as for Viscomté,—oh, how I hated the sight of the fellow!—his movements, manner, and discourse were invariably the same—light, unembarrassed and amusing—the same as they had been from his first introduction to the family.

One evening, before lights were brought, while at open windows, several visitors, ladies and gentlemen, among whom was Viscomté, were enjoying the sweet twilight, some one asked if we had heard a piece of scandal just arrived from Paris—that the pseudo Reverend Mr. Ames, who by forged testimonials had introduced himself to the Bishop, and had frequently officiated at the Episcopal chapel, was now in jail a detected swindler and

imposter. An English lady present inquired of Miss Nelson if she remembered the individual. No answer being returned, the question was repeated. Agnes still remaining speechless, her friend approached the sofa where she was lying, fearing that she had fallen asleep exposed to the night air.

"The dear girl has fainted," she exclaimed in the greatest alarm. "Ring for her maid—we will take her to her room instantly."

—Whoever had known Mr. Nelson six months before, and had looked on him the day after this occurrence, might indeed have recognized the individual, but only as one succeeds in tracing among the battered remnants of a wreck some resemblance to the magnificent production of human power, which once he saw fearlessly encountering the war of elements, or lying proudly at its ease beneath a summer's sky. At an early hour the next day I was with him, according to promise.

"My young friend," said he, after having locked the door of his room and examined every closet, "I have not known you long, but you are an American, and in your heart and head I have perfect confidence. You see before you a man miserable beyond expression. Heavens! how could I have been so blind! I am dishonoured in my child—my only child! But there is help for every one who will help himself and never yield. You, however, must aid me, as I know you will."

"Now and at all times," I exclaimed, pressing his feverish but firm hand in both of mine. "Now, on the instant and at any moment, by night or day, command my utmost services. The wretch's name I need not inquire."

"No, you have already guessed it, I doubt not. He thinks—the fool!—that I am in his power—that my fortune at his demand is to be piled on the sacrifice of my child. He will find himself mistaken if Heaven do not forsake me. The poor deluded girl!—now dearer to me, if possible, than ever, in the distraction of extremest woe—the sole remembrancer of my lost wife, is more an object of

pity than of condemnation. She believed herself to be bound in the holiest bonds of matrimony, and, to do the other party justice, he thought so too. And so, indeed, it would have been, had that false clergyman, the announcement of whose villainy made Agnes faint, been a true priest. But as things are now, my enemy has me at a disadvantage, and my task is almost desperate. Misguided girl!" he continued after a pause, "hers must have been the very madness of passion that could induce her to deceive so fond and indulgent a father. Yes, mad she must have been for the moment, and beside herself with what she fancied love for one to whom she knew I would never freely give her.

"But enough! You will serve me: come at this same hour to-morrow, and I will tell you how. Give out to-day, in a careless manner, but so as to make it known without exciting suspicion, that you will be absent for awhile, and have your passport viséd for England. Adieu!"

Not long after my departure Viscomté entered the same room, by appointment, and was seated opposite to the man whom he had so cruelly wronged, and against whom he was bent on perpetrating yet another outrage. He was dressed with more than common care, even to the light, stainless gloves securely fastened at the wrist. Calmly he sat as conscious Innocence, and all unchanged save in the fiendish gleam which now seemed to glow with joyous intensity within his dark, dangerous eyes.

"*Monsieur de Viscomté*, I have sent for you on business," said Mr. Nelson bluntly, fixing on those same eyes, so void of mercy, a look before which they were forced for the instant to sink and turn aside.

"The earliness of the hour induced me to believe so," replied Viscomté—"will you do me the favour to declare the nature of this business?"

"Immediately, for in all affairs of serious import ceremony is out of place.

"Six months ago I refused you the hand of my daughter. Reasons for so doing, satisfactory at least to myself, I gave you at the time. Yet stronger ones

might have perhaps been urged. But let that pass. I *now* offer you that hand—nay, beg you to accept it. What is the price I must pay for your so doing?"

"This is, indeed, business-like: it smacks decidedly of profit and loss. Have some regard to my feelings."

"Feelings!" exclaimed Mr. Nelson, without a change of feature, but in a tone of blasting scorn that made the caittiff in his presence writhe. "Feelings! You dare to speak of feelings! Name the sum you expect, and let me see if we can come to terms."

"Well, sir, if such be the footing on which we are to treat, be it so. To me belong, by inheritance or otherwise, family, rank, and position." The high-bred rogue spoke as if these things had been the cherished idols of his life, held sacred by him from all contamination. "And in exchange for these what have you to offer? Nothing but gold, which the vilest huckster may in time accumulate to the same amount. I have thought over the matter very seriously. My correspondent in London—one of my countrymen, and a merchant like yourself—informs me that your property does not fall short of a hundred thousand pounds. Now, if I consent to marry your daughter under existing circumstances, one half of that sum would not, in my opinion, be more than I have a right to claim."

"Fifty thousand pounds is more than I will pay for such an object," replied Mr. Nelson, as coolly as if he had been treating for a lot of land. "I merely wished to know your views upon the subject—I am satisfied—our interview is at an end, sir."

The Frenchman was deceived. "Stop a moment, sir, if you please," he cried, as Mr. Nelson made as though he was about to leave the room. "I have, at your request, given you my views: may I ask the favour of learning yours?"

As Viscomté spoke these words, though firm his voice, his cheek was colourless, and cold perspiration trickled from his brow and dyed his fawn-tinted gloves. The heart, such as he possessed, had

turned craven, for he knew that, hard pressed by creditors as he was, unfriended by the good, and with reputation sadly shattered, if this venture should fail, his commission would soon be forfeited, and with it his game in life.

"My views!" slowly ejaculated Mr. Nelson, arresting his steps with great apparent indifference. "Yes, you shall learn what *was* my intention before we met this morning. I had decided to settle on you and my daughter the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds. A million and more of your French money would, I thought, suffice till my death to meet all your legitimate wants; but since your expectations and my intentions differ so widely," he added, once more turning his face towards a distant door, "talking can avail nothing."

"Stay, sir! Settle the twenty-five thousand on me alone, and I accept your offer," exclaimed Viscomté, desperately trying to conceal his agitation.

"As for that—the mere *manner* of settlement," replied Mr. Nelson, with the coolness of a hired negotiator, "I care nothing. The interests of husband and wife ought to be inseparable, and I certainly would not furnish matter for discord between my daughter and son-in-law."

No veteran gamester ever played more skilfully a losing hand, with one solitary winning card on which fortune, honour, and perhaps life itself depended, than had Mr. Nelson used the means within his reach against fearful odds. To him, as the result proved, twenty-five or fifty thousand pounds—a settlement on husband and wife, or on husband alone, were alike indifferent except as a blind; for beasts of prey he knew were more easily conquered by skill and cunning than by main force or unseasonable violence.

"To-morrow at midday," he said in a tone of authority, "be here with your man of law and examine the legal documents which I meanwhile will have prepared in English and French, and so soon as the necessary papers for completing the contract can be had from England—a fortnight hence at the far-

theist—the ceremony shall be performed.”

“So be it,” returned Viscomté in a voice sensibly subdued since the commencement of the colloquy, and, though crest-fallen, betook himself to his quarters with the conviction,—poor dupe as he was,—that he had consummately outwitted the bull-headed Englishman, and made sure of an independent fortune.

When the door had closed on the seemingly cold, calculating and unimpressionable islander, his nerves suddenly relaxed from the extremest tension, and, staggering to the sofa with a deep-drawn sigh, he exclaimed, “Thank God I had not to slay the villain!” as he threw from him a pistol that had rested near that agonized heart—fit emblem of it in its voiceless threatenings—fit emblem also of it in its deadly powers. The prostration of such a manly nature, however, did not long endure. Mr. Nelson was shortly after closeted with his law-adviser, the counsellor to the English Embassy in Paris, and at the appointed hour on the following day all the instruments—marriage contract and settlements included—were regularly executed and recorded. Viscomté, as he eyed the documents which seemed to make him undisputed master of one million, three hundred and seventy-five thousand francs, was nearer what he esteemed happiness than he had ever been, nearer even than his widest expectations, though not his hopes, had dared to reach. He had secured a portion of the spoils—for what remained he could afford to wait. His antagonist, on the other hand, as he signed and sealed the papers in that clerk-like fashion which regards all writings equally important, so that the fees be paid, knew full surely, that barring untoward accidents, he would remain master of the field. So curious and true is it that often is the cleverest knave circumvented and finally confounded by the native cunning and unpractised ingenuity of an honest man.

Meanwhile what had become of Agnes—the wife and no wife? The laws of the land she was in are wisely and mercifully lenient to a deceived woman,

who herself has acted in good faith, as likewise to the offspring of a spurious marriage, declaring them legitimate, provided that the false husband alone has been guilty of fraud. At the present moment there exists in the highest quarter of the French Empire—in the Imperial family itself—a signal illustration of the fact that the sins of a father are not visited upon the children under circumstances just described. Ex-king Jerome Bonaparte, as is well known, was married to an American lady in this country—married according to the Protestant Church forms, in accordance with the municipal requirements of France, in the presence of the French Consul, and also by a bishop of the Roman Catholic Church, thereby leaving no single exaction pertaining to a mixed marriage unsatisfied. What is singular and by no means generally known is, that this marriage was never either civilly or religiously annulled on the side of the Bonaparte family—that a divorce was never obtained against his first wife by the first Napoleon’s youngest brother. The Head of the Roman Catholic Church, although most earnestly entreated by the French ruler, refused to abrogate the work of a bishop, most truthfully pleading the incapability of even himself, the chief priest, to do so; and, as has lately been discovered by the famous advocate Berryer, the civil marriage, through neglect or indifference, remained inviolate as it was. A Princess of Wirtembourg afterwards became the spouse of Jerome, created by fraternal policy king of Westphalia. His Imperial Highness the Prince Napoleon and the Princess Matilda, children of this quasi marriage, are by the French law legitimate, for their mother, a most estimable woman, thought and suspected no evil, nor did she wittingly commit evil. But no sincere and intelligent member of the Roman Catholic Church regards a divorce as possible, and much less a second marriage during the life of the first wife. Yet the law of the land clothes with legitimacy what in England and America is uncharitably stamped with bastardy.

This consideration would have cheered

Mr. Nelson, as it did his suffering child, to whom he tenderly communicated it, had he not laid his plans so skilfully that he stood in little need of such comfort.

But where was Agnes all this while? Stretched on a bed of sickness, the racked and tortured mind administering to that sickness, in darkened room to shield her fevered, blood-shot eyes, with close-shut doors to hide her threatened shame from mortal view? No! She, with all her yielding softness of manner, was her father's own true child in native disposition. Never from a parent's loins did come another self more like the original than was she when once that parent's spirit was moved within her, and her moral vision had been enlightened to see like his. From him she learned—and to her when unbewildered his word was truth and law—how she had thrown herself away, on what a monster she had wasted her virgin sweetness, and in what way she could secure salvation in such fearful straits. Her love, if love it could be called—her passion rather, a stupefying passion—at once evanished. Hate and scorn unutterable, and a thirst for vengeance succeeded. Her father's hopes and plans and machinations became her own, and again for him she was transformed into the loving, trusting, dependent and obedient child of former days. Invisible to Viscomté and to all the world, she had ample time to gather up her native strength of mind and body, for an effort at emancipation from a threatened thralldom, which now she saw would be infinitely more intolerable than endless drudgery in the most loathsome mine.

The wedding day arrived. Her eye was bright, her step firm, her manner decided. The civil ceremony having been performed at the Mayoralty and the Protestant service in Mr. Nelson's apartments, the small party proceeded to the Roman Catholic chapel of the parish, where the marriage was finally completed. All went off decently and in order—nay, almost cheerfully, for even the bridegroom, in external observances, was possessed of much tact, to say nothing of his present content. At midday

breakfast was served to a very limited company, which soon dispersed, some to their daily duties, others in search of pleasure,—and among them went Viscomté, either to the billiard-table or otherwise, to while away the time till the dinner should arrive and put him in possession of a handsome suit of rooms which had been rather ostentatiously prepared in the father's hotel for the newly married couple. For myself, I immediately repaired to Paris, to make some slight arrangements previously to returning that night to London, whence I had come to be present at the bridal ceremony—and for sundry other causes. By the mail coach, in which my place had been early secured by way of precaution, I left the French capital the same evening for Calais, and the next morning at eleven o'clock, according to expectation, I encountered on the deck of the steamer Mr. Nelson and his daughter.

From what I then and subsequently learned, the sequence of events was peculiarly interesting.

On the preceding day, when the dinner hour was near at hand, Viscomté was ringing at the bell of the great gate of the hotel in the *Rue des Ursulines*, having directed his servants to be there with his personal effects where he counted to find his home for a considerable season. He passed hastily by the aged porter, who was quietly seated in his lodge without a word on either side. Thence he mounted to the room which had been indicated as that which he was henceforth to occupy. Not finding his man or portmanteau there, he rang the bell violently, apprehensive that the summons to dinner should be sounded while his toilette was unfinished; for in dress and in all pertaining to ceremony Viscomté was an *exquisite* beyond compare. No one answering his noisy appeal, again was his hand applied with increased energy to the bell-rope, when, like most French contrivances of the sort, it fell in snake-like coils about his head and shoulders,—the bell itself, however, emitting but one expiring tinkle, which was followed by an ominous stillness. No voice, nor step, nor sign of life lightened

the heavy silence of the vast apartment. Astonished—almost affrighted, he next rushed to the chamber of his wife. There nothing but a scene of disorder presented itself—empty hand-boxes, cast off ribbons, tattered music sheets, letters and notes torn piece-meal. Through the rest of the house he ran, half distraught at meeting everywhere the same dumb but unmistakable marks of a sudden departure. No living thing met his anxious search save a venerable grimalkin—the favourite perhaps of some long-gone mistress of the mansion, who, perched upon a lofty wardrobe, composedly regarded his feverish movements, as if in mockery of human life with all its carking cares and cruel vicissitudes. An empty water-jug, flung with too true an aim, seriously disturbed the poor beast's equanimity. Almost beside himself with suspicion of the worst, our unfortunate husband flew to the porter's lodge to seek for information. Within its walls sat that grave personage—an important appendage in all French dwellings, serenely smoking his favourite pipe, which many years of tobacco impregnation had rendered of more intrinsic value to connoisseurs of the weed than scores of the clayey conduits of self-indulgence in all their virgin purity and whiteness.

"Where is Mr. Nelson?" exclaimed Viscomté vehemently, "and his daughter—the Countess I would say?"

"Gone out," coolly replied the old soldier, who, having received an enormous fee and the promise of another, was not faithless to his engagement to cause the greatest possible delay in the movements of the individual now questioning him.

"Gone out!—gone where?"

"Indeed, I don't know."

"And the servants?"

"Gone too."

"*Sacré!* speak out man, or I will throttle you."

"Throttle me, youngster!—me, a soldier of the Old Guard! Why, old as I am, I could crush you, and would do so were you to lay so much as a finger on my coat sleeve.

"You wish to know what has become

of the Englishman and his family—your wife, the Countess, as you call her, among the rest,—do you? Well, so far as I can tell you, you shall know, and much good may it do you," continued the spiteful old fellow, his temper getting the better of his prudent resolve to communicate nothing. "In less than an half hour after breakfast the rent of the hotel for the whole season was paid in advance, carriages were loaded, post horses were on and every body away."

"In what direction?"

"To Paris! was the word given, and thence to England, I presume, to rid themselves of Monsieur," a mocking inclination of the head accompanied these last words.

"Impertinent!" exclaimed Viscomté, as he hurried to the quarters of Taulin, his only friend, for comfort and counsel.

His friend,—an officer of the same rank and regiment with himself, he found occupied in preparations for dinner, and consequently in no mood of mind inviting disagreeable interruption. Almost as bad in other respects, Taulin was equal to Viscomté in hardened selfishness, which made the pair most fit associates, and fairly mated them.

"Those English rogues have absconded!" cried the latter, so soon as his voice had sufficiently recovered from the effects of a rapid pace and excessive excitement.

"Indeed," returned Taulin, adjusting his cravat, "that is really funny," and he chuckled as if highly amused. "Rogues! you say that Madame the Countess and her respectable papa are rogues? quite possible! But if they have tricked you, as it appears they have, you can no longer call them fools, as you have often done. But tell me what has happened, and how it was they overreached your smartness."

"You mock at me, Taulin, as if you rejoiced to find me poor again like yourself. But you mistake, for within my port-folio there is that which is a sufficient guarantee against poverty. It was to seek your advice and aid to catch my fugitive wife that I came to see you. The whole family have fled to England."

"Well, let us dine now, for I am famishing, and after that we will talk the matter over."

"Dine! I mean to follow the wretches instantly; what is the start of a few hours in a long journey?"

"You, of course, have plenty of money to pay for extra post-horses," asked Taulin, looking askance at his dear friend.

"Not twenty francs in the world, but on this paper security which is here," touching his side-pocket, "I can raise thousands."

"Not so fast, my dear fellow," replied Taulin in rather a contemptuous tone, "for if that wily old English fox has robbed you of your wife, rely on it that he has not done his work by halves. I should not be surprised if your fancied treasures were to turn to pebbles as in the fable."

"You torture me Taulin, for the devilish sake of torturing. But I am sure of my affair. A friend in London informs me that Nelson is exceedingly rich."

"That may well be, and yet, like most rich men, he may prefer to keep his gold for himself while he lives."

"What shall I do? You frighten me."

"If you had leave of absence, which you cannot have, for you were refused a month ago, and if you had plenty of cash, which you have not, I should advise you to follow your wife on the instant."

"As for leave," answered Viscomté fiercely, "I will go without it,—and for money, you, my friend, must furnish that, for I know of no one else who will."

"I! I furnish money! my treasury was reduced to nothing by last night's *rouge et noir*, and the four solitary naps which my purse can boast, I raised this morning by pawning the only family relic left to me,—a respectable old diamond ring, which has fed me so often that I always redeem it with my next month's pay. But be comforted, for if you had a thousand gold pieces, you would not be such a fool as to forfeit your commission—your only means of living except the gambling table, which has served us both so shabbily of late."

"Ten thousand devils!" exclaimed

Viscomté. "You speak too truly, and I am tied hand and foot."

"Come, come along," said Taulin, buttoning his coat and taking his companion by the arm, "Eat and sleep, and then see what can be done. To-day it is too late for any thing like business."

As may be well supposed, Viscomté neither relished his dinner, nor slept to his satisfaction that night. Early on the morrow, in a fit of desperation, he applied, through his colonel, for leave of absence, and by the intervention of that officer and of others who, with him, hoped to profit at the gambling table, by the wealth of the Englishman when transferred to France, he was at length allowed to quit his post for the space of a few days.

"But of what avail will your leave be, now that you have it, unless you can meet your travelling expenses?" inquired his comforter, Taulin, "In England they say, everything is decidedly dear."

"I thought of all that in advance," replied Viscomté, and so soon as I found, on going to Paris, that nothing could be raised on my marriage settlements—a curse on them and on him who made them! I wrote to my old mother in Provence, and by to-day's mail I shall receive, without doubt, her semi-annual pension which, as the widow of a general officer, she is allowed."

"And what will the poor old lady do for her daily bread during the next six months?" asked Taulin.

"That is her concern—not mine," said Viscomté. "She risked her life once for my sake without consulting me, and her daily bread, as you call it, she may intrust, without much fear, to an only son, who cannot do without it, and will, if fortune favours him, soon return it."

"Brute!" muttered his companion, turning away in disgust at such manifest heartlessness, for Taulin also was the only son of a widowed mother, and though bad enough in most respects, one redeeming feature in his perverted nature was, that to this parent he was not a thankless child. "Well, do as you please," he added, on mastering the

unwonted feeling which had assailed him, "but for your mother's sake no less than for your own, I would it had been otherwise. I pity her!"

"Poh! of what consequence to her is the advance of the paltry sum I want for a few weeks, when it can be replaced with interest?"

"But should you fail to replace it?"

A tinge of shame stained the cheek even of Viscomté as he exclaimed, "I cannot fail! this evening I shall be off for London, and before a week is over you will see me a rich man or, *au revoir, mon ami!*" and thus parted these two loving friends!

Arrived in London, Viscomté drove straightway to the residence of his compatriot, with whom he had been in correspondence since the commencement of his marriage scheme.

"You know all about the devilish steps of that infamous Nelson," he exclaimed, after exchanging hastily with his friend the customary greetings, and to what extent he has succeeded hitherto in cheating me. What have you to tell me of him and of his movements since his arrival in this country?"

"I really do not understand you," replied the other.

"What! did you not get my long letter a week ago or more, asking you to watch the miscreant, and to take the necessary measures for securing my rights?"

"I have received no letter from you since that which announced the near approach of your marriage."

"*Sacré mon dieu!* then there is every thing to fear, and no time must be lost. Do you know his banker?"

"By sight, only."

"We must go to him directly—send for a carriage."

"Not so fast, my friend. You forget that I am profoundly ignorant of all which has befallen you—of all you thought I knew. But I will order a cab. Now let me inquire what has happened to upset you so? why are you alone, and where is your beautiful wife—the Countess?"

"You shall know all as we go along—how soon will the carriage be here?"

"In two minutes."

"That accursed post-office! to think that the most important letter I ever wrote should have been miscarried!"

"Blame rather your own scraggy, disjointed, undecipherable handwriting. Your writing master, or his pupil must have had a strong turn for hieroglyphics. Why, do you know that not one of your literary productions ever reached my door till it had perambulated half of England, as the post-marks showed?"

"Come, cease your untimely badinage: the carriage is at the door, and now I will explain to you my frightful predicament."

Mr. Nelson's banker was at a considerable distance, and the crowded state of the streets afforded plenty of time for Viscomté to impart to his companion the history of his woes.

"Here we are at last," said Mr. Capitaine, the said companion, as the cab drew up before the door of a dingy old structure in the heart of the city. I hope we shall find the venerable gentleman in good humour; he has the reputation of being terribly crabbed and cross-grained."

The two travellers were detained in a sort of ante-bureau till Viscomté, in extreme nervousness, had gnawed his nails even to the bleeding quick. At length, however, they were formally ushered into the sanctum of the chief of the establishment—a dry, hard-visaged, old-fashioned man of business, in nankeen breeches, and silk-stockings, who received them as foreigners were once too commonly received by Englishmen at the first interview,—like suspected pick-pockets.

Having ceremoniously invited them to be seated, himself standing before the fire-place, he silently waited for them to open their budget, although he doubtless guessed the nature of it. Of the two Frenchmen, Capitaine alone understood English, and of course acted as spokesman and interpreter for the almost frantic Viscomté, who, notwithstanding the apparent uselessness of such a course, did no small share of the talking.

"We have come," began the former



when he had succeeded in quieting his turbulent *protégé*, "to inquire about Mr. Nelson, who keeps his accounts at your house, and to take the necessary steps for turning into cash a legally executed document of his in favour of my friend here, *Monsieur le Comte de Viscomté*."

"Mr. Nelson, I have to say, has no funds in our house—we are not his bankers," stiffly replied the old gentleman.

"But you were his bankers not long ago, and if you will, you can tell us where he is, and where his property lies."

"I can give you no intelligence as to the actual residence of Mr. Nelson, nor as to the location of his funds. It is not the custom of our house to meddle with the concerns of others."

"Tell him," cried Viscomté when this had been translated to him,—"*tell him that he is a coquin—that he lies, and that he shall fight me à l'outrance.*"

"Bah! If I were to say one half of what you utter, he would have you arrested and in prison before you were an hour older. You know nothing of these islanders nor of their ways."

Had not the keen gaze of the two men been diverted for a moment from the countenance of the stolid old English wight, they would have detected a curious twist in the corner of the mouth, which denoted that he perfectly understood, and was greatly amused by all this side talk.

"Have you any other affair to discuss sirs?" asked the banker with a most provoking *sang froid*. "Because if you have not, allow me to say that this is our busiest hour."

When this remark was explained to Viscomté, starting from his chair with the gesticulation of a madman, he shouted, "Say to the old scoundrel that he shall disgorge all he knows, or I will drag it out of his filthy throat with his heart's blood to cleanse it from his lying words. Show him this," he continued, drawing forth Mr. Nelson's bond of settlement for £25,000, and ask if it be not genuine and worth the money. Make him pay its value out of Mr. Nelson's

funds, which I am sure he has in his possession."

"Nonsense! you know nothing about business—you are half mad—nothing can be done here—we must be going. I will set a clever police officer, whom I know, on the tracks of your friends and it will go hard with the fellow when once found if he make not good his signature." "It is hardly possible," Capitaine added, as the two were ceremoniously bowed out, "that a man would abandon his native country forever merely to be rid of an obnoxious son-in-law."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Viscomté, "These English are a strange people: they seem capable of anything and everything when once the fit seizes them. But where are we to find your police officer?"

"I will give his address to the cabman, and on our way we will stop at Nelson's house, where something may perhaps be heard of him. At the worst, we will, before night, seize on it and its contents, which will go largely towards covering the amount of your bond, I should think, judging from the expensive style in which your respectable father-in-law lived."

On arriving at the quarter indicated, the door of the once hospitable mansion, so continually open to the touch of friendship, was closely locked and barred, as if to exclude forever the light of day. Dust-covered placards upon its unwashed pannels, and upon the shuttered windows, disclosed the fact that house and furniture had been sold at public auction a week before. Our two adventurers stood aghast. Bell and knocker they vainly sounded, and the empty sound fell on Viscomté's irritable nerve like acid on the scalded flesh.

A sharp "detective" now became their solitary hope, foreigners as they both were, and wholly unacquainted with the society to which Mr. Nelson belonged. Such a man was found in the course of the morning, but, after much search, all he could ascertain was that the person they were in quest of, having disposed of, by public sale, the only real prop-

erty he owned, had, with his daughter departed, whither no one could tell.

The next day, accompanied by the same officer and an interpreter, Viscomté set off for Liverpool, Capitaine's affairs detaining him in town. Had there been railroads and electric telegraphs in operation at that time, much mischief might have befallen the fugitives, for adverse winds had detained the ship which was to bear them to a foreign land, and, although their passage had been engaged in the name of their bankers, they could hardly have escaped the prying search of a desperate man like Viscomté. But the heavens were at length propitious, and at the latest moment came to their relief. Uncertain of the safety of those he dearly loved, their faithful banker, as we have seen, afforded scant aid or comfort to the wifeless husband; but I, when assured of their departure, saw no reason on meeting Viscomté a few days after his return to London for eluding his questions, although it would have better pleased me to avoid him altogether.

It was in the Haymarket that we encountered each other. Vainly did I try to pass him in the crowd without recognition, and, failing in that, with the slightest possible nod. He would not be denied.

"You can, without doubt," he abruptly begun, "acquaint me, sir, with what I wish to know, and am resolved you shall tell me. Where is Mr. Nelson, and the Countess, my wife? Inform me too where he has placed his property."

The first movement of my mind, on seeing the care-worn, haggard and neglected face before me, was to let the wretched fellow down gently, and leave him to find out the worst at his leisure, being quite sure that it would come to his knowledge soon enough for comfort. But when, observing my hesitation while reflecting how to inflict the smallest quantity of pain even on so bad a man, he peremptorily added, "Come, come, sir, you, who were so intimate in the family, must be able to answer my questions truly, as indeed you shall before we part," I am not so clear but that I expe-

rienced a very agreeable, however uncharitable, sensation at the opportunity thus forced on me of inflicting a severe punishment while complying with his rude demand.

"O, yes!" I replied, passing by unheeded his impertinence, "I will answer your questions as I well can, since Mr. Nelson availed himself of my services throughout the whole transaction which has just terminated so much to his satisfaction and so little to your profit.

"You may or may not remember that, directly on Miss Nelson's falling ill one evening, I was absent from my lodgings at *Saint Germain* for a considerable time."

"I do, nor did I like the look of the thing—but go on, if you please," he added, resuming his habitual good tone of manner.

"My mission was to London, with full powers, in conjunction with his bankers, to turn into cash every penny's worth of his large estate."

"And you did so?"

"We did: his house and furniture were sold for the most they would fetch—all his other property, consisting of government securities and Indian bonds, were disposed of in the course of a week, and, with the results of these sales in bills of exchange on a foreign country, Mr. Nelson and daughter are now far away on the broad ocean, never to return while you are in existence. Such was his determination."

"And I am a ruined man!" exclaimed the poor wretch in a tone of despair which, in any other, would have moved my compassion. "Ruined too—curses on my stupidity! by a dull, jolt-head Englishman—I, sharp as I thought myself to be, aye and am! to be thus duped and robbed!—fool! fool! that I was to trust to such a miscreant, whom I deemed too witless to be feared, and to let myself be cajoled by that fair-faced trickster—that seeming love-sick puling girl of his, whom I now hate and loathe as I always despised her. But I must know to what land they have fled."

"Not from me can you learn it," I angrily replied, greatly enraged at such

foul language applied so foully! "I shall henceforth hold no communication with one so lost to all sense of decency and common honesty as you have proved yourself to be."

"Do you, a miserable unknown, from your country of pedlars, dare thus address me—me, the Count of Viscomté?" he hissed from between his closed teeth, while with clenched hands and glaring eyes, he looked all over like a beautiful royal tiger, ready to pounce upon his prey.

I had neglected that morning to take from the breast-pocket of my top coat a loaded pistol which I sometimes carried when out late at night. It was cocked and pointed at Viscomté's heart even as the last words passed his lips.

"You are larger and stronger than I am," was my calm return, for he was at my mercy, and at the same time I held the little weapon so as not to attract the notice of any passer by. "Lift but a finger to strike and you are a dead man."

For a moment he hesitated, for the Frenchman was no coward, then turned away with such a look as I had fancied none but the nether world could fashion, as he groaned forth rather than spoke these bitter words, "Devil! American devil as you are, may a curse be with you wherever you go!"

I never saw Viscomté afterwards, but on visiting the continent at a later day, I made such inquiries about him, and so arranged matters, as to be kept constantly informed of all his future history.

Partly through desperation probably at his mortifying disappointment, which was the subject of general notoriety, his course of life soon became so utterly lawless that he was obliged to quit the army. At that signal his numerous creditors rose against him as they had never dared to do while he was a commissioned officer in one of the finest cavalry regiments of France, and in the receipt of high pay. Seized by some of those whom he had severely fleeced and sometimes abused, he was cast into the debtor's prison in the *Rue de Clichy*, where, at that time it was lawful to detain an insolvent to the day of his death, on the simple condition of

the unsatisfied creditors paying thirty sous a day for his support. At the age of thirty-one, Viscomté was incarcerated, and an unpitied, forgotten prisoner did he remain till the Revolution of 1830,—and eleven life-corroding years they must have been to a man of his temper,—when, on the overturn of all established things, he emerged from the only home that remained to him, (for his mother had died broken-hearted at the disgrace of her son,) and with hundreds of other friendless and penniless outcasts once more set forth to war against the world. Prematurely old in physical appearance, he had become, morally speaking, an aged man. Deprived of the means of excitement so habitual to him, behind those impassable stone walls, his native elasticity had broken down, his spirit had failed and even much of the external of a gentleman, on which he justly prided himself, had disappeared. Essentially an unvirtuous man, and possessed of no internal tower of strength to fly to when thrown upon his own resources, little chance did the solitary wretch, freed by the hands of a mob, stand of regaining his own self-esteem or of conquering the respect of his fellow creatures. Poor as the pauper who vainly begged a sou of him as he wended his way to the heart of the city, he was forced to pawn his coat to raise a few francs to supply his most pressing wants. With forty sous which remained, he went to a low gambling house, where fortune, or something surer to the skilful practitioner, so well bestended him that he was able to clothe himself decently preparatory to entering *Frascati's*, the fashionable hell of Paris—a den of abomination early suppressed on the accession of Louis Philippe to the French throne. There again he prospered, retiring from the table a winner of several thousand francs. Fearful of being recognized by some of his former associates, the next day he left the capital for the *Midi*—the South of France, where he hoped to live by his wits, and, under a new name, to be less liable to expose his fallen estate to those who had known him in his palmy days. He pitched his tent in the city of Toulouse, where people's blood is as proverbially hot as

his own once was. After a time the good luck, which thus far had bolstered up his hopes, began to play him false, although aided by a slight of hand which he had never totally neglected. And at length, on one fatal evening, others, who were more skilful players or more adroit cheats, stript him of the last remnants of his infamously gained treasures. At the final throw of the dice which left him literally the owner of nothing but the clothes he stood in, the fiend-look of earlier years when I knew him gleamed like an unearthly fire beneath his swollen eyelids.

"Why do you gaze at me so earnestly?" inquired of him in rather a supercilious tone an old ex-officer, the most successful of his opponents, who had just won from him his last stake—his last hundred francs. "Do I owe you anything, sir?"

"You owe me all of mine which you have touched this evening—all which you have ever gained from me—you are a swindler, sir!"

"*Mille tonnerres! coquin!*" roared the officer.

"*Coquin* to me—to me the count of —, but enough! take that," and Viscomte flung his glove in the officer's face. All was confusion for a few moments, but the company soon dispersed, the master of the house having called on the police, who were always in attendance when gambling establishments were tolerated in France.

After so gross an affront, a duel of course became inevitable. It was not without difficulty that so friendless an individual as Viscomte succeeded in finding seconds, or witnesses, as they are called by the French. Two, however, the requisite number, were at length induced at the solicitation of the other party to lend their assistance. The following morning was appointed for the meeting. Pistols, according to usage, were to be first employed, and, if they failed, then recourse was to be had to small swords.

Slight was the preparation that Viscomte had to make for the morrow's encounter; yet something he did do. He wrote a letter addressed to Mr. Nelson and enclosed it in another to the banking-

house which he had formerly visited in London. Through my hands it eventually reached its final destination. These were its words: "I am about to engage in a duel. Something tells me that my hour has come. These then are my last words. You, liar and traitor that you are, basely robbed me of my fortune—you stole from me my wife, and in so doing you deprived me of liberty and rank,—and now you are my murderer. If the curse of a dying man have any power to work his will in this world, or in the world to come, if there be another, may my present and eternal curse rest on you and yours forever!—Count Jules de Viscomté."

Punctual to the time and place of rendezvous, the two would-be murderers came, for both were as personally courageous as they were reckless of God's command and human law. Viscomte's face was dark with rage and spite at having been plundered by one inferior to himself in trickery, as he deemed him, and then defied. His antagonist's was still flushed with shame at the outrageous insult inflicted on him in public and in the presence of many who were not his well-wishers. The combat, as all could see, was to be one to the death. The ground was measured; the duellists placed; few words were spoken. On the signal being given, so simultaneous were both discharges that there seemed but one explosion. Each combatant stood firmly erect as before, and all unchanged in attitude, save the dropped hands which held the pistols, now emitting two slender threads of bluish smoke. Without delay the seconds advanced to prepare their principals for another shot previously to handing them the swords. As they approached, Viscomte, glaring fiercely at vacancy, and rolling his eyes wildly as if in search of some object whereon to wreak his baffled vengeance, suddenly and without relaxing a single muscle, fell flat upon his face! The ball had pierced his heart! He had refused to breathe! An iron will had kept him on his legs upright till even such a will was no longer his. Thus perished the worst of men! Unfit to live in this bad world, what could he do in Hea-

ven, if admitted there? Is there then a Hell? Count the bipeds of the earth, and you will have the exact number of Heavens and Hells appointed to this woe-begirt habitation of fallen man.

Since our leave-taking in Liverpool, Mr. Nelson, his daughter and I have often met. Once more a peaceful roof sheltered the unhappy wanderers, and their lives were not unblest. Under another name, and with ample means, such as they possessed, there was no difficulty in accomplishing the object of their desires,—a secluded home, where the voice of slander could never reach, the finger of scorn never point, and the machinations of the wicked never harm. Again hap-

piness dawned on those who so richly deserved it, for to make others happy they ever labored and not without success: New friendships were formed in the bright, free spot of earth selected as their future residence, new interests were created, and, to crown all, one day a little stranger came to cheer their fireside—in personal beauty the father's image, but happily in moral qualities, as time has since developed, worthy of his maternal lineage. Where that same bright, free spot of earth which they inhabit can be found, none of all their former friends can tell excepting one, and he is the writer of this plain narrative of facts.

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## SONG.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

### I.

Here, long ago,  
While the fair River in its spring-time flow  
Murmured with happy voice  
"Rejoice! Rejoice,"  
While youth's full pulses thrilled within our breasts  
Far from life's hopeless calms, or fierce unrests,  
We told our love,  
The April sunset heaven was bright above,  
The Earth below  
Most beautiful, but this was long ago,  
Long, very long ago.

### II.

Here, once again  
Whilst the dark River like a soul in pain  
Heaves, as it were from depths of human care  
A sigh of lorn despair,  
Youth's glorious pulses stilled within our breasts,  
The haunt of hopeless calms, or fierce unrests,  
We speak—but *not* of love,  
The angry winter's Heaven is wild above,  
The earth below  
Drear as the Hopes that withered long ago,  
Long, very long ago.

## SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS.

(POST REVOLUTIONARY DOCUMENTS.)

COL. ARTHUR CAMPBELL TO R. H. LEE.

*Washington City, Oct. 18th, 1784.*

SIR—It is with singular pleasure I reflect that you are of the Delegation to Congress the coming year: that you can forego your ease and quiet to serve us, and I wish I could add, to serve a grateful people. But I trust your mind is above giving way to disgust and resentment, that you can do good for evil, when the interests of America call for your assistance. I have been told by one who professed friendship for you, that your politicks were too theoretical, too much refined for the multitude, for rude uncivilized Americans. I rather judge that your stubborn virtue stands too much in the way of those, who with gales of popularity or political chicanery, wish to indulge a lust for dominion, for rule, aristocratical rule, and certain despotism. It is my hope that America, and even Virginia, will never want friends who will successfully combat and overthrow such malignant principles, and degrading essays to the interests and happiness of freemen.

I have for some time past viewed with concern, the struggle which seems to have commenced between Congress and the States claiming Western Territory. I will not pretend to determine which side has erred most, or who obstinately perseveres in error. This is certain, that every friend to his country ought to wish to see the matter finally concluded on equitable principles. Delay creates jealousies that may have a lasting effect on our union. It is true the decision of Congress of April last has forwarded the business much: but that principally relates to the Country over the Ohio: the greater part of which may remain a long time in possession of the Indians. On this side that River, if new States were laid off, the numerous inhabitants would become immediately useful, by bearing a part of the burdens of the Confederacy and lessening the national debt.

In limiting the new States over the

Ohio, it would have accorded with my judgment if natural boundaries had been attended to. My personal knowledge of the Country, by being two years and some months captive with the Indians when a lad, gives me an opportunity to be satisfied on that head. But as it will be a distant day before the Act of Congress can take effect, time will give an opportunity to know the necessary alterations. To hint how the Country on this side of the Ohio should be laid off, I hope will not be unacceptable.

Virginia ought to cede all westward of the great Kanawha. The Carolinas and Georgia, all westward of the Alleghany or Apalachian mountains.

1. The State that includes the Kentucky Inhabitants would most properly be bounded by the Ohio on the North, the river Kanawha as high as the mouth of the Roncouverte or Green Brier River, thence westwardly along the top of the Laurel Mountain to latitude 37°, thence along that latitude to the meridian of the rapids of Ohio.

2. The State adjoining on the South, be bounded by the Kanawha from the mouth of the Green Brier to the confluence of Little River near Ingless' Ferry, and a south line from thence to the top of the Alleghany or Apalachian mountains, thence southwestwardly along the top of said mountain and the ridges that divide the Eastern from the Western waters to latitude 34°, thence west to a point the nearest to the Cherokee River, North to said River, up the same to the meridian of the rapids of Ohio. North along the same to the Kentucky State.

3. To include what remains northward of the Lat. 34° eastwardly of the Ohio, and westwardly of the meridian of the Ohio rapids.

4. To contain the remainder of Western Territory belonging to the United States on the Mississippi. The two last are large, but their vicinity to the Spaniards, the unhealthiness of the Climate, the vast quantities of naked and sunken

grounds will point out some of the reasons for such extent. The people of North Carolina inhabiting the late ceded lands, have chosen a Commissioner to go to Congress with a memorial. His name is Cocke. Altho' he is a confused, shallow body, yet you may learn something from him that may be of use. I hope the matter will not be finally decided on until next spring, when others better informed may wait on Congress. Can you inform my friend, your Brother, that Indian Affairs wear a bad aspect in the Southern Department? The Spaniards have gone great lengths in tampering with them: perhaps mostly for their trade. And what is bad on our part, individuals that I would be sorry to name, have been making late essays to purchase, or rather leave to possess, great tracts of Country that the Indians insist on reserving for their hunting grounds.

When will the Commissioners for the United States hold Treaties in the Middle and Southern Departments? North Carolina promised a treaty and purchase of the Land they lately sold at their land Office. But lately orders were given to withhold the goods and the treaty forbid. The Indians took great umbrage at this. Congress ought not to appoint superintendants of Indian Affairs until after the Commissioners return from treating, they will then be a better judge who to entrust.

It gives me infinite pleasure to see the affairs of America prosper; to see her rise, step by step, to consequence, power and glory. If I can in the smallest degree contribute to any of these ends, it will be to me a great reward.

I am, hon'ble Sir, with great respect,  
Your most obedient humble servant,  
ARTHUR CAMPBELL.

—  
*Richmond, Dec. 14th, 1784.*

—I think it would be wise in Congress to recommend to the States the calling a Convention for the sole purpose of amending the Confederation. At present the Supreme Council of the Union is so feeble that they have little or no weight

in Government. Their recommendations are slighted, and their wisest plans are subject to be rejected by any one petty insignificant State refusing to adopt them. Besides, I see no danger in making the experiment, as we are not obliged to part with the Old Confederation till the new is adopted. Bad as the present one is, I would not wish to lose it, but would willingly exchange it for a better.

The appointment of Councillors was over before I received your letter, otherwise, independent of the high idea I entertained of General Gates' abilities, your recommendation would have procured for him any services within my reach.

The Assize bill has happily passed thro' our House. I hope the Senate will have wisdom enough to concur with us in the enacting so wholesome a law. The influence which it will have upon the morals of the people and upon the credit of the Country, will soon be universally felt and acknowledged.

—  
MANN PAGE TO R. H. LEE.

*Mannsfeld, July 23rd, 1789.*

I have read the Bill for establishing the Federal Judiciary with attention, and am happy to find, that in the formation of it, the Senate have taken great pains to remove from the minds of the people those apprehensions which they entertained, of the dangers which might arise under that part of the Constitution. As yet I have heard no objections of any weight made to the Bill, nor do I perceive any fault to be found with it. If it be not perfect, so soon as it begins to operate its imperfections will be distinctly observed, and may be properly remedied.

I am well pleased that the Import Law has at last passed, but particularly so since it has been modified by the Senate; tho' still I think many of the Duties are too high. The discrimination in the tonnage, between vessels belonging to Powers in treaty with us and those not, always appeared to me to be unwise. Our object should be to conciliate to us

all the Nations of the Earth, and not to imitate them by petulant and indeed impotent attacks. I am sorry that the opinion of those who wished to adopt the plan of Import, of '83, had not been followed; much money would have been gained to the Treasury, and the Legislature would have had leisure to digest a proper law of Import.

Is the Treasury of the United States to be placed in the hands of one person? or is it to be put into Commission. If three men are more easy to be corrupted than one, then I would wish upon the principle of Economy that one should be entrusted. But if it is not likely that three men can hardly ever be so exactly of the same sentiments and Principles as uniformly to agree in plans of Fraud or Corruption, and as they will constantly act as spies on the conduct of each other, there seems to be more security for the public money to have it placed in the hands of Commissioners. If the treasury is put into the hands of one man I fear there will be no enquiry after the thousands which are unaccounted for, and that the Defaulters will quietly enjoy their spoil.

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EDMUND PENDLETON TO R. H. LEE.

*Edmundsburg, Feb. 21st, 1785.*

It was not till a few days ago, that your esteemed favour of Dec. 19th, came to hand, or I should sooner, by a prompt acknowledgement, have testified my pleasure in the renewal of our correspondence. It will indeed be carried on much to your disadvantage situated as you are in the centre of Intelligence, and I a domestic man who seldom leave home, but in my official visits to Richmond twice a year. However, as you know the terms, and kindly make the proposition, you know where to charge the loss.

That the Court of Spain should make an unreasonable demand on America, does not much surprise me, as I believe she was always a secret Enemy to our Independence. That her claiming an exclusive right to the navigation of the Mississippi, is of that nature I think can-

not be doubted, when we reflect on the subject as it is influenced by the rights of Nature, the law of nations and subsisting Treaties. Were it not for the force of the latter, I believe there are few men of judgment would doubt that the Emperor of Germany would be right in insisting upon the free navigation of the Scheldt for the Citizens of Antwerp; indeed many think he ought not to be bound by those treaties, which being so contrary to the natural rights of his subjects must have been extorted from his Ancestors by untoward circumstances. If Spain persists in this demand, she may perhaps, as Great Britain did by the late war, precipitate the evil she fears and wishes to prevent.

I doubt not but that the Court of London may keep a lusting eye on the Dominion of America, and keep things in suspense till they discover whether the Continental war affords them any prospect of recovering it. I am sorry your hope of having these disputes adjusted before the commencement of that war are frustrated, by a declaration of its having taken place, if we are rightly informed. In their pretence for withholding the Western Posts, on account of our not repealing the Laws which impeded the Recovery of British debts, they forgot that they were the first aggressors, in not restoring the slaves they possessed according to the treaty. Whether they are stimulated to this conduct by the exiled Tories and Refugees, and that their power of doing it is greater than it would have been, if they had returned amongst us, is a point difficult to decide. Those who have returned do not in general manifest a disposition favourable to our Government, and whether they do not secretly give that mis-information which is charged to the Inhabitants of Port Roseway, cannot be easily ascertained. Be this as it may, I hope our conduct will be *just* and *manly*, and if we are forced into another war, bear it as men ought to do all unavoidable misfortunes. However, as such an event would indeed be truly unhappy for us, we ought by negotiation, to use every possible means to avert it.



I am told our Assembly has passed a new militia law, of a more strict nature than the former. I have not seen it but am of opinion that if the meetings for exercise are made more frequent, it will produce mischief rather than good, as I never discovered other fruits from those meetings, than calling the industrious from their labour to their great disgust and the injury of the community, and affording the idle an opportunity of dissipation. I rather think that in time of Peace, to keep them enrolled, and oblige them to meet once a year to shew their arms and ammunition—to provide magazines of those, and in case of a war to throw the militia into an arrangement like our minute Plan for defence, until a regular army can be raised, is the most eligible system, leaving the people at liberty to pursue their labour in peace, and acquire wealth, of great service in war. One part of this new law is making much noise. It seems all the militia officers are disbanded, and the appointment fixed in the Gov. and Council, who have appointed a subordinate council consisting of 6 or 7 in each county, to recommend the field Officers, to whom the appointment of the Captains and Subalterns is to be confided.

The Caroline Council, I hear, after protesting against their appointment, gave it as their opinion that they knew no cause to change the appointment at present made of those Officers. I fear I shall tire you at first, and therefore will spare you at present with only assuring you that I am, with much esteem,

E. PENDLETON.

March 14th, 1785. Another post day is arrived and no letter from you, nor other intelligence except an agreeable account, not so well attested as I could wish, that tobacco is up at nine dollars per hundred at N. York. We really wanted such a stimulus to our traders, who taking advantage of the demand for cash, which the collection of taxes made on the planters, showed a disposition to reduce the price very low indeed. How-

ever, they are mistaken; their conduct will stop the collection and not effect their purpose; the planters will retain their crops for a better price at all risques, &c. Surely the purchasers at New York would find their interest in coming here with their cash rather than in laying it out there at the above price.

I had hoped that our annual elections would have put a stop to every species of bribery, and restored perfect freedom in the choice of our Representatives in General Assembly, but am sorry to find myself disappointed. In a neighbouring County (as I am told) three candidates have employed as many months in canvassing, not only from house to house, but at frequent and expensive treats; a species of bribery the more dangerous, since it is masked, and appears not in its plain shape as a piece of offered gold would. In our County, a new declaring Candidate, at the last Court, made a sacrifice of much wine, bottles and glasses, to the fortunate Deities. I cannot, however, agree with some gentlemen, that for this or any other reason, we ought to change the term of Electing to Septennial, or even triennial, but am of opinion we should wait patiently for the good effects of the annual choice, which tho' slow, will be certain and permanent.

June 13th, 1785. The prospect of a trade opening with the East Indies, as it will lessen our dependence upon Europe for Commerce, affords agreeable reflections, since I do not like the present scrambling state of our trade with Europe, especially Great Britain, in which I fear there are other rubs concerting besides the Algerine Pirates.

Some very low sales of tobacco from Britain has much reduced the price here; James River to about 4d. and Rappahannock to a Guinea, but as the principal planters seem resolute not to take it, and there are a good many ships in the country, I think it must rise, especially as the want of plants in some places, and the destruction by ground-worms and

grasshoppers in others, seem to predict a short crop of the coming one.

You'll have heard of a Convention of the Clergy and Laity of our Episcopal Church last month; I was not able to attend it, but was pleased to learn that the members were truly respectable, and their proceedings wise and temperate. Their journal is not yet printed, but I am told it contains Rules for the Government of the Clergy, and the appointment of deputies to represent us, in a Federal Convention to be held in Philadelphia in September next, to whom it is referred to revise and reform the Church Liturgy. Mr. Page of Rosewell, and your brother of Green Spring, are the Lay Deputies; Mr. Griffiths and Mr. McCrosky the Clerical.

What has become of Bishop Seabury? and how is he received in Connecticut? One would not have expected that the first American Bishop had come to New England.

—

August 8th, 1785. I am just returned from a ramble of some weeks in pursuit of health, I think not without some success, and found in the Country, in some parts, seasonable and promising crops, in others very dry and apprehensive of a famine from that cause and the devastation of the Chintz bug, which since harvest have infested the Indian Corn. I think upon the whole our prospect of crops is very low, and yet the price of our Staple is reduced by commercial combinations and improvident Planters.

Our different accounts from the Westward seem to point out the Indians as generally hostile and little disposed to keep the peace so lately concluded with Congress. I think the back Inhabitants are rather inclined to war than peace with them.

We have just received an account from a gentleman travelling from Baltimore, that the Bostonians having required all British vessels to leave their Ports, and three of them persisting in staying, the People of the town had fired upon and sunk them. I hope it is not true, as the

Act they have lately passed to oppose the British Regulations of their West India trade, seems wise and temperate. The sanction of that Law was no doubt a forfeiture of Vessel and Cargo, recoverable in a Court of Admiralty, and if the law was in force, which I suppose was hardly the case, as they would allow time to give notice of it: that mode of proceeding would have been more consistent with Regular Government, and the law and practice of nations, than an hostile destruction of Property belonging to persons unheard, which must tend to weaken the confidence of Foreigners in finding protection in our harbors, and discourage their trade. I confess it was my wish as soon as the British Court had made those regulations, that a general law should have passed in all the States to prohibit all trade with the British Islands, but in American Bottoms; and in like manner to have assimilated all our Commercial regulations to the degree of freedom or restraint adopted by all foreign Courts in respect to us; which would have evinced, that however desirous we were of a free and open trade with all the world, upon terms of Equality, we meant not to be the dupes of an unequal, disadvantageous intercourse with any.

If the story about the destruction of the British ships be true, yet I hope some method of adjusting the affair may be negotiated between Congress and that Court, without a rupture, which I am sure would at this time illy suit either the circumstances or inclination of Virginia, at least.

I find the Spanish Minister has at length had his introduction, and hope he may be better disposed and instructed in regard to the Mississippi Navigation, than his masters appeared to be sometime past. Strange infatuation, to obstruct that Navigation, when a spirit for Commerce would point out New Orleans as a situation for opulent merchants, perhaps preferable to any in the world, especially if Mr. Runisey's newly constructed boats to pass against currents should succeed.

E. PENDLETON.

JAMES MADISON TO R. H. LEE.

*Orange, July 7th, 1785.*

Your favour of 30th May came to hand yesterday only, having been sometime in Fredericksburg, and finally reached Orange via Albemarle. I agree with you perfectly in thinking it the interest of this country to embrace the first decent opportunity of parting with Kentucky, and to refuse firmly to part with any more of our Western settlements. It seems necessary, however, that this first instance of a voluntary dismemberment of a State should be conducted in such a manner as to form a salutary precedent. As it will indirectly affect the whole confederacy, Congress ought clearly to be made a party to it, either immediately or by a proviso that the partition act shall not be in force until the actual admission of the State into the new Union. No interval whatever should be suffered between the release of our hold on the country, and its taking on itself the obligations of a member of the Federal Body. Should it be made a separate State without this precaution, it might be tempted to remain so as well with respect to the U. S. as to Va., by two considerations: 1. The evasion of its share of the common debt; and 2d, the allurements which an exemption from taxes would prove to citizens of States groaning under them. It is very possible that such a course might in the end be found disadvantageous. But the charms of ambition and present interest too often prevail against the remonstrances of sound policy. May we not also with justice insist, that a reasonable portion of the particular debt of Va. be assumed by the district which is to set up for itself?

The arrival of Mr. Guardoqui will turn out, I hope, an auspicious step towards conciliating explanations and overtures on the subject of the Mississippi. Besides the general motives for accelerating an adjustment of this affair, the prodigious effect it would have on the sale of the back lands renders it of peculiar importance. The same consideration presses for such arrangements with Great

Britain as will give us speedy possession of the Western Posts. As to the commercial arrangements which we wish from her, I see no room for sanguine expectations. What could she get from us by yielding to our demands, which she does not now enjoy? I cannot speak with certainty as to other States, but it is apparent that the trade of this was never more completely monopolized when it was under the direction of her own laws than it is at this moment. Our present situation, therefore, verifies the Doctrine held out in Deane's intercepted letters. We have lost by the Revolution our trade with the West Indies, the only one which yielded us a favourable balance, without having gained any new channels to compensate it. What makes the British monopoly, too, the more mortifying, is the abuse they make of it. Not only the private Planters, who have resumed the practice of shipping their own tobacco, but many of our merchants, particularly the natives of the country who have no connexions in Great Britain, have received accounts of sales which carry the most visible and shameful frauds in every article. In every point of view indeed the trade of this country is in a deplorable condition. A comparison of current prices here with those in the Northern States, either at this time or at any time since the peace, will shew that the loss direct on our produce and indirect on our imports, is not less than 50 per cent. Till very lately the price of our staple has been down 32 and 33 on James River, and 28 on Rappahannock. During the same period the former was selling in Philadelphia, and probably in the other Northern Ports, at 44 of our currency, and the latter in proportion; though it is clear that tobacco in the Northern Ports is intrinsically worth less than in ours, being burdened with the expense of freight from the latter to the former, and remaining at the same distance from its ultimate market. The price of Merchandize here is at least as much above as tobacco is below the Northern Standard. We have had from the beginning of June to the present time, very hot and very

wet weather. The effect of it on upland corn has been favourable, but much the reverse on that in the flats. It has given full opportunity to the Planters to pitch their crops of Tobacco; but though many of them have repeated this operation several times, the noxious insects still threaten to abridge the prospect. Should these depredations subside, the extraordinary efforts of the country for a crop must produce a great one. Our wheat in this part of the country is very indifferent. How it may be in others I cannot say, but believe the complaints are pretty general.

With the highest esteem and regard,  
I remain, dear sir,

Your ob't and very h'ble ser't,  
J. MADISON, JR.

—  
REPLY OF R. H. LEE.

*New York, Aug. 11th, 1785.*

Your favour of July 7th was as long coming to hand as I find my letter of 20th May was in getting to you. This, joined to the uncertainty of letters ever arriving safe, is a very discouraging circumstance to full and free correspondence.

I have the honour of according most perfectly and entirely with your ideas for regulating our severance from Kentucky. It is unquestionably just that this district should assume her fair and full proportion of the debt created by the War, because the benefit being common so should the expense of procuring it, and that this country's share be a fundamental article in the act of parting, as well as that they shall be a component part of the Federal Union. The contract should be tripartite; the parties, our State, Congress and Kentucky.

Mr. Jay is commissioned to treat with Mr. Guardoqui, but as yet nothing has been done. The exclusive navigation of the Mississippi will be earnestly contested for by Spain, who to quiet us on that hand will probably grant large commer-

cial benefits. But if we remain firm, I incline to think that the navigation will be consented to.

As yet we only know officially that Mr. Adams has arrived in London, received his audience and delivered his credentials. The next packet will probably inform us of his feeling the British Pulse, and how it beats at the subjects that he is to try them upon. I think with you that there is not great room to hope for commercial advantages from a nation whose appetite for Commerce has ever been ravenous, and its wishes always for monopoly. And the more especially as we have no compensation to make. I believe that we may dispose them to be reasonable, by a very careful and considerate restraining of their trade in all cases where we shall not injure ourselves more than them by the restraint. But it seems to me clearly beyond doubt, that the giving Congress a power to legislate over the trade of the Union, would be dangerous in the extreme to the five Southern or staple States, whose want of ships and seamen would expose their freightage and produce to a most pernicious and destructive monopoly. With such a power eight States in the Union would be stimulated by extensive interest to shut close the door of monopoly; that by the exclusion of all rivals, whether for purchasing our produce or freighting it, both these might be at the mercy of our East and North. The spirit of commerce throughout the world is a spirit of avarice, and would not fail to act as above stated. What little difficulty there would be in drawing over one of the five to join the eight interested States, must be very discernible to those who have marked the progress of intrigues in Congress.

In truth it demands most careful circumspection that the remedy be not worse than the disease, had as the last may be. I could say much on this subject, but it is not necessary, for I am sure that your good sense reflecting calmly on the subject, will sufficiently discern the danger of such an experiment. Nor do I believe it necessary, being perfectly satisfied that a well digested system of

restraint, being properly laid before the States by Congress, would be universally adopted by the different Assemblies. I think so, because it will be most evidently the interest of all to do so. It is true that the price of our staple has been for sometime greater at Philadelphia and here than in Virginia. But it is as true that the European price did not warrant the price at the two places, as the great losses and bankruptcies of the adventurers plainly prove. Indeed this excess of price at Philadelphia and N. York was occasioned by sinking speculators, who to swim awhile longer, would go any length to keep up appearances, by making some remittance to their creditors abroad. But this business is now chiefly over, and here at present their is neither money nor inclination to purchase tobacco. The crowd of Bankrupts at Philadelphia has, I believe, nearly produced the same effect.

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HON. H. LEE TO THE SAME.

August 10th, 1788. *New York.*

—Congress are yet engaged concerning the temporary residence of the Federal Government. New York will probably succeed notwithstanding the ardent love which so many bear to Philadelphia, and therefore Potomack will have a good chance for the permanent residence. At all events I think that the 10 miles square may be to the South of the Susquehanna, which will assist in its consequences very much the trade of the Chesapeake.

—  
*Stratford, 17th May, 1789.*

We have experienced a cold and lately very rainy spring. In consequence of which the cattle have perished in great numbers; the ensuing crops are late in their beginnings, and the tobacco plants very scarce indeed.

Corn continues low in price as does tobacco; wheat has risen, but of this article there is very little on hand. The growing crop seems very promising, and

we have abundance of fruit on the Rivers, in the forest little or none.

Our election is, as you must know, over; my uncle and myself elected; nearly 250 freeholders polled and Mr. Campbell was left by a majority in favour of my uncle of 39. \* \* \* \*

We are all made very happy by the intelligence we receive from every quarter of the harmony and good understanding which prevail in Congress. From such a temper we hope to derive every good which a nation can receive from its government, nor is there a doubt entertained but that the amendments, securing the people from oppression, and restoring to the whole society entire confidence in the government, general in their nature and harmless in their operation, as they may affect the energy of the Constitution, will be adopted with unanimity. Moderate duties on our commerce will meet the opinion of our people and be stamped with their approbation. Indeed with us it is expected that the Union will be content with duties much lower than have been established by the State Legislature. For this opinion too, there are many reasons,—one amongst others, that the Commerce of the thirteen States being under the administration of our body, the relative injury resulting from the discordance of the States in their regulation of Commerce, as well as the savings in the collection which must follow from the change in the System, will add considerably to the revenue arising from Commerce.

Whatever may be done in this and all other matters, I heartily pray may promote our common good, and restore full harmony and concord among all orders of citizens throughout the Union.

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GOV. LEE TO E. H. LEE.

*Richmond, April 17th, 1792.*

I have the pleasure of your letter of 25th, and very much thank you for the detail of Politicks it contains. It is exceedingly to be lamented that the doings of Congress, manifest such love of trick.

I consider the Representative bill illustrative of this contemptible principle in a great degree. It seems too, that accident favoured the vicious effort, as three of the enemies to the bill in the lower house were absent. You suppose that Congress will rise by the middle of this month provided another assumption is not attempted. The Secretary of the treasury has recommended farther assumption, and whatever he patronizes infallibly succeeds. On his will I imagine depends the hour of your adjournment.

I am much pleased by your communication respecting the money expended by this Commonwealth, and hope you will not let us loose even the 230 dollars. The sum is, to be sure, small, but the precedent may operate injuriously in future, as at the close of this year another demand must be made on the same score.

With respect to military land, you mention a difficulty because of the Indian treaty, and the present posture of Indian Affairs. I hardly think that restoration of the lands is expected or could be granted; but full compensation therefor is expected and ought to be granted. But in this I only give my private opinion.

The Command of the Western Army seems to engross the minds of all orders this way. But I believe nothing has been communicated which shews in any degree the Presidential intention. I find that report as well as your letter has placed me in the list of the supposed competitors for that office. I have never solicited the post, and if it is offered to me my acceptance will be the result of duty only. Since my irreparable domestic calamity I am indifferent as to my destiny, and therefore war suits me as well as peace. The affection of my friends I hold most dear, but prefer their silence on this occasion, to any other conduct. The winter has passed away and the most delightful spring ever experienced has succeeded.

WM. GRAYSON TO R. H. LEE.

*New York, Nov. 30th, 1785.*

I enclose you a schedule of advances

to the States, by which you will see that Virginia has had less by a million of dollars than her proportion. No advantage it seems can, however, be taken of this circumstance in the next requisition, as the Resolution of the 3d June 1784, suspends the payment of interest till the final settlement of accounts; that is, till the day of Judgment. I read some part of your letter, at the Sycamore, alias the Virginia Hotel, which gave no small satisfaction, and like an able negotiator, I drew some small advantages from it myself—perhaps it may be still productive. I had the honor of escorting the ladies to the play the other evening, when they made so beautiful and elegant an appearance as to depopulate all the other boxes of the Beaux and Philanders. They beg me to present their best regards to you. If it was not for the intervention of Mr. Lee, perhaps the expression might be more animating.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*New York, 22d, 1786.*

Our foreign affairs are much in the same situation as when you left us. Mr. Adams has done nothing with the British Ministry, and Mr. Jay has done about as much with Mr. Gardequi. The Commissioners in Europe have dispatched Mr. Barclay, Mr. Franks, Mr. Lamb, and Mr. Randall to negotiate with the Barbary Powers, and we understand that they have actually arrived at the court of the Emperor of Morocco. As they are authorized to give only \$80,000 to the four most greedy sovereigns in the world, which is a little better than £4000 sterling a man, I think there is every reason in the world to suppose that some of the *Dramatis Personæ* will get incarcerated. I think it not improbable that these people will look upon the offer as an insult, and that we are laughing at them.

Your friends here are all well. Mr. Monroe is lately married to Miss Eliza Katright: many other conjunctions copulative are talked of. Mr. King is about being married to Miss A——. They say that Mr. Hindman is thinking about some tender connexions. In short, we

seem as if we had all got into Calyposo's Island. The Honorable Mr. Lee is not entirely an unconcerned spectator among all this good business; he has been assiduous at the Sycamore, and at Mr. Livingston's. Various rumors have circulated in consequence of the Doctor's manœuvres; all parties agree that a storm is gathering, but whether it will ultimately burst on Miss A——, or Miss K——, is yet in the womb of fate. If I was to give my own opinion on so intricate a question and forced to bet on the occasion, I should take the Sycamore against the field. \* \* \*

P. S.—It being a doubt whether a member of Congress, and before he has taken his seat, is exempted from postage, I have *pro majori cautela*, franked this.

There are great thoughts among some of the principal members of Congress to recommend a *Convention of the States* for the purpose of amending the Confederation, which it is said is perfectly inefficient. A resolution to this effect is now before Congress, brought forward by Pinkney.

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THEODORICK BLAND TO R. H. LEE.

Richmond, Oct. 28th, 1778.

DEAR SIR:—Not lightly, unadvisedly, or wantonly did I take up my opinion with regard to the new Constitution, and however matured I considered those opinions in my own mind, I confess they have received great additional strength from their concurrence with those of so many of my friends who have long been numbered among the first and most active Patriots. When I mention the class of our fellow citizens, I presume sir, that I need not particularize one, who has borne the highest honors as well as the most heavy burthens incident to and consequent on our virtuous and well meant struggle. A uniform consentaneity of political opinions, grounded on and growing out of a Basis which is the surest foundation of political happiness—(viz; a government in which the essential rights of a free people are well secured), has knit us together, and calls

loudly on us to strengthen those bonds which may enable us *together* to stem the torrent which bids fair to beat down every thing before it.

The virtuous principles which have dictated our political opinions I trust do still remain in full vigour in the breasts of some of us, and will, I hope, lead us to exertions, which will, in the end, render that government secure and harmless, which in its outset threatens Tyranny and oppression. This sir, in my humble apprehension, can only be done by men wedded to freedom and the rights of *men*, and by measures carried on in concert, and steadily opposed to whatever shall tend to trample on those rights. Convinced as I am sir, that you hold those principles, you may be well assured that my exertions will not be wanting to place you in those councils, where your experience, abilities, and inclination will, I hope, co-operate to introduce such *amendments* as can alone render the new government *tolerable*, and which I believe the far greater part of the people of the U. S. wish to see adopted.

Nothing of consequence has yet been done this session. I have not yet thought much on the business now before the House, but the first blush of that part of it which relates to the Congressional requisition of men, money, &c., of the *Old Congress*, I confess strikes me disagreeably. How can men, money, and soforth, be demanded by a body which died in June last without leaving a last will and testament? On what principle can one government exist, when another is declared to be established in lieu of it? But it may be said that such ideas are the cavils of mal-contents. Is not this a resumption of power which they have parted with? Suppose they should take it in their heads to reconsider and repeal their act for putting the new government in motion, would they not have as good, nay a better right to do this than they have, after an abdication of their right to assess quotas, again to resume that right, and by the by, it is somewhat singular, that not one State in the Union as far as I can learn, has ratified that resolution of the Convention, which vests a right in

the old Congress to put the new Government in motion. Then will doubts and difficulties enter at the threshold of this business, and while an actual interregnum prevails a kind of sham government is carrying on the most important functions of a real one. The state of the business of the present session appears to me to resemble a large, indolent tumour that is not yet ripened to a head. It contains much matter which wants an issue, but the political surgeons seem fearful to cut into it least they should wound some great vital organ. We have, however, taken possession of the Capitol. The Chief Magistrate has (though not publicly) announced his resolution to retire from the helm, and take a berth among the crew, where he talks of joining the mutineers either to trim the Ballast of the new government or put the ship about. This is all the intelligence of importance I am at present able to communicate to you; I therefore hope you will be satisfied with that, as well as that you will be assured, that I am with perfect esteem, DSir,

Your obd't servant,

THEODORICK BLAND.

November 9th, 1788.

DEAR SIR:—It is with real pleasure that I congratulate you on your appointment to the Senate, to prevent which, a few manœuvres were played off. The gentlemen of the Federal side of the question—I mean the *Non-Emendo-Tories*, finding themselves stripped of the Lion's skin, with great dexterity put on the Fox's tail, but neither art or strength would avail them, and the Ballots stood for Mr. R. H. Lee 98, for Mr. William Grayson 86, for Mr. Jas. Madison 77, and the two first having the majority of both Houses, were declared duly elected. In you sir, does the majority of your country expect an able, a strenuous and a steady advocate for those amendments, without which little good and much evil I fear will be its portion. You no doubt will have seen the artful substitute (for the proposed application to Congress)

calculated to affront and irritate our sister States in requiring peremptorily the adoption of our ideas in toto, and an absolute conformity in all their acts until such adoption should take place, which, although it was in the teeth of their own arguments against previous amendments, was supported strongly in opposition to those which were adopted for calling a Convention. The application founded on those resolutions for calling a Convention, will probably be brought forward this day, and will, I think, speak the clear and decided language of the State. The bill for choosing a President has passed the Delegates, and that for choosing Representatives is in great forwardness. Much pains is taken to lay off the districts so as to include the most consequent *Non-Emendo-Tories*, but I expect this bill, which is almost entirely of their carving, will be hushed up and served out to the Public in a more delicate form than it at present appears in. As you have once more honored me with your correspondence, I shall presume on a continuance of it, whenever any event worth communicating shall come under your cognizance in your public character, assuring you at the same time of a reciprocity, and that in your private one it will ever afford much pleasure to hear from you, to one who is with the greatest esteem, DSir,

Your friend and obd't servant,

THEODORICK BLAND.

DAVID GALLOWAY TO R. H. LEE.

Lancaster City., April 28th, 1789.

As we are informed that the upper parts of Potomack are, by a late survey, found to be most Central for your new seat of Government, we flatter ourselves with the hope that Alexandria will be the place: and that it will thereby soon exceed its namesake on the hill, when in its highest degree of wealth and grandeur. For this event, I hope the low lands on both sides of the Potomack will, by proper cultivation, soon become as fertile as that of ancient Egypt after



their most favourable inundation, and the completion of the new navigation open a most extensive trade to our Capitol, from a much more valuable country than that which lay above the Cataracts of the Nile. \* \* \*

If your time will permit, and you will deign to inform me about some of the many material matters which I presume must now be under the consideration of Congress (particularly the affair of British Debts) it will very much oblige me, as the settlement of these must undoubtedly affect this State more than any of the others, they no doubt wish to know how long that affair may be suspended; and I find many who seem convinced that the surrender of the Forts

and Territories retained by the British, will still retard this matter for some years. In the meantime, they hope proper methods will be fallen upon for discharging the debts due to their subjects, that they may be the better able to pay what they owe to Foreigners.

I am much afraid the publick Credit will never be firmly established abroad until that is so effectually done at home, as to induce every subject cheerfully to bind his property whenever Government may have occasion for it, and the generous discharge of past promises will surely add much to the success of subsequent ones. Pray, what do you think will be the fate of our one for forty Paper money when payable.

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## GRACE.

### A SONNET.

Methinks an Angel might have laid his hand  
On her fair christening morn upon her face,  
And said: "*This child must bear the name of Grace,*"  
In dulcet accents, heaven-like, clear and bland.  
And chrism so rare the maid hath not denied;  
For she hath found her joy in deeds of love,  
And words of cheer by Want and Sorrow's side,—  
Her feet on earth, her thoughts all turned above.  
'Tis said that they who seek a Convent's shade  
Are re-baptized with new and saintly name,  
Type of a purer birth. When *she* hath laid  
Aside earth's robes without a word of blame  
Methinks that Christ, in pointing to her place,  
Will call her *still* by the sweet name of Grace!

C. H. G.

## THE CYNIC.

## HIS VIEWS OF MEN AND THINGS.

## I.

... "The character of *Lara* was taken by A—— V——, Esq, a conspicuous ornament of our best society. He looked and acted his character to perfection."

*Morning Sun.*

The individual here mentioned in the columns of the *Morning Sun*—a paper which I thoroughly despise, because it always toadies and beslanders with the most disgusting adulation every member of our mushroom aristocracy—is one of the most perfect humbugs of the present age. He is handsome if you choose—I consider him effeminate-looking—and possesses a considerable fortune. A great toast in the mean society of our day, he is still unmarried—he would rather simmer in some foolish character at fancy balls, than live like a gentleman and good citizen.

It is more especially in his relations with the fair sex that Augustus V—— is a charlatan and a humbug. He has a "love of a moustache"—a pair of "mild dark eyes"—and he assumes graceful attitudes against the mantelpiece, ogling the young ladies in a bewitching way. He is convinced that they are one and all his humble admirers—that they await his nod—that they tremble at his frown, and rejoice when he deigns to smile. But stop: you fancy perhaps that I am going to impale this interesting youth upon the stake of female perfection:—that I am about to praise the fair sex. If you think so, you are mistaken. On the contrary, I say, that this young male humbug has reason to assume his lordly airs. He has the right to consider his charms almost irresistible. Some of the fair damsels whose only end in entering society is to catch a wealthy husband—and I leave you to decide how many have this end in view—insist on paying him an awful and revolting homage. They pursue him with an assiduity which has something horrible about it. They shrug their bare shoulders to display the dimples—arrange

their head-dress that the round arm and delicate hand may be observed—draw back their slipper hastily that he *may* see the pretty foot—and bestow on him glances so languishing that they make us old white waistcoats, herding in the corner and scowling through our eyeglasses, sneer, and revel in disgust. There are some who pretend to avoid his acquaintance—and turn away coldly when he approaches. The youthful Adonis only twirls his moustache—smiles, and regards these as more interested in his welfare than others. They aim at *piquing* him, he says:

"My dear friend," I heard him say to a young lady some time since, leaning gracefully as he spoke on a table covered with bijouterie, "there is only one thing more disagreeable than the broadest flattery, and that is, affected indifference. Now, I see from your expression that you think me vain—but the manner in which I am flattered is remarkable. The girls set their caps at me terribly. I am not satirising any body, and don't want you to think I am conceited: but really Flora Blank is making herself perfectly ridiculous about me. I am afraid that people will observe it."

It was true—humbug as Augustus is. People *had* observed it—and I saw the brother of Miss Flora enjoying it: enjoying it with a scowl of such misery and wrath, that I thought the fingers, writhing in his pockets, were clutching the handle of a pistol.

It is said—but I give the report no credit—that this lady killer is occasionally, however, unsuccessful. The report is that the youth commenced flirting with Nelly B——, a lovely but very poor young lady. He thought she was ready to take him and his wealth at a moment's warning—and for a time amused himself, calmly determining to engage her affections, and just when the crisis approached, retire, assuring the young lady that he would "always be her friend." It ended in his falling in love with her indiffer-

ence—he addressed her, and was promptly discarded for his pains. Such is the story; and my informant added that the young gentleman, although mortified, was consoled by the reflection that she expected him to “soon return.” He did not adventure farther however—and I for one regard him as an humbled and defeated swindler. That is my opinion.

What good does Augustus V—do in the world? What is the humbug good for? When some day he is missing in the haunts of “society,” will anybody mourn, or the interests of the country suffer? But he lives his life—the girls run after him—we philosophers sneer at and despise him. His champagne is excellent however, and we remain on the very best terms. That reminds me—let me look at my watch—yes, it is five—I promised I remember when we met this morning, to come up and try that Moët he has imported. I must go.

## II.

“..... Is there any solace, or consolation, dear Uncle, for such an overwhelming misfortune? If there is, pray mention it. I am heart-broken.”—*Letter from Nephew Tom, announcing his discardal.*

Heart-broken?—fiddlesticks! Hearts don't break like crockery, you ridiculous fellow. I always thought you were a fool, Tom. Now I know it. When will this miserable cant about broken hearts be banished from society? You think you know all about love affairs, doubtless. Keep your own views if you fancy—I shall employ half an hour in relating for your instruction the *actual* progress of such things.

You fall in love with a pair of eyes of course, and think there are no more orbs in the world like them. You expend a considerable amount of money in buying bouquets, and other things for presents—money which had better be thrown into the gutter. You steal the adored one's glove, and kiss and treasure it—you moan and weep when she departs. Your friends are bored by your enthusiasm, and ex-

travagance. You are drunk, and like drunkards in general regard the world around you as in that condition, and yourself as the only sober one. You especially consider the individual drunk who will not acknowledge your adored Julianna to be the miracle of creation. Now, my dear young ninny, I don't quarrel with all this—make a fool of yourself as often, and to as great an extent as you fancy;—but I for one do not consider your sweetheart a paragon: very soon you'll agree with me. But to continue: the agitation grows greater—the cauldron begins to bubble—after a while it runs over, into a declaration. O moonlight love and flowers!—you probably say to the divine one—O ecstasy! O bliss! O kiss! O eyes! O sighs! Had I a heart for falsehood framed I ne'er could injure you!—and so on for ten minutes. You have meanwhile secured the young lady's hand: you are crushing the jewels of her rings into her fingers—you are devouring with your eyes her ruby lips, under the impression that you will very soon kiss them. Well, my young friend, you find yourself somewhat mistaken. You discover that you and the young lady are the victims of a “slight misunderstanding.” Instead of sinking down, overcome; and “hiding her tears and blushes in your bosom” as the heroines in novels do, she draws away her hand and says with chilling coldness—“Sir!” Yes, my young friend, “Sir!” is the very word: and when you urge your suit she says: “No I thank you—pray excuse me!”

Thus you are discarded. Some one has struck you on the side of your silly head with a bludgeon—you don't faint; but you reflect that self-preservation is the first law of Nature. You seize your hat—you bow with misery or hauteur—you do not wait for her to reply—she might strike again. You vanish ignominiously—you traverse the streets, a pleasing somnambulist.

It is a remarkable fact, you observe—but the world has come to an end. Somebody says, “Hey, Tom!” But there is no one near. You retire to your lodgings—you deposite your hat and gloves

upon the table with dreadful calmness—you deliberately light a cigar—but in some manner it is ground in two between your teeth. You throw it away—your forehead sinks, in a fine stage attitude, between your hands—you glare at the unoffending carpet, or you blubber—Booh!—ooh!—ooh! she wont mar-mar-mar-y me! I'm miserable—I'm heart-broken. I'll go and put an end to myself! You start up: you seize a pistol—unfortunately it's not loaded, and a death of that description would be shocking. You will drown yourself! But you think better of that too. The water is so cold!—or so unpleasantly warm! Then drowning is such a disagreeable affair. You reconsider your determination—you become "calm"—you light a fresh cigar.

A week afterwards you discover that "time works wonders." The world really does appear not to have terminated so abruptly as you imagined. The sun is shining up there as if nothing had happened—the houses are standing where they always stood—the carriages and carts are going about the streets—the train is puffing yonder, and an omnibus rushes by crammed close with passengers. Uncivil as it may appear, the inhabitants of this "dusty ball" have declined winding up on account of your misfortune. You smile a "sorrowful smile;"—you write some sad sweet verses;—you turn down your collar, and think of re-perusing *Lara* and *Childe Harold*, and obtaining a quart bottle of the best Holland gin to console your wounded heart, after the manner of Lord Byron.

A month afterwards you are rapidly recovering. Some bruises remain—you are a little sore where you were struck—you think yourself "deuced unfortunate"—but you are becoming resigned. Your appetite returns in force—you regain your taste for billiards, or ten-pins—you laugh at the new farce, or spend a "delightful evening" in some fashionable mansion up on Bullion street. And, last of all—to end this "sad, eventful history"—you meet your Julianna at a party, and shake hands with her. Do you groan as you do so? Do you look unutterable things, at the handsome girl—declaring,

with your large, sad, melancholy eyes, "I love thee still—my heart is broken—we meet here in this hollow show, where I have come to dissipate my misery,—though all is but a mockery of my woe." Do you say that, with your handsome eyes,—sighing deeply as you press her hand,—and "looking love" as before? You do nothing of the sort. Ha! ha! Three months is a long time—many things occur in three months. You don't sigh or blush, or roll your eyes in that unwholesome way. You approach Julianna with an air of easy familiarity—you smile in the gayest way—you play with your glove—you declare yourself charmed to see her looking so well, and forthwith ask her to dance. You tell her a dozen anecdotes—make a score of jokes—compliment her twice as often—and then smile and leave her. You are anxious to get across to Susanna, who is smiling at you from the opposite side of the room—you have rather taken a fancy to Susanna. Julianna is a sweet and beautiful girl, it is true—but, then, just to think of Susanna! That evening you return to your lodgings, thinking of the latter—you re-vamp some verses written for Julianna, and adapt them for Susanna, whose hair is of a different shade—you have recovered.

That is the real state of the case—the manner in which hearts are broken. And now, young man, let me tell you that you are a goose if you imagine your misery is going to remain. Come and see me in three months, and if you are not cured, I will give you my town house to pine in. I tell you, that this is the real nature of love—dispute it as you may.

I have heard of loving a whole life long—and constancy for ever—and a tenderness which passed all mortal calculation. I have even read instances wherein men and women were faithful unto death—despised all shame—and lived and died majestic images of eternal truth and beauty.—I say that I have read this:—but books are full of humbug. I end my discourse, young man, by informing you, that, in my own opinion at least, *you* are a humbug; and I hope you'll trouble me with no more of your nonsense.

## III.

"The nineteenth century has abolished all these puerile absurdities. This is the age of progress—of advancement—and of culmination in all human things."—*Evening Paper*.

Oh, yes! The age of "progress!"—of "advancement"!!—of "culmination"!!! Especially of culmination!

I consider the nineteenth century an unadulterated humbug. Of course you regard me as a growling cynic—I am one—I am proud of it. I say that any rational thinker who comes to a different conclusion, in relation to the present age, is, like his century, a humbug. Where is the progress—the advancement—the culmination? I maintain that our epoch is culminating downward; advancing backward: progressing toward a heaven-abandoned, truth-revolting scoundrelism!

I will establish my thesis. In what do we advance? In sincerity, in honesty, in propriety? There is none. Everything is rotten. Everything is a humbug. You can't go out into the streets without discovering some object to disgust you. This very morning I was walking slowly along Bullion street—I live on Bullion street, because it is respectable—when I encountered Crœsus Scribe, the President of the *Universal Benevolence Society*. I have never seen a man dress better than Crœsus. His broadcloth is a wonder—as he walks, his watch-seals jingle richly—his boots never fail to creak—his countenance is fashioned into an expression eminently indicative of the post he occupies. He *looks* the Universal Benevolence Society:—he walks in a way that says, "Come all ye poor and unfortunate—we are prepared to honour your drafts." Crœsus is high in the respect of the community. His name heads every list for charitable purposes. He casually mentions, if you introduce the subject of a trifling loan, that he is absolutely bare of money, having given his last dollar to the Feejee Island Company, whose object is to furnish copies of the *Morning Journals* to those sad, benighted individuals.

Do you tell me that Crœsus is no hum-

bug? I scout the opinion, and declare to you, that if I was only American dictator, I'd crush that vile, old, miserable sham, and distribute his estate among the orphans he has impoverished. As I said, we met this morning, and walked arm in arm down Bullion street—I thought I would give the old Pharisee my arm, just to make the maiden ladies, who have long been setting their caps at him, envy me. Of course I've no quarrel with this gentleman. We are on the most friendly terms. We bow and smile—and only snarl in private.

Crœsus is not the sole humbug of our street. There's little Miss Seraphina, who is of course a seraph. Her hoops extend across the entire pavement—her pretty little feet go patter! patter! as she walks—her countenance is filled with the most affecting innocence, and shrinking, timid sweetness. You probably regard her as an angel. I am glad to say I am of a different opinion. She is a sham. Only last week she discarded one who loved her with the very tenderest affection—and all because he was poor. She is now ogling old Crœsus, whose daughter is her most intimate friend. She goes to the house to see Elmira Crœsus, in a sociable way—and throws her arms devotedly around that maiden, and looks incidentally at Crœsus, reading his newspaper under the draplight. When she kisses Elmira, Miss Seraphina makes her warm salute *extremely* ardent. The very sound says plainly to all male spectators, and especially to that one who is reading his newspaper, "Don't you wish it was you, sir?" And then they kiss again—and their arms are around each other, and with a timid, hesitating air, Miss Seraphina goes and gives her little hand to the reader. He presses it—his old red eyes gloat for a moment, on the downy cheeks and red lips—he says, with a leer of admiration, "You must come more frequently, Miss Seraphina, and be more sociable. My dear Elmira really enjoys your society."

And now, do you think that Miss Seraphina really cares for Elmira—or Elmira for Miss Seraphina? No, sir! They have ulterior views. All this kissing and

embracing is a farce. Elmira is in love with Seraphina's brother—handsome Charley—and by being intimate with her the lovers very frequently meet. Thus the game goes on. Thus humbug rules. And Croesus goes to church on Sunday, and devoutly makes the responses. He walks forth—portly and rich looking—from the vestibule—Elmira is sweeping the pavement at his side—Seraphina is walking with her brother Charles, behind. In a year there will be a great wedding—and Croesus, and Charley, will be married. Mrs. Croesus will squander her husband's money, and hen-peck the poor old fellow abominably. Mrs. Charley will reign the Empress of fashion, while her husband is slaving to support her! I have heard of Arcady; of Daphnis, and Chloe; of love and simplicity, and happiness. This is the way we improve upon it—we of the nineteenth century of progress. PROGRESS!!!

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IV.

"The Hon. Joel Muggins being entitled to the floor, then spoke as follows—"

[*Daily Talk.*

I consider the member of Congress, from this district, beneath contempt. Joel Muggins is a scoundrel. I have no hesitation in making this statement. He is a scoundrel—yes, sir, an unadulterated, unalloyed, unmixed scoundrel! I should like to hear anybody gainsay it—and I embrace the opportunity to say, that, in my opinion, Politics in general, is the science of scoundrelism.

I lately called on Joel Muggins, in Washington, to obtain a contract from Government. I wanted that contract. It would have been worth fifteen thousand dollars clear to me. I did not obtain it—another did. And now I suppose you will say that I did not make use of the proper means. I rebut the assertion by stating that I did more. I expended fifteen hundred dollars—clear ten per cent. of the value of the contract—in hospitality to members, and yet failed. Failed, sir!—and who will have the face to tell

me that these venal representatives were not guilty of the most ungentlemanly breach of the laws of hospitality? They partook, to a disgusting extent, of my champagne and ducks—and then, every one, including that scoundrel Muggins, forgot me and my interests completely—seemed even unaware of my existence.

The day afterwards I met Joel Muggins on the Avenue. He smiled as if nothing had happened, I frowned—and he had the abandoned depravity to laugh. Yes—forgetful of every dictate of gentlemanly honour, this individual laughed.

"Better luck next time, old fellow," were his words, ("old fellow!") "and to let you into a secret, you did not proceed in your little affair like a man of sense. I heard several of my brother Representatives complain of your champagne—and serious charges were brought against your canvas-backs. Nothing but my high regard for your feelings prevents me from declaring that, in truth, they were tough. Under these peculiar circumstances I can scarcely wonder at your failure. And besides—there is another little trifle in which I think you acted without due consultation, and under a misapprehension. It is customary with gentlemen, who are candidates for contracts, to pay to the members whom they invite to supper a compliment, which you omitted. In a word, it is usual on such occasions to place under every plate a note for a thousand dollars—and the delicate nature of a compliment of this description will at once be obvious to you, upon a little reflection. It gives your guest an appetite for his supper—impresses on his mind an exalted opinion of your hospitable character—and sends him away, as an invariable result, in the happiest and most complacent humor. He looks at your claims in the most favourable light—his mild digestion reacts on the intellect—he reflects that your cuisine is as perfect as possible, and you yourself must be perfect. This is the way of the world, old fellow, and I'm afraid your interests have suffered from inexperience. I need scarcely say that when your champagne is flat, and your canvas-backs tough—and with tears

in my eyes I must tell you that they were—above all, when you forget to garnish your dishes,—then your guests are sent off in an unfavourable state of mind. With the hope, my dear fellow, that you will profit by these hints, and on the next occasion go to work more knowingly, I bid you an affectionate and respectful farewell.”

Yes, those were the words of this abandoned wretch, as he went off laughing in his sleeve. He is just appointed Minister to the Court of Timbuctoo, and I heard from a gentlemanly member of the press, who supplies the New York papers with intelligence, how he secured this lucrative appointment. The great aim of the candidates was to get the private ear of the President, and Muggins secured it by the most unworthy means. He bribed a scullion to admit and conceal him in the White House—and an hour after midnight, proceeded to the chamber of the President, armed and determined to secure his desire or perish. His victim was awakened by the click of a revolver's trigger, as the midnight assassin cocked the murderous weapon; and then and there, under the most awful threats, the trembling Chief Magistrate signed in blood, which Muggins extracted from his arm, the paper which the burglar desired. I have this narrative from the most reliable source—my gentlemanly informant is a friend of the scullion, and managed by a bribe to obtain the intelligence which you will see to-morrow in the New York Journal, with which my informant regularly corresponds. Muggins will laugh at it, of course—as will everybody. He will say that the story was made up by “one of those lying letter writers”—and every one will believe it. Muggins, meanwhile, is regularly appointed, and departs in a month for Timbuctoo.

I now leave the question with every unbiassed mind—Is not Muggins a scoundrel, and Politics the science of scoundrelism? And yet people call me a cynic, and a growler, when I mildly express my disapprobation of the credulity and good humour of the public about all this:—people laugh if I complain that

I've been swindled out of fifteen hundred dollars!

—

V.

“The *Press* having been toasted, BYRON JONES, Esq., rose to respond, and in the happiest manner—.”

[*Weekly Palladium.*]

Oh, yes! in the “happiest manner!” That man, Byron Jones, is an author. I hate authors. I regard the individual who does not despise these fellows, as recreant to every instinct of a citizen and a gentleman.

That man Jones is no stranger to me. I have followed him in his career from the very first, and I blush for him. He was bred to an honest business behind the counter of a merchant, but has abandoned every respectable means of living and taken to authorship. The most disgusting thing about him is his odious affectation of independence—his free and easy impudence when he is thrown with his betters—he had even the vulgar presumption, when I met him in a close-packed omnibus the other day, to clap me on the shoulder and address me as “old boy.”

“I am not an old boy, sir,” I said with cold dignity, “and must request you to omit in future, that particular style of address.”

“Omit it? why certainly, my dear fellow,” he replied, and his eyes had an impudent expression of amusement in them as he spoke. “Excuse me, but I thought that I might approach you in a friendly way, as you squeezed my hand so very hard at Croesus’ the other day, after dinner, and declared to me, with tears in your eyes, that I was your oldest and dearest friend. Don’t misunderstand me, however—I am not uncharitable—everything is natural in this world, and few actions of my fellow man surprise me—after dinner.”

I was so much disgusted at this calumny that I was silent. I snorted, I believe, however—I was so much outraged.

“There, there, my dear friend,” the

vulgar fellow went on, "don't be angry. You despise me, do you not? I have always observed that you men of means despise us—until we get rich—us of the literary guild: whilst we—we have the most unbounded respect for you gentlemen of the purse,—our patrons. Don't be hard on us, however. Who can tell the feelings of an insect, or an author, in the presence of his betters? You see we poor devils are obliged, from time to time, to go in good society: It keeps us bright, and revives our flagging energies. We are grateful when we are admitted to the upper circles, where Bullion, Croesus, and the rest of our great leaders of the moneyed world dispense an elegant and unostentatious hospitality—we are grateful, and improve our opportunities. As to that vulgar class of writers who go into society for the purpose of satirizing it—I need scarcely say that I am not a member of it. I mingle with my betters for the purpose of discovering models—and I will venture to give you an instance. See now:—you thought that I was simply enjoying myself the other day when we dined together at the house of that excellent old gentleman, Croesus Scribe. You are mistaken. I was studying our host—he will be the model upon which I intend to fashion my new work, 'The Representative Citizen.' And you, my dear sir—do not fancy for a moment that I do not highly value your virtues and accomplishments. I have been studying you, also—and for a similar purpose. Nay, my dear sir, you seem astonished—you even start. But be not uneasy. You will be the prominent portrait in a series of sketches of eminent citizens, which I have just contracted to supply to 'The After Dark,' a new magazine, to commence in January. The series will be entitled, 'Our Very Respectables,' and the illustrations will be gotten up regardless of expense. I am glad that I met you to-day, and you must attribute my unpardonable rudeness in addressing you as 'old boy'—a term, the use of which I deeply regret—to the anxiety I experienced, that our relations should be as familiar as possible.—I see you smile: you do not think ill of my scheme; you

acquiesce. And now, my dear sir, let me improve the occasion. I must have the data for your biography—your public services—the prominent events of your life—the origin of your family—a few anecdotes—and a daguerreotype. The article will be filled with illustrations. Your birth-place, the cradle in which you were rocked, the house which you at present occupy, and other interesting objects and memorials will be engraved in the highest and noblest style of art. And lastly—but this, I approach with diffidence. I fear that my motive may be misunderstood—that a mean and degrading self-interest may appear to prompt me. I will, however, confide in your magnanimity and generosity, and add briefly that a pecuniary outlay will be necessary—for the preparation of the very costly engravings. We will say—shall we not—about two hundred dollars—the sum may seem large, but remember the gratifying character of the notice of yourself. You will occupy the first and most honourable position in a splendid volume, dedicate wholly to 'Our Very Respectables.' Your name will be in every one's mouth—you will stand before the country as the foremost and most eminent of our citizens."

This, and much more, the fellow said; and he carried his begging so far—to such disgusting lengths—that I was at last prevailed on to comply with his annoying request. At the first convenient place we alighted, and I delivered to him my check for two hundred dollars—and now there lies the identical check before me, enclosed in a miserable insulting letter. Here it is:

*"My Dear Old Boy:*

"I send back your check—but with little remorse for the joke I played on you. 'The After Dark' existed solely in my imagination—'Our Very Respectables' will never be written, at least by the humble individual who now addresses you.

"I append a few moral reflections for your benefit.

"To possess neither stocks nor an account in bank, is a misfortune sometimes



—but seldom a crime. Not to screw and grind, and squeeze like a sponge, every man whom you deal with, is neither a vice nor a folly. It is better to write nonsense for a living, my friend, than to rake in dirt and garbage for wealth. You despise me, my dear old boy—there's no doubt of it. Well, I pity *you*. We're all humbugs, it is true, and I never could bear to make comparisons—but, honestly now, I think I'm a better citizen than yourself. But why argue? *You* will always be yourself—I shall always be

“(With distinguished consideration,)

“BYRON JONES.”

I say, that letter is vulgar, insolent, degrading. I say, Byron Jones is a rascal. I understand him—he has said that he de-

spised me, more than once, and all because I forced payment of what was my due from that poor devil, Idler, his friend. Why does not society place the brand of its reprobation upon this class of individuals? They are non-producers, mere hangers on; they gamble and drink—and then when we say but a word, they cut at and slash us, and make fun of us.

Miserable, contemptible age!—disgusting epoch! I say, scoundrels and scoundrelism rule the roast—and cynics are the only philosophers. I'm a cynic! I hate everything!—I despise the whole world!—I despise myself! Yes, I am what I claim to be—a dog! We're all dogs!—Growl away then, all of you!—snarl, growl, bite, fellow-dogs! The less that are left the better!

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## LOST AND FOUND.

Dear Angel, in my happy dreams,  
I saw you ere you came to me,  
As morning sees the golden gleams  
Of sunrise, yet beneath the sea!  
You were a charm, a mystery,  
Some being beautiful and bright,  
Rising upon my world,  
To bless my longing sight.

I lost you when your face was all  
My hope on earth—you went away  
Into the West, a dying fall  
Of music on the dying day—  
The song of birds in happy May!  
A type of all things fair and pure,  
An angel whose soft hand  
Shall clasp my own no more.

I lost you—Fate was stronger far  
Than love, and took my heart away,  
Slow drawing down the brilliant star  
That guided me upon my way:  
And life and hope fell to decay,  
When waking from the joy of years,  
I saw your face no more  
Through lashes wet with tears.

But vain the boast "I take from you  
Your hope and stay, your joy and pride!"  
I dare the power of Fate! What's true  
Has never yet dropped down and died,  
Because the earth and seas are wide!  
A million leagues may hide her form—  
But memory, bow-like strikes,  
Her quarry through the storm!

I found you shrined within my heart!  
A jewel brighter for the gloom:  
Buried, like some great work of art,  
By former times within a tomb—  
But stronger than the force of doom,  
Which sought to bury in the earth  
The peerless form, nor knew  
Its brighter after-birth.

I found you and am well content  
To see you not with mortal eyes—  
Those happy hours in dalliance spent,  
So full of lights and melodies,  
Were shapen of the thing that dies.  
Not so with memory, ever-more  
An ocean flowing in  
On an eternal shore!

## LETTERS OF A SPINSTER.

*Concerning the Inauguration of the 50th President of the United States, and the Public Affairs of the 21st Century.*

## LETTER I.

FROM MISS JANE DELAWARE PEYTON,  
Presently at Washington,  
TO MISS MARY TIBBIN BOONE,  
Rasselas, Oregon.

WASHINGTON, *Quarter of the Senate,* }  
February —th, A. D. 2029. }

DEAR MARY:

Here we are at the capital of the Republic: the city of the rising-sun. We made the transit from ocean to ocean in eight days, spending four days by way of recreation and as a preventative against Tourbilliere, that singular affection which so often exhibits itself in young travellers who take their first course of a thousand miles over the irons. You have heard of this disease before, and that it is entirely of modern origin. It is a part of the compensation which we of this age pay for the great space which our social relations occupy, and for the immense velocities with which they are constantly traversed. Two centuries ago, when the greatest speed applicable to either public or private conveyances was that of a well-conditioned horse, and when, indeed, all motive power was estimated by the labour of that animal, this disease was entirely unknown. In truth, the existing rates of speed had been attained for several years, and the travelling and commercial communities had consequently suffered from this ailment, (they having been all the time treated in the most scientific manner, by the medical faculty, for some other recognized complaint,) until accident and an intelligent patient at length discovered the new malady and its cause. The doctors, as may be supposed, immediately adopted, classed it, and gave it a name; and it forthwith became a fashionable disease among those who could afford it, and a very profitable one to a very exclusive set of physicians; to wit, to

those of good address and well-appointed equipages.

This affection is, you know, produced by rapid rail-road motion continued uninterruptedly for too long a period. In young persons, travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, it generally exhibits itself about the tenth or twelfth hour, and in those who are older at a greater or less interval, according to their constitutions and habits. As you may conceive, the first symptoms are mental, and vary in different individuals; for which reason the process has also been used like friction, and other mechanical appliances—the flying-horses of the 18th Century, and the Cars de Beaujon of the 19th—as a remedy and restorative in certain infirmities, resulting from overwrought brains. Under such propulsion, in one of a lively and nervous temperament, the perceptions become gradually quickened, the imagination nimble and forgetive, and the whole mental circulation accelerated to the degree, that the mind loses an idea almost as soon as it has been formed, and the conversation of such a person becomes corruscating; vivid in some places, but with great gaps, and crooked or indefinite connections. The ideas of such a one are like the artist's first sketch of a picture: good to himself as an index to the future piece, but nearly valueless to any other person. Yet the sensation is renovating and pleasant. It produces a mood of mind in which a General may plan a campaign, a lawyer an argument, or an architect a glowing facade, or an airy portico. When the patient is of a more sluggish and cognate mental character, the effect is the reverse. His perceptions become gradually more distinct and ornate—the details multiply upon him, and his conversation becomes didactive, persistent and tiresome. This is a mood in which a General may fix his magazines, his personnel and *casse militaire*; a lawyer gather and arrange his au-

thorities and illustrations, and an architect elaborate his cornices and ceilings, his carvings and frescoes. In short, a car load of people, in the height of this distemperature, resembles a collection of *possédés*, each with all his faculties in full but different employment. When landed at an Inn, or station-house, they all immediately separate, as if acted upon by some general feeling of repulsion. In this stage they get at as great a distance as possible from each other, and remind us of Ossian's warriors—

"The chiefs sat apart, each on his own rocky hill."

A very simple preventive to this affection, is said to be found in changing position in the cars at regular intervals; that is, by riding the first five hundred miles with your face towards the engine, and the next five hundred with your back to it; but, as this cannot be done always, and by some persons not at all, the safest practice is to leave the train on the first appearance of cerebral disturbance, and wait till it subsides. Persons in this state of abeyance on the road, are said to be waiting for their brains. If the disturbance be continued too long, it is said sometimes to affect the brain seriously, and to require complicated remedies.

A very pleasant and witty person, who travelled with us a short distance and stopped when his head began to give way, amused us with an account of the first known instance of this phrenzy, or the first case known to have come under the cognizance of a competent physician. As the narrator himself was beginning to show symptoms of exhilaration, you may suppose that the narrative was a little tintured, perhaps improved, by the coming fit.

According to his account, sometime towards the end of the last century, there was held at Washington a great ecclesiastical synod, or convocation, and a distinguished brother from Willamette, on the Pacific, had been selected to deliver the opening sermon, or address, upon this great occasion. The parson, as often happens, had been belated in his appoint-

ments for the journey, and in consequence was obliged to travel express for the whole distance. He being a younger brother, and more accustomed to internal than external propulsions, had not been aware of the effect of rapid movement upon the spiritual part of his nature, or what changes might be wrought on pure orthodoxy by an uninterrupted churning of two or three days. During the journey he had been aware of an increased vitality; a more elevated, varied and delectable train of thought, and a greater feeling of confidence than usual. This afflatus he, being of a sincere and candid nature, had attributed to the importance and interest of the matter in hand; and, at the proper time after his arrival in Washington, he betook himself to the discharge of the duty confided to him, with that peculiar feeling of mingled humility and confidence, which is best suited to, and most coveted by all public instructors, and is the surest presage of success in their ministrations.

As our travelled divine had quite an apostolic reputation, the church in which his sermon was delivered was filled to its utmost extent, not only with the clergy and laity of his own persuasion, but with the most distinguished and critical of all the other sects. He was listened to with the most extraordinary attention throughout the discourse; an attention which he in all proper humility attributed, in part, to his own sincere and skilful handling, but mainly to the great importance of the subject itself. He had, it is true, noticed at sundry marked passages in his address an interchange of glances, sagacious nods, and even whisperings, among his brethren, all which he had set down to the same cause, and regarded as marks of approbation. Judge then his surprise when, in the course of the next day, he was called on by a deputation of his own persuasion, acting in the nature of a commission "*de lunatico inquirendo*," to ask explanation in regard to some points of his recent exercise, which appeared to them of a latitudinarian aspect and tendency. The surprise was mutual when the Committee not only heard their learned brother stoutly deny any partici-

pation in the dangerous opinions with which he was charged, but also, that any part, or sentence, of his recent prælection could, by any construction, be tortured into the support of such heresies. The conference grew warm, and the misunderstanding general, the young divine attributing to his brethren unchristian and envious designs against his reputation, while they, on the other hand, hesitated as to the sanity of their favourite: doubting whether he might not have been, on the important evening, somewhat over caudled by some genial old lady, or fallen, in some other marvellous manner, under the devices of the great enemy of mankind—in other words, been bewitched. This latter conclusion would have been entirely out of the question in the present day, but we must remember that the era we are speaking of, was not far distant from that in which they had drowned witches and hanged Quakers in Massachusetts, and was almost contemporary with the great Mormon abomination, and the puerile and impious impositions of the spirit-rappers, and somnambulists.

The difficulty, on the present occasion, was settled without producing either excommunication or schism, the disagreement between the Doctors of Divinity having, for the first and only time at which such a reference has ever happened, been submitted to a Doctor of Medicine. This learned person, by dint of question and experiment, soon traced the intellectual disturbance in the young divine, to the almost cometary velocity with which he had been whisked across the continent—and in the emergency, prescribed a course of five hundred miles in the express train, to be ridden with the patient's back toward the engine. I need not tell you that the prescription succeeded, and that our divine, on his return, was found to be of an orthodoxy the most perfect. You will not, of course, be so simple as to suppose that at present, or in ordinary cases, the malady is treated with so common a prescription. Oh, no. It has long since fallen under the analogies of the Institutes of Medicine, and is cured, also, by the methods of Moliere's Doctor Argan—

"Clysterium donare  
Postea seignare,  
Ensuita purgare."

Nor can we blame the Doctors for this course of proceeding. It is necessary for their existence as a learned profession. Were they to administer the natural remedies often, they might as well burn their diplomas, and would soon, in the eyes of the general public,

"— be turned to barnacles, or to apes,  
With foreheads villainous low."

I fancy, my dear Mary, I can see your quiet smile as you read this letter, and can estimate, and almost approve, your natural but unspoken conclusion, that I am, myself, evincing strong symptoms of the disease I have been so particular in describing. It may be you are right, though I hope the malady is with me neither deep-seated nor dangerous. In truth, we took every precaution: stopped one day at Mailand, another at the Pyramids: then at Salines; and the weather being genial and rather too warm, we rolled northward to St. Louis, the great city of the interior—the City of the Two-Rivers.

I cannot help thinking it a pity, my dear Mary, that this splendid Metropolis, lying, as it does, at the confluence of the two greatest rivers of the northern continent, and in the very heart of the country, should continue to bear the name of an almost forgotten saint, whose canonization, too, may not have been very well deserved; the name being, also, the favourite designation of a race of kings, of whom scarce one possessed any great or good qualities. This city is the Coblenz of the Mississippi, but unlike the Coblenz of the Rhine, both the rivers are affluent and mighty. There surely must have been some significant and melodious word, in the language of the Aborigines, belonging to a site of so much strength and beauty, which we might have appropriated without going to the Church Calendar for a name. While at St. Louis, we were the guests of Mrs. B——. My stars, what an Indian queen of a woman she is. I thought before I

had seen every phase of mortal and merely human beauty, but here is a sample truly *souza humana*. By the way, I must tell you that this individual specimen, connected with several other instances, observed here during this visit, will, I think, serve as the basis for a new physiological system, which I intend, at some future period, to elaborate for your benefit and my own. I would even give you an outline of it now, but am too near the end of my letter.

We met, while at St. Louis, many acquaintances, some of whom accompanied us here, so as to be in good time for the great pageant of the 4th of March—the Inauguration of the 50th President of the United States. About an hour before sun-set, on the day after we left St. Louis, we caught the first glimpse of the great city. Its site was indicated by the projection on the clear eastern sky of the four lofty spires of the Church of the Holy Gospels. As we advanced, the broad front of the Capitol began to detach itself from the neighbouring foliage. Approaching the river, we swept up along its west bank to the northward, while the town sprang up, as if by magic, on our right. First came the high and airy Dome of the Church of Peace, then followed, in succession, tower and dome, spire and colonnade, until we were surrounded on all sides by the monumental splendors of the capital of this great nation. Bowling onwards, we crossed the Potomac on a high and graceful bridge, and passing to the left of the main city, arrived at the station-house, at which place we took carriages for our lodgings, which are a little north-eastward of the Capitol. Here the Tourbilliere having subsided, I have become quite observant and contemplative, as I hope to show you in my next letter.

JANE D—— P——.

## LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Quarter of the Senate.* }  
Feb. —th, 2029. }

MY DEAR M.

Though not much apprehensive that my first letter may have alarmed you for my

wits, (knowing well your staid and judicious habit of thought,) still I deem it prudent to write soon again, both as being conformable to our compact at parting, and as giving you the best exemplaire of my mortal self in the transcript of my passing thoughts. Indeed it is almost a necessity for me to write, and that for a school-girl reason, which I have hitherto always condemned and derided—I refer to the practice of writing, not for reference, but to fix the matter in our memory. All that I see here is so interwoven with historical recollections—so peopled with the shades of departed statesmen, patriots and heroes, that the men themselves seem really to be present, and their voices still to linger in the echoes of the lofty halls and winding corridors where they moved in life—lights of the council and leaders in action—the demigods of a mighty nation. Thus associated, my dear Mary, I am in the mood of mind so well described by the great German,

“That which is present seems not now my own,

And that but real which for aye hath gone;”

and description seems necessary to link the real with the unreal—the present with the past. Thus the Capitol is in general an object of examination and criticism for its immense proportions and the almost amorphous character of its architecture: and as such I mean to peruse it in due time, but as yet I have failed to see in it any thing, but mementoes of great men and great events—a hewn-stone index to the history of the country. For instance—here, through this stately portal, then a low-browed and dingy passage, Mr. Jefferson having crossed on foot the Tiber, then bridged by a single unhewn log, entered the Capitol on the 4th of March, 1801, and tapping at the door of the Senate Chamber, was received by that body as the third President. How simple an act compared with the gorgeous ceremonial which is about to accompany the inauguration of his 47th lineal successor. In other nations the pageantry of great acts of state has descended from primitive times, and barbaric customs: in our country the process has been inverted: the

ceremonial, simple at first, has grown with each succeeding repetition of the act, until in some respects it has become more gorgeous, and in some others as unmeaning as the coronation of kings. But to continue. Here, in this roomy hall, originally used for the sessions of the Representatives, on the second step of this slightly raised estrade, stood Mr. Clay when receiving LaFayette as the guest of the nation in 1824. What a scene, and what a speech! If the figure and bearing of the great Kentuckian were really such as the painters have limned it, and the voice clear, full and many-toned, as it is said to have been, the effect must have been beyond description. The brave and good, but time-bent old Marquis, contrasted with the tall, radiant and fearless speaker of the house, might have been held as perfect allegorical representations of the civilization and governments of their respective nations. Here, too, in the same hall, a little to the left, while in the act of giving his vote as a representative, fell the octogenarian Adams, after having been head of the Republic, and filling, for near half a century, the highest offices in the gift of the people. In this vaulted basement room, the entrances and passages to which are supported by columns and pilasters, where capitals are formed of grouped ears of the national plant—the maize, the Supreme Court held its sessions for many years, and here Webster, in his youth, defended the franchises of Dartmouth college, his Alma Mater, whose existence as a corporation was then menaced. All these places are trodden carelessly by those to whom they have been long common, but to me they are holy as associated only with the past. You cannot wonder then that I am a little wrapt, and shall continue to be so until the spell is broken by acquaintance and familiarity, and when that time comes, I am sure I shall regret it. My traveling friends are so entirely occupied with new duties, and engrossed by their friends, that they have been compelled to leave me much to myself and my own resources.

You will have perceived, from the hand writing of this letter, that I am availing myself of the services of a Secretary or

Amanuensis. It is an old custom in this city, for ladies occupying notable positions in society, to assign to one of their domestics the duty of keeping the accounts and managing the correspondence of the house. In large establishments, such an arrangement is absolutely necessary, and is of great use in maintaining the proprieties of intercourse, and avoiding petty misunderstandings. These chirographers are of both sexes. It being a regular occupation or business. They are usually, and indeed almost always, taken from the mixed or colored races, who are here denominated Nubians or Abyssinians, after the two quarters or fauxbourgs of the city in which they chiefly reside. You will recollect, many years since, what an excitement was created throughout the country about this class of population, and their progenitors the slaves of the South. There was then a class of politicians reckless enough not only to denounce slavery in general as an unnatural and unnecessary state of service, (an abstract opinion, to which there can be no objection, except that it is nearly as applicable to every other kind of service,) but who, in support of this abstraction, were willing to throw the whole country into confusion, disavowing a relation which at the origin of the government had been directly recognized, and whose sudden extinction was confessedly impracticable, or practicable only with the risk of ruin and demoralization to one half of the Union. This evil has been ameliorated by time and the effect of an improved civilization. The different tinct of the skin is acknowledged now by politicians and preachers, as it always had been by naturalists, to mark two distinct races, each having an appropriate climate, in which its highest capacity can be developed, and each withering and becoming inferior when translated from the parent soil. In the case of the African race, this tinct has been recognized as

“A vicious mole of nature in them,”

nothing more. It is a mark of class and species, and if this class and species be an inferior one, no religious rite, feat of legislation, or dictum of philosophy will improve its valuation.

To attempt to destroy an existing relation, by law, without providing any substitute or equivalent, is not only a manifest injustice, as impairing the obligation of contracts, but seems to us now no less impious than impossible. Yet a century and a half since, such projects were not only entertained, but supported in many instances by the power of the state and the clergy. Witness the attempt made about this time, by England, to Europeanize the Asiatic civilization, by forcing out their religious habits and rites: an attempt which produced only revolt and massacre, and threatened, for a time, the existence of the British empire in India. In our country, the effect of good government, cheap education, and an immense national domain, has supplied ample space for each of the many different races, of which the population was originally composed, to seat itself and develop or assimilate its peculiarities. The position of the colored race, and its *dérivés*, has long been definitely settled, and their physical distinction recognized by themselves, as well as others, as a mark placed by the hand of God, not a blot or stigma inflicted by man. They occupy here, as I have already said, two distinct quarters of the city, and the appellatives of Nubian or Abyssinian, derived from these two municipalities, supply them with a quasi nationality. They are religious and moral in their conduct and habits: are ouvrieres of skill, and as artists, copyists, mechanics and tradesmen, are valuable and peaceful members of society—while to the prerogatives of virtue or of genius, their claims are as high and as certainly recognized as those of any of the more fortunate classes. It is an Egyptian of this class, rejoicing in the name of Zenobia, whom I have subsidized and made a familiar of, under the briefer cognomen of Nobbs, who is now writing this to you at my dictation. You have already some reason to congratulate yourself that the writing is hers, not mine, and you will have much more before our present bout of correspondence is ended.

I fancy, my dear M., you are beginning to think that the account I promised to give you of the inauguration of the 50th

President, will be very much like the story of the king of Bohemia, and his seven castles, and composed of very nearly the same materials. The truth is I am like Iago, "nothing if not critical," and must finish my subjects as they present themselves. The prelude, however, has been quite long enough. I will begin the piece as statesmen do, by defining my position. Take then a map of the city and find the intersection of Massachusetts and Maryland avenues. In the quadrangle, North and East of this point, we reside at present in Clinton street, between Marshall and Adams. This part of the city is quite modern, and has been built up for the residences of members of Congress, chiefly Senators. Individuals of wealth and leisure from various sections of the country, have also residences here. The streets, instead of being distinguished by numbers and letters, as in the other parts of the city, (an unpatriotic and Quakerish custom,) bear the names of distinguished statesmen of the earlier time. Those running East and West, are called by names *qui gaudent in on*, as Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Jackson, Clinton, Benton and so on: while the streets crossing these, have the less consonant designations of Marshall, Adams, Webster, Clay, Calhoun and so forth. The houses are capacious and nearly similar in arrangement: with thick walls, high ceilings and narrow windows: the floors of the lower or summer room, being flagged or tiled. The second stories extend rearward into wide piazzas, where you can have dinner *al fresco* in the summer, or an extension of the *salle à danser* should the room be too warm. The façade and decorations are similar in all: the exterior ornamentation being expended about the principal entrance and windows, and the interior upon the cornices, carvings and frescoes of the hall and staircase. These mansions having been always occupied by the Romans and Corinthians above mentioned, the place has, for a long time, been called the Quarter of the Senate, and its principal square, which has a fountain and statues, is known as the Quirinal.

This remark has, I see, brought me to



the root of another digression, for I cannot let pass the opportunity of setting you right on a subject where I have, until quite recently, been mistaken myself. I had heretofore thought that such terms as the Capitol; the Tiber; the Pontine-marsh; the Quirinal, and so forth, which we find here now, had been taken arbitrarily from the Roman history and polity, to designate new structures and places by their prototypes of earlier times and classic memories. Such names are, indeed, almost unavoidable wherever new governments have arisen out of great political commotions. Thus the French in the first of their short-lived Republics, called the new officials, Consuls, Censors, Prefects and Tribunes, as well because they were to exercise entire new functions, similar in some respects to those of Roman officers of the same title, as to obliterate all traces of the defunct monarchy. There are, besides, motives of patriotism and affection which incite to such imitations. The mad Florentine Benevenuto Cellini, after having given us to understand that Florence had been named after an ancestor of his, a captain in the army of the first Cæsar, says that the town was patterned after the eternal city, though by the change of religion and polity, the Coliseum had lost its original designation and was now the Santa Croce, while the Capitol had become the New Market, and the Pantheon the church of the holy St. John. Nomenclatures, both public and private, are indeed continued or changed by strange chances and analogies. As to compare small things with great, fanciful mothers, whose names like yours and mine, are plain Jane or Mary, or it may be Deborah or Judith, will sometimes, as a matter of taste or learning, have their children christened by the half *heaven* cognomens of Cicero or Aristides, Sylvia, Olympia or Aspasia.

The Roman names now found at Washington, had a more homely and natural origin: as thus—It seems that the ground upon which the city stands had, for a considerable length of time, been in the possession of a family named Pope. You know it is customary all over the world, and has been since the world began, to

designate one's farm or country-seat by some particular epithet of endearment, derived either from the qualities of the place, or some incident in its history or your own, and this, as well to avoid the too frequent repetition of the owner's name, or the number of the tract, as for other more kindly and useful reasons. You will recollect what Mr. Burke says on this head, when speaking of the numerical division of France into departments and communes. "No man," says he, "was ever attached by a sense of pride or partiality, or real affection to a description of square measurement. He never will glory in belonging to chequer No. 71, or any other badge ticket." Now Mr. Pope having been the owner of this farm, or tract, for a considerable length of time, without divesting it of its badge ticket, and taking it to himself by some familiar appellation, at length bethought himself of using this privilege, and he being Pope, perfected the analogy by calling his farm Rome. Hence followed, naturally, the other names. The principal eminence was called the Capitol, and the little creek at its foot the Tiber. By the way, is it not possible that the English Tyburn, at London, may have had a Roman origin, and been called after the Tiber. The Romans, when absent from their own country, were particularly fond of remembering father Tiber; and the legions of Agricola are said to have hailed the Tay in Scotland by that endearing appellation. Our Mr. Pope had not probably been recently reading the Rape of the Lock; or, the Essay on Man, or he might have thought of Twickenham and the Thames, instead of Rome and the Tiber. But it is not likely that any English associations would have been captivating or pleasant, so soon after the war of the revolution. There is, however, no doubt that the name of the tract was Rome, and of the creek the Tiber, long before they were thought of in connection with the capital of a great Empire. But my letter is already too long. I will go further into antiquities in my next.

J. D. P.

## LETTER III.

Quarter of the Senate, }  
Feb.—th, 2029. }

MY DEAR MARY :

The city is located at the juncture of two branches of the Potomac, and at its foundation was the centre, or nearly so, of a district of ten miles square, the sovereignty of which was vested in the general government. Since Dido purchased the site of Carthage, and bounded it with an ox-hide, having also the port and adjacent coast-line for a guide, this is the only capital of a great nation, the place of which has been selected and planned *a priori*, while it was an unpeopled swamp and forest—other capitals have been gradually developed in the progress of the civilization of their respective countries. The hamlet has clustered about the rude fortress and extended itself until it became a large fortified town, of which the fortalice had become the citadel. Immense and magnificent cities have grown about the sites of large manufactories or the marts and entrepôts of trade.

The Czar Peter may be said to have forced the commercial capital of his empire into existence : but wherever inland towns have been attempted upon a great scale, even in the great empire of Russia, they have been failures. When the Empress Catharine made a progress through her dominions, for the purpose of founding cities, taking with her the Emperor Joseph as a witness of the ceremonies, her associate writing home, says : " My cousin and I did a truly great feat yesterday. Her Majesty in person laid the first stone of a great city, and I had the honour of placing the last,—all in the same day." The avowed object in placing the National Metropolis in so remote and uninhabited a region, was to take it away from the corruptions and secure it against the mobs and riots of large and wealthy cities. But when we look over the century immediately following the revolution, and recall the great wisdom and foresight which so strongly mark every act of the first President of the Republic, we cannot avoid the conclusion that the main

point with him was the immediate and complete isolation of the newly constituted government from all existing sectional influences and interests, and the creation of a new national feeling attaching itself to the new city as to the place of its birth. In this we find a satisfactory reason why he considered it so important a measure and pressed it with so much firmness. Indeed it would never have been accomplished but by the exertion of his great personal influence, aided by the almost filial affection borne to him by all his compatriots of the revolution, and the unlimited confidence in his wisdom and patriotism entertained by the whole nation. The measure was ridiculed by many of the Northern members of Congress, and the city jeeringly called "the city on the river with the Indian name." A portion of the money necessary for building the capitol and public offices was borrowed from merchants in Baltimore on the private responsibility of the government commissioners, charged with the construction of these buildings, and at the first meeting of Congress the members were obliged to pair-off in the same bed-rooms, a species of pairing for which another act of the same name but a much less creditable character has been often substituted since. The new city was for a long time merely "*en l'air*." But he who planned and laboured for it, was the same, who in the huts at Valley Forge, after defeat and amid destitution and almost mutiny, looked forward to success and conquest and glory,—and he no doubt foresaw the importance of this last great project which he conducted, as clearly as we can appreciate it now. An observer of subsequent events will readily see that, had the government been located at Germantown, York, Newport, or Charleston, places recommended at the adoption of the constitution, the embargo and commercial restrictions of 1810, the nullification movements of 1832, and the more unprincipled doctrines of a later period, instead of strengthening, as they really did, the national feeling by showing that union was the vital principle of the government, might have

really terminated in anarchy and ruin.

The natural outline of the city somewhat resembled (to use a house-wife's expression) a bacon-ham, of which the knuckle was at the confluence of the two rivers, the landward or Northward side being represented by the hough. This shape has been much changed by the operation of both natural and artificial causes. The main or Western branch of the river was for many years obstructed by an ungainly causeway, called the long-bridge, which served to connect the city with the Virginia shore. In the earlier days and before the great electoral road had been completed, that is to say, before the year 1875, this bridge offered the principle communication with the West, and when it was obstructed or impassable (a misfortune which happened about once a year) the city might be considered in a state of siege, and the price of provisions rose enormously, often in the course of a single night. The effect of this obstruction was also to produce large deposits of mud along the Eastern bank of the river, which gradually puffed up into marshy islands, called the pontine marshes, (or the long-pontine marshes,) producing autumnal fevers and other pestilential diseases. These marshes have now long been dyked and drained, thus narrowing and deepening the channel of the river,—which is now passed by no less than three stately bridges, the original long-bridge, or *pons asinorum*, as it was sometimes written, having long since disappeared.

These reclaimed grounds are now partly occupied by a large basin called the Meer, into which is received the full tides and high floods of the river. These being locked in are discharged at low water through the canal which intersects the city, thus producing a current sufficient to sweep out the daily deposits, and maintain in a great measure the freshness and purity of this channel and its constant depth.

After the site of the new Metropolis had been purchased, the plan as to the arrangement of streets, parks and public places was entrusted to a French officer of Artillery, Major L'Enfans, to whom

Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, communicated plans of several cities and fortified towns on the older continent, such as Paris, Amsterdam, Milan, Frankfort on the Maine, and other similar places, to serve as patterns or models for the new city. This was a course neither in accordance with the known wisdom of the great statesman, or the ultra republican feeling of the time. These towns had all grown up by accidents of war or commerce: had either exterior defences protecting the whole *enciente* or strongly placed citadels and forts by which the approaches were commanded. Their principal streets and squares had been determined by their fitness for places of arms, for the muster and array or the march and concentration of troops: by the routes of military or ecclesiastical processions, or even the tracks of loaded wains or domestic animals. Thus, in London we have Rotten-row, and in Edinburgh the Cannon-gate, both indicating the route of ceremonial processions,—while in other towns the Cow-gate, the Water-gate, and similar designations, are quite common. The new Metropolis which was to come up by line and rule, could not well take pattern after such accidental and inapplicable arrangements, and the problem to be solved by the founder would seem to have been of very simple and positive conditions. It was merely to give such direction to the principal streets as to ensure from the prevalent winds the most perfect and constant ventilation: to select the fairest and most advantageous sites for the public buildings, and to preserve the natural slopes most easily susceptible of affording a continuous and economical drainage. The French engineer seems to have begun his plan, (as if he had been going to make a map of a city already completed,) by a system of streets in the direction of the meridian and at right angles to it, and having placed, by means of these co-ordinates, the squares proper for the public buildings he connected these latter by another system of broader streets, called Avenues, cutting the others at all possible angles, and producing a greater quantity of sharp corners, of tri-

angular and trapezoidal blocks, lopsided, winged and deformed houses, than could be found in any previous or indeed possible natural growth. The Frenchman seems to have adopted from preference a method, which in new countries is absolutely necessary, and that was, to construct one system of roads for the purpose of discovering the proper sites for others. From an examination of his first plan, one would suppose that some paper Orpheus had been marching a series of squares and parallelograms in echelon and stopped the music before the movement had been completed,—or that the arrangement had been designed by some geologist who, familiar with spaths and quartzes, had here endeavoured to present a large exemplification of the principal forms of chrysallography.

It is a tradition that the arrangement of the avenues was contrived simply for the purpose of opening views of the principal public buildings from the greatest number of points, and economizing space by producing large areas for parks and public places at their intersections. It is nevertheless more than probable that Major L'Enfants had made some of his earlier campaigns among the fortified towns of the Netherlands, and arranged his plan by military as well as civil formulæ. And this is more likely to have been the case from the circumstance of his having before him the plans of such towns communicated by Mr. Jefferson, the epoch, moreover, being the conclusion of a war in which such defensible positions had been almost entirely wanting. The city has not yet been much exposed to military operations, which may God always avert! It has only once been violated by a foreign foe, and its intestine commotions have been unfrequent, and rarely required an armed force for their suppression. The effect of this double system of streets by which the smaller and more narrow ones are preserved parallel throughout, has been to transfer all the irregular formations to the avenues and squares where they ought not to be, and is in this respect worse than in the old fortified towns where the arrangement had been acci-

dental. In these latter places, the principal streets having been first used and built upon, the crossings and openings from them came naturally at right angles, while the crooked and unequal corners were thrown into the interior and less public quarters.

Here the case has been exactly the reverse,—so much so, that the want of rectilinear partitions were thought at one time to have affected the morals of the citizens as well as those of its official residents, and a member of Congress who had voted without his *pair*, sold his books, broken his pledges, or otherwise disappointed his constituents, was said to live in a crooked house. The effect upon the parks and squares has, in the end, been quite beneficial though expensive,—as the pointed blocks originally left about them have, at one time or another, been purchased by the city, and the open areas proportionally increased. A less happy consequence of the original plan is seen in the location of the principal buildings. The original site of Mr. Pope's Rome is girdled by a range of high land, from eighty to one hundred feet above the tides extending continuously from the Western to the Eastern branch of the Potomac—except where it is cut through by the Tiber. From this belt there extended spurs, or prongs, westwardly, with slight depressions between them, the beds of small rivulets. Upon the surface of the main ridge, or its spurs, appropriate sites for any number of public buildings might have been procured; yet in three main instances they have been located upon the very verge of the esplanades, which would seem to have been provided by nature for their reception. Thus, eastward from the capitol there extends a level surface for nearly half a mile. Yet the original building was placed upon the extreme edge of this platform, so that its western front was obliged to be supported by an embankment or glacis. The main front or colonnade of the Treasury was originally an unsightly wedge; and the Inventory or Patent Office, with a very perfect site on the next block, had one of its fronts founded on a hill and the

other in a brook, so that when the streets came to be reformed, one fourth of one side of the building became subterranean. These defects were occasioned by too strict an attention to the primary squares of the original plan, and an entire disregard of the street grades until the expense of changing them became too serious to be encountered.

I am going to take models in petto of the buildings and send them to Cheit Sing. He can have them cut in bone in China. They will be pretty architectural bijouterie, and will give the celestials some idea of the American Capital.

I must stop here, as we dine out to-day, and after that go to a debate in the Representatives. All dinners here are dull and nearly all debates; nor does there appear any symptom of improvement in either respect. Once or twice in a life-time (so say the cosmopolites of Washington) we have a reasonable dinner and a great speech: but the great charm of Washington, and indeed of all great towns, is found in its little evening parties, called here *ambigues*, where they have music without noise, conserves and light wines, dancing that has both a beginning and an end; and where people are not expected to be over-dressed, over-learned, or in any way distinguishable from each other. At one of these assemblies two nights since, and in compliance with what I understood to be the characteristic of the meeting, I wore the Symar, which is our usual wear at Melusina, and was greatly reprov'd by the hostess for being singular. The dress, however, took, and with a new name and Lisette for modiste might become the fashion.

Adieu,

J. D. P.

#### LETTER IV.

*Quarter of the Senate,* }  
Feb. —, 2027. }

MY DEAR M:

The dinner was a formal feed, not even a gibe worth remembering. The de-

bate got entangled among the rules and whizzed about like an ill-balanced rocket. I went late to bed—have a head-ache, and if it were a pardonable offence in writing to you, I would get Nobbs to write this letter without any dictation or assistance of mine (she would do it creditably,) while I took a drive of five or six hundred miles, just to shake up my imagination. When a person is utterly disinclined to the business in hand, the best way is to take hold of some formal and ordinary part of it, and thus awaken one's wits on the principle *que l'appétit vient en mangeant*. Now as I have not fairly got through my *urbe conditas*, and there is much to be said about them which I think you may like to hear, and it is a long time yet before the grand pageant of the season, I will address myself to this part of the subject, doing it leisurely and wisely, as unlike as possible to the historians of the middle ages, who used to take all their time and space in describing battles and negotiations, and make the chapter on manners, morals, literature and science as brief as a benediction.

The first experience of the officers of the new government, while the sessions of Congress had been held in Philadelphia, had shewn the necessity of separating by a very considerable interval of space the Executive Departments from those of the Legislatures. In accordance with this principle the Capitol was placed upon the southwestern point of the slightly raised and irregular ridge which girdled the city and the President's, (now the Government) house, and the departments at the northwestern extremity, the distance between them being about a mile and a half, comprehending the low grounds or marshes about the Tiber. The interval between these two principal buildings was laid out as a park or drive, bearing the perfect English denomination of the Mall, (a once fashionable and still classic name in the English Metropolis.) Adjoining this is the basin of which I have already spoken, called the Meer—so that the land and water plaisances of the city both rejoice in pure Saxon names. The

squares upon which these two buildings are placed, are also directly connected by Pennsylvania Avenue, a noble street now, but then an almost impassable swamp. From the Capitol there radiate no less than thirteen avenues or large streets bearing the names of different States, and from the square of the Government house, containing also the Treasury and offices of the State, War and Navy Departments, there proceed seven similar avenues; each of these squares being also intersected by even a greater number of the rectangular streets already spoken of, making on the map, star-shaped areas of the places on which they meet.

Though the States of Maryland and Virginia had ceded to the government the sovereignty and jurisdiction of ten miles square, containing the city, as also the right of property to an area deemed sufficient for public purposes, the title, nevertheless, to the principal portion of the district remained with the original proprietors. When, therefore, the public buildings had been located, the prices of property immediately adjoining rose enormously; so that men of business and persons necessarily resident, or sojourning in Washington, were obliged to look for more remote and less expensive sites for building. For many years therefore, but few fine residences were built either near the Capitol or the Departments, and for half a century the fine square opposite the Government house was an uninclosed and unimproved common. By degrees Pennsylvania Avenue filled up with buildings which were gradually enlarged and adapted to the purposes of trade, yet it was not until the 55th year of the the urbs condita that the carriage way had ever been tolerably paved, and nearly a century had elapsed before the foot-walks had attained their present elaborate finish. In consequence of the gradual, and as it were, forced improvement of Pennsylvania Avenue, its elevation and grade in regard to the other streets had been entirely neglected. For a long time the original surface was preserved untouched, which being little higher

than that of the river, subterraneous drainage became impossible, and the superficial drainage not having been at all managed, but left to follow the natural declivities, had become not only inconvenient, but insufficient. Sewers were at length attempted, which leading into the canal, itself a sewer, and being acted upon by the tides, served only to maintain an equilibrium of filth and garbage near the surface. This expedient proved unhealthy at first and presently useless. The sewers served as a receptacle for rats and vermin—and the profession of rat-catcher being then unknown in this country and the skins of these animals not then in demand, the citizens were obliged to resort to universal poisons to rid themselves of this annoyance, an expedient both offensive and dangerous. It is recorded that, at the inauguration of the 15th President, when the concourse of strangers, though scarce comparable to what it is now, still amounted to many thousands, the principal hotel of the city had been so overrun with these small deer, and detergents had been applied so liberally as to occasion a plague or malady of a new and fatal character. The President elect had been a lodger at this house during the time, and as the contest ending in his elevation had been animated and close, reports got into circulation that the meats of the establishment had been medicated in order to reach his life. This was never believed by any sensible person, nor was it conjectured that any end had been aimed at but the destruction of the vermin above referred to. The malady lasted some weeks, and occasioned quite a controversy among the medical faculty, which exhibited in striking relief the characteristic of all scientific controversies when they become connected with the public interests—for in all such cases the scientific question will become strongly affected if not denominated by the economical one. In this case they were related as follows:

Previous to the breaking out of the malady, several sewers had been constructed in the city, occupying what had once been the beds of the smaller water-

courses, and their defects or the impossibility of keeping these debouchures unobstructed, had been fully manifested. It was therefore the interest of the citizens to improve the construction of these conduits, or to provide some other means of evacuation. Now one of the largest of these sewers had been constructed near the hotel in which originated the malady above mentioned, and it became a measure of policy, as conducing to a speedy improvement of such imperfect drainage, to charge them with as many evils as there was any likelihood or probability of these having occasioned. The origin of the disease was therefore attributed to the effluvia from the sewer, the offensive character of which had been sufficiently palpable. Against this opinion was the fact that all the symptoms and characteristics of the disease were at variance, or in fact entirely different from those produced by miasms or noxious vapours. To complicate the matter still farther, the municipal authority directed an examination of the kitchen, the water-tanks and all the commissariat of the establishment, some weeks after the disease had manifested itself, or rather after it had began to subside. There was, therefore, ample room made for a very extensive and unsatisfactory investigation, and of this the medical faculty fully availed themselves: the city doctors insisting for the most part that the sewer had been the cause of the plague, while the non-residents on the contrary, alleged the uncomfortable and rather slanderous opinion that it had been the effect of some mineral poison intended for the rats, and which that perverse generation had disseminated through the fluids of the establishment; acting in this respect like the even-handed justice which

"Commends the ingredient of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips."

The controversy on the whole was beneficial. It brought all the facts both in regard to the sewers and the rats before the public; and, in process of time, the lower parts of the street

were raised: cellars filled up, and a periodical current produced through the canal by means of the basin and locks, which I have already mentioned, and in this way the drainage of the city made as perfect as the location permitted. This accident was also conducive to the abatement of the nuisance of the rats. As a few years after, an official was appointed called the *Peltrier*, who took charge of all the *feræ naturæ* of the city, rats, dogs, cows, and swine. This was, at one time, quite a lucrative employment.

Pennsylvania Avenue, between the Government house and the Capitol, and indeed for its whole length, is now one of the finest streets in the world. The carriage way is smooth, hard, and yet not noisy, and though presenting the same appearance throughout, is of some thirty or forty different constructions; there being upon it a sample of every different improvement brought out within the last half century. It has in fact been an experimental street for the whole country, upon which the cost, the durability and defects of all existing systems of pavement have been determined. The foot-walks are of dark sand-stone, laid in large blocks, bounded on the street side by a low parapet of the same material; the drainage from the house-top being uniformly carried to the rear. Outside the parapet is a narrow slope of unpaved surface serving for the sustenance of a growth of noble trees, some of them of great age. The houses are lofty, dark-coloured and of an exterior nearly uniform. Those near the centre square being altogether used for shops and offices, while those at the extremities, or approaching the Capitol and the Government house, are chiefly hotels and residences of public persons. Some of these latter are of an imposing exterior, presenting carved decorations about the principal entrances, and here and there a projecting balcony with a heavy balustrade, such as were common in the 14th and 15th centuries.

As a promenade, the street is unrivalled. The sombre colour of the pavement and houses avoids the glare which is so unpleasant in summer, and in such

a climate, while the masses of dark foliage give shade below and life and freshness above. I think, by the way, that white building material should be entirely avoided in large cities, particularly in tropical or warmer latitudes. The effect of the reverberation of light from an assemblage of white walls and glittering roofs neither produces nor suggests any agreeable temperature; nor is it as cool either to fancy or feeling as rows of dark-browed houses with some living verdure near or about them. There seems at one time to have been a different taste prevalent here. The nucleus or primitive part of the Capitol had been built of brown sand-stone, subsequently painted white to resemble the marble of adjacent buildings; so also a large portion of the Treasury, and other public buildings. Indeed, white was so favourite a colour, and so readily produced in the earlier times of the city, that some ultra-anglo and ill-natured Englishman who wrote about Americanisms in the 19th century said, sneeringly, that the city should be called White-washington.

Pennsylvania Avenue, with all its present advantages and beauties, exhibits, nevertheless in high relief, what I have noticed as the great defect in the original plan of the city. The principal square, now called the Congress, though spacious, is so intersected with avenue and streets, as to present no decided facade upon which the eye can rest quietly, and the whole has a fragmentary and uncertain appearance, which is quite unpleasant. It is, however, a fine street for civic and state pageants, such as that of the coming celebration, and may be called the *via sacra* of the American Rome. On the ensuing high solemnity, we may reiterate the Pæan which the modern Scotch lyricist has put in the mouth of the eulogist of Manius Curius—

"Blest and thrice blest the Roman  
Who sees Rome's brightest day—  
Who sees that long, victorious pomp  
Wind down the sacred way;  
And through the bellowing forum  
And through the suppliant's grove

Up to the everlasting gates  
Of Capitolian Jove."

The star-like characteristic of the original plan, which I have already spoken of, though it has split into unseemly points and wedges, great portions of the city proper, is lost sight of entirely in the suburbs, which may be said to extend ten miles in every direction from the great square, comprehending several small towns and burghs which, for a long time, had retained the designation of Georgetown, Alexandria, Bladensburg, and so forth, but are now merged in the great Capitol of the nation. The increased facilities of communication have changed altogether the character of modern towns, and rendered useless the apparel of walls, gates, bastions and moats with which they used to be surrounded. The city of New York, for instance, may be said to extend northward to Newburg and southward to Trenton, with a nearly equal breadth across this longitude. And its available defences in case of war or invasion, would be found not so much in its fortifications, however strong and well-ordered they may be, as in the rapidity with which troops and munitions could be concentrated upon it. You have heard that Carnot, when minister of war in the first French Revolution, proposed, in lieu of maintaining the immense fortifications on the northern frontier of France, to substitute a 'force mobilier' of cavalry. Had he lived in the age of railroads, the value of his idea would have been much more palpable.

In the case of the National Metropolis, the principal avenues extend for miles in all directions, leading to villas surrounded by well-arranged parks or gardens, the houses being in general of a style of architecture originating about the beginning of the last century, in which the climate of the region, and the best adaptations to the habits, wants and comforts of the inhabitants were for the first time especially considered. Up to that time we may be said to have had no national architecture. The churches had Corinthian porticos with Gothic steeples;



and market-houses, banking-houses, state-houses, poor-houses and school-houses were to be seen all alike colonnaded like the Parthenon, with an *œil de bœuf* in the pediment, or towered and pinnaced like the military churches of the crusaders. Some such modern antiquities are to be found here still, as also a peculiar sort of country-residence belonging to I know not what period, resembling a collection of dove-cotes, in which the

main object of the architect would seem to have been to produce as many points in the roof, and as many holes in the sides of the building as could be effected consistent with its stability. I send herewith a sketch of one of these Schœnbrun's, fitted, as you will see, for the residence of denizens of Booby or Baby land. Let us hear from you often, and adieu.  
J. D. P.

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#### MEMENTOS FROM A LADY'S MEMORANDUM BOOK.

At Persepolis is the palace of the Persian Kings. It is said to have been built in the reign of Darius, the son of Hystaspes, and by workmen from Egypt, who were brought by Cambyzes to Persia. It is very magnificent, and contains subterranean passages in which are deposited immense sums. This place is also a citadel. The Persian Monarchs have residences at Susa, Ecbatana, and other cities where they pass a part of the year, and each is remarkably beautiful, but none so sumptuous as that of Persepolis. There are large parks termed Paradieses and divided into two portions, in one they hunt deer, and the other abounds in delicious fruits and lively flowers. They are careful to cultivate large trees, and usually plant them in the form termed *quincunx*, that is four, and one in the middle.

The Areopagus was the most ancient and considered the most upright tribunal in Athens. Trials in this Court were preceded by awful ceremonies to prevent perjury, unmask crime and prove innocence.

Rhodes was called the "Isle of Serpents," for in ancient times it was usual to designate a place by the animals or fruits in which it abounded; thus it was said, "I am going to the country of Quails, Cypresses, Laurels, &c." Rhodes contains so many fertile plains, fine trees and excellent vines, and its surrounding seas furnish such abundance of fish, that poets assert that a golden rain falls on it from Heaven. In "Anacharsis' travels" the inhabitants of Rhodes are spoken of as being extremely dignified and remarkable for their virtues.

The Altar in the Temple of Apollo at Delos is considered one of the wonders of the world, and is said to have been made by the God himself. It is composed entirely of the *horns* of animals, curiously interwoven and forming a regular and solid whole! Around Delos are the Islands called Cyclades, from the Greek word *Cycle*, which signifies a circle. Some of them are surprisingly fertile, and others are remarkably barren, and there are wonderful traditions told by their inhabitants of almost every one of them.

When an Athenian committed suicide his hand was buried separately from his body, as a stigma on his memory, for the crime, and Philocles, an Admiral of the Athenian fleet, during the Peloponnesian war, inflicted this punishment of cutting off the right hand, upon those whom he took captive in order to disable them for service in future.

The origin of cock-fighting is attributed to the Athenians as follows:

Themistocles was on his way to fight the Persians and observing two cocks in furious battle with each other, he said to his soldiers: "behold these cocks contend not for glory, for liberty, nor for the safety of friends and children, but because neither will yield to the other." This speech inspired the Grecians under his command, and they fought so determinately against the enemy that they obtained the victory—upon which cock-fighting was ordained by a special law, to be annually practised in Athens.

## SUNSET AT ROME.

BY C. HOLMES CLARK.

"Roma lieta rideva e pareva ch'ella  
Tutti i raggi del Sole avesse intorno."—*Tasso*.

A day hath passed in Rome, and round her spires  
The farewell sun hath lit a thousand fires :  
Vanquished his strength, the blazing god of day  
Sinks from his throne and hides each quiv'ring ray ;  
He smiles no more on earth, yet round his shrine  
Gleam the last beauties of his bright decline ;  
While o'er his flaming wheels in triumph play  
The transient flashes of expiring day.  
That blaze of glory, which at noon unfurl'd  
Its gorgeous standard to the gazing world,  
Is quench'd not ; see its beauteous crimson light  
Falls on the far off Tuscan's rocky height,  
And sends its last blush o'er the yellow wave  
Where Tiber winds beneath 'Metella's grave !  
See from yon Alban Mount the deep red glow  
Throws its broad radiance on the vales below ;  
While shadows from the Tarpeian summit fall  
O'er the dark ruins of the Cæsars' hall.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twilight is round me ; and each vestige gone  
That marked the god in beauty as he shone ;  
Save where, reflected from his buried car,  
One ray yet lingers in the Vesper star ;  
Lone sentinel within the silent sphere,  
He hails each planet of the viewless air,  
And comes, like Hope, to shed his softened light  
O'er the dark bosom of Affliction's night.  
Far fam'd Italia, Latium's star-crown'd coast,  
Thus hath thy sun gone down, its brightness lost !  
That orb that with thy morn of glory came,  
And rose resplendent o'er thy early name,  
No longer lives, nor glows with light refin'd,  
O'er the lost empire of thy perish'd mind ;  
That source and centre of Promethean fire,  
Whose touch etherial tun'd Apollo's lyre,  
No longer warms the cherish'd soul of song,  
Nor wakes the thunder of the patriot's tongue,  
"God of the silver bow !" no more thy sound  
Woos each lov'd Muse to haunts of classic ground ;  
No longer Genius leaves his studious cell,  
In thy bright myrtle groves with Fame to dwell ;  
Nor soft Parnassian maids around thy shrine  
Bring laurel'd wreaths to grace the lovely nine.

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<sup>1</sup> The grave of Cecilia Metella.

<sup>2</sup> A title given to Apollo by Homer.

As thus beneath the rain'd porch of <sup>3</sup>Fame,  
 The thoughtful Muse recalls some honour'd name,  
 What faded images of glory rise  
 From out the tombs where buried greatness lies!  
 Horatius Flaccus sleeps! Oh! who shall tell  
 The triumphs of that name?—the magic spell  
 Of well-remembered odes, enchanting lays,  
 The pride of scholars, and the pedant's praise;  
 The attic wit whose spirit fann'd the flame  
 That lent its fires to gild the Augustan name.  
 "Integer vitæ"—who shall make again  
 The harp that kindled first that master strain?  
 Or who shall boast of satire's pointed song  
 While Horace sings to charm the list'ning throng?  
 Virgilius Maro too—I write the name!  
 The treasured talisman of Roman fame;  
 "Arms and the Man" with epic skill refin'd  
 Welcome such music to the classic mind.  
 Mysterious train of thought, what powers control  
 The fairy movements of the immortal soul?  
 The flight of ages—space—all earth and sea  
 Prescribe no bounds to thy immensity!  
 'Tis thus the soul returns to boyhood's day  
 To rescue back one thoughtless hour from play;  
 To feel once more the magic of that power  
 That charm'd the vigils of the midnight hour;  
 To hear again the clash of Trojan arms,  
 See fair Creusa 'mid her wild alarms;  
 And breathe with Æneas to his aged sire  
 The filial vow which Nature's laws inspire.  
 'Tis thus at Rome the pilgrim comes to mourn  
 O'er faded relics Time hath rudely worn;  
 That there, from its own pure and bright domain,  
 The mind of ages comes to earth again;  
 While Fancy with her wildest theme renews  
 Some lov'd memorial of each sleeping Muse.  
 Illustrious Maro, Rome still reigns for thee!  
 Thy fame decrees her immortality;  
 Goue are her glories, sunk her mighty throne,  
 Her kings have perish'd and her victors flown,  
 Arts have decay'd and letter'd wisdom sleeps  
 Within <sup>4</sup>that tomb where lie its treasur'd heaps;  
 Yet thy pure spirit lives throughout her clime,  
 To swell the measure of thy deathless rhyme;  
 And thy proud language still adorns her page,  
 The charm of youth, the pride of every age.  
 Long may she boast the triumphs of that skill  
 That wak'd o'er Mantuan chords the lyric thrill;

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<sup>3</sup> The Temple of Fame.

<sup>4</sup> Beginning of 22nd Ode of Horace.

<sup>5</sup> "Arma virumque cano"—the well known Invocation of Virgil.  
 The Vatican Library.

Long may its echoes fall on every plain  
 The purest model of the Tuscan strain,  
 Till that proud day when o'er Apollo's shrine  
 Freedom once more shall shed its fires divine,  
 And Genius from beneath its kindling flame  
 Relume its torch to light the Etrurian name;  
 When Rome again shall warm and bless mankind  
 Her empire *Knowledge* and her sceptre *Mind*!

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### JOHN YOUNG MASON.

This diplomatist, who has been for the last five years Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in France, is certainly one of the most eminent men of his country, where, the Presidency of the Republic only excepted, he has filled the very highest offices.

His Excellency, John Young Mason, was born in Greenville county, (Virginia,) April 18th, 1799. He received the degree of Bachelor of Laws at the University of North Carolina in 1816. This high collegiate honour, conferred at so early an age, shows abundantly the value of those studies made by the man who, thirty years afterward, was to receive from his *Alma Mater*, the highest degree in the gift of the Faculty, that of Doctor of Laws. Mr. Mason then devoted himself to the study of law,—commenced by being an advocate,—and rapidly acquired, by his eloquence and learning, a high reputation at the bar. Invested afterwards with the highest Judicial honours, he displayed not less worthily the qualities of a good magistrate. Unanimously elected Judge of the General Court of Virginia, by the two houses of the Legislature, he was also appointed Judge for Eastern Virginia in the Supreme Court of the United States. Called without his knowledge to this elevated position, by the President of the United States, Mr. Mason received the nomination at the moment when he least expected it.

Mr. Mason became a representative of Virginia in the Legislature of the

United States, for the first time in 1823. For nearly ten years, at every election, he continued to be returned representative to this great political department of the State. Indeed he was elected at three different times member of the House of Representatives, in the Congress of the United States. At the expiration of his term, he resumed his former post of Judge. In Congress, Mr. Mason acted as chairman of the committee of Foreign Affairs, and from that moment turned his attention especially to the study of international law. In 1844, he entered the Cabinet of President Tyler, as Secretary of State, in the Navy Department. When Mr. Polk entered upon the executive functions, Mr. Mason alone, of all the members of the preceding cabinet, took part in public affairs; and was appointed by the new President, Attorney General of the United States. The war with Mexico which soon afterwards broke out, occasioned the return of Mr. Mason to the Navy Department. When peace was concluded, and President Polk retired from office, Mr. Mason withdrew from the political arena. Returning to his native county, he occupied himself solely with the particular interests of Virginia.

In 1850, he was elected by his old constituents, a member of the Convention called at that time to revise the Constitution of Virginia, and had the honour to be called, by an unanimous vote, to preside over this body, composed of the most em-

inent men of his country. Three years afterwards, Mr. Mason was solicited by the President of the United States, to accept the important post of Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris, a high and delicate position which he still occupies to the satisfaction of all.

The career of this statesman has been fortunate and varied—and, yet, we should add that Mr. Mason has never sought the elevated political and judicial positions, to which his fellow citizens, or the successive administrations called him. Perhaps no statesman of the United States,

has received so generally the esteem and respect of his countrymen, and in the discharge of his political functions, received so much approbation, and so little blame. Few also, if any, have been as fortunate as Mr. Mason in preserving, in addition to the confidence of the public, a very great number of friends. May we not, in truth, apply to him this verse of Horace:

*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*

HENRY LAUZAC.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

A Biographical Dictionary of great merit and completeness is now in course of publication in Paris, under the title of "Galerie Historique et Critique du Dix-Neuvième Siècle." The Editor is Henry Lauzac, and the work appears in numbers, one of which is devoted to each personage introduced. A recent issue of it contains the foregoing sketch of the life of Judge Mason, our Minister at the French Court, which we have taken the trouble to translate, at once to show the high estimate in which that eminent diplomatist and most excellent gentleman is held in France, and to gratify his numerous friends and admirers in the Southern States.

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## IN THE BLUE BEYOND.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

I've missed thee, Beautiful, through summer's hours,  
When fluttering birds sang gaily everywhere,  
And earth wore coronals of bright-eyed flowers,  
And poems floated through the dreamy air.

I've missed thee, poet, when some music-tone  
Has thrilled my soul with thoughts I may not tell;  
Thoughts—thou hast known them—they were all thine own,—  
The silvery chiming of a memory-bell.

I called the stars, the flowers, the singing birds,  
By thy sweet name, in happy, waking dreams;  
And whispered unto them my loving words,  
At morn, at noon, when night fell on the streams.

And yet no answer came, save that rich tide  
Of deathless love returning to my heart,  
Quivering life's chords, as when a leafy grove  
When countless harmonies the night-winds start.

## Editor's Table.

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Once more we greet our subscribers in a new volume of the *Messenger*. The good old Magazine has, we hope, some vitality in it yet, and we confidently appeal to the contents of the present number for the interest and piquancy which our contributors lend to its pages. With the New Year, we have formed new associations with writers in various parts of the country, which will enable us to maintain the character of the *Messenger* and make it still worthier of the Southern public. Meanwhile, the cherished literary friends of the work, whose wit and wisdom have more than redeemed the shortcomings of the Editor, through many volumes now bound up in half-morocco and placed in the library, are held to it, we trust, by ties of enduring affection and pleasing reminiscence, and will not withdraw their valued aid. We all make good resolutions at the opening of another division of time; our editorial resolve is to labour with greater diligence than ever in the field before us, may we not indulge the assurance that our efforts will not be altogether overlooked, and that "Maga" will continue to merit and receive the substantial favour of the people of the South? It is for them we strive, and it is their encouragement we most desire.

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We have recently experienced two enjoyments, different in their kind and degree, yet so rare and delightful that they are worthy of being dwelt upon in our "Table." We have heard Fanny Kemble read *Macbeth*, and we have seen Church's *Niagara*. Intellectual and sensuous gratification could hardly go farther.

The reading was held in the beautiful Assembly Room of Baltimore, in the presence of a large and most brilliant assemblage, and the proceeds resulting from the sale of tickets, were devoted to a noble charity of that city,—The Home for the Friendless. The rush for seats was very great, and the spacious hall was crowded to its utmost capacity for an hour before the distinguished *artiste* of the evening made her appearance. Some two minutes before

the exact time appointed for the reading to commence, a servant entered bearing two immense folio volumes of Shakspeare, and immediately thereupon the immense Melpomene came forward and made her bow to the auditorium. Removing rather disdainfully a large bouquet of flowers that had been placed by the reading table, and announcing that she had the honour of reading *Macbeth* to the ladies and gentlemen before her, she presently opened one of the volumes, recited in a sweet voice the *dramatis persone* and suddenly became then and there transformed into a Hecate on a blasted heath. From that moment until she concluded the reading, her empery over the audience was complete. There was no need of scenic illusion to give the full effect to the wonderful drama; we were striding with *Macbeth* and *Banquo* across the desolate moor, or waiting paralyzed with horror in the silent hall of the castle while the murder was going on, or looking at the bloody apparition at the banquet, or standing in the midnight chamber as the pallid woman in her night-dress moved by in fiend-haunted slumber. Never before have we been so much impressed with the needless character of theatrical accessories to convey the meaning of the dramatist. As soon should we have demanded the mask and the buskin with which *Antigone* and *Medea* came before the Athenian public, as the Highland dresses and the pasteboard castle of Inverness, the withered hags and the canvass wood of Birnam to heighten the enchantment of the hour. Here was a woman who became by turns every character in the tragedy, who, sitting palpably before us in laces and crinoline, and under the blaze of gaslights, seemed to be far away in other scenes belonging to a remote past; at whose bidding, indeed, the whole immediate action and its surroundings, Baltimore Assembly-room and Baltimore beauties, disappeared utterly from our consciousness. It was a fulfilment of the prophecy which Mrs. Browning makes in *Aurora Leigh*, when, after speaking of the mouth-piece and cothurnus and other appliances of the Greek stage, she says—

And concluding, which is clear,  
 The growing drama has outgrown such  
 toys  
 Of simulated stature, face, and speech,  
 It also, peradventure, may outgrow  
 The simulation of the painted scene,  
 Boards, actors, prompters, gaslights and  
 costume;  
 And take for a worthier stage the soul  
 itself,  
 Its shifting fancies and celestial lights,  
 With all its grand orchestral silences  
 To keep the pauses of the rhythmic  
 sounds.

If there was any moment at which the cheat was lost with us, it was in the scene just preceding and following the murder of Duncan, in which the guilty Thane spoke so loudly that he must have awakened all the inmates of the castle; but even here we were so fully under the spell of genius, that we felt almost disposed to expostulate with him on the exceeding imprudence of his noisy elocution, and to say to him, "Macbeth, my good fellow, don't kick up such a row, or the bloody grooms will hear you." Another passage seemed to us open to criticism—that wherein Macbeth moralizes on the death of his wife, which should be spoken musingly—

Life's but a walking shadow—a poor  
 player,  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the  
 stage,  
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing.

But Mrs. Kemble gave the lines with very great passion and vociferation, as if the "sound and fury" of the text called for sound and fury in the reader.

The reading was altogether an extraordinary performance, and won golden opinions from all sorts of people. They were a few old play-goers who thought it a disenchantment to see the radiant and peerless Imogen of twenty years ago in the stout and ruddy-faced woman on the platform, but they acknowledge the imperial sway of her genius still resistless as of old. A lady at our right hand had never witnessed a play, another of a former generation had seen Sarah Siddons as

Lady Macbeth thrill the breathless auditors of the London theatre; we watched them both, and both were equally absorbed in the vivid representations of the artist.

Fanny Kemble's Macbeth and Church's Niagara are alike in one respect—their attention to minute details. An inferior actor or painter would have exhausted his energies on the tremendous crime of the drama or the sublime sweep of the cataract, but as in the reading no trivial incident of the incantation scene, no petty suggestion of the soliloquy was unheeded, so in the wonderful painting, we see each little shelving rock on the shore's edge over which a mimic cascade leaps sportively, every rag of spray flung off by the mighty, mad torrent as it pauses on the awful brink, the very break in the bow which the ever-rising cloud makes as often as the blended splendours of the solar spectrum are cast above the abyss—all these minor appearances, familiar to those who have studied Niagara, are seen, and they give a remarkable reality to the picture. The triumph of the work is, perhaps, to be found in the motion which is given to the water, it seems really to dash itself down the fearful gulf, and we might fancy the upper portion of the painted river about to run away presently from the canvas, but for the idea so powerfully suggested, as in the natural object, of an exhaustless reservoir beyond, source of mightiest floods. There are marine paintings of Joseph Vernet's, in which the waves appear to be dashing against the breakers with an impetus that must strike them out of the picture, but for the impression of rapid motion, accompanied by fearful power, we have seen nothing comparable to this work of Mr. Church. It overwhelms the beholder with a sense of that infinite might and majesty which holds the universe in equipoise, and keeps the round world with its restless oceans and its rushing rivers upon its destined course, while it excites the emotion of beauty as a compensation for its more startling appeals. Combining in the portrayal of nature's grandeur and loveliness, the force which Michael Angelo wreaked in forms, and the tenderness which Raphael breathed over the sweet faces of saints and angels, it is such a picture as must make all who see it better, and whose exhibition we must therefore consider a public benefit.

The poets have duly celebrated the Christmas that has just fled, as ever since the birth of Christ it has been the wont of poets to do—the wandering bard of the ancient time, the Minnesinger of a later period, the minstrel in baronial hall where wassail flowed and mirth ran high in the feudal days, and the laureate of our own age, whether writing at the pleasure of a Queen for his butt of sack, or filling the corner of the village newspaper with his iambic-trimeters. One of the most beautiful of the recent publications of England is a collection of Christmas verses showing how the poets have hymned the joyous holiday. Indeed when Christmas ballads shall cease to be sung, we shall begin to lament the decline of poetry, for there is more to incite the poetic sensibility in the season, with its lights and garlands and music, its wholesome merriment and its abundant good-feeling, its hallowed associations, and above all the great Fact which

it is designed to commemorate, than in any other time of the year. Well, indeed, might Milton chant his lofty anthem of the Nativity, in contemplation of the same majestic event which filled the soul of Correggio with the visible glory he has infused into his immortal *Notte*, and well may the bards of all ages sing the swelling theme, each according to the inspiration that has been given him. Among the numerous occasional efforts of the Christmas just departed, we have seen none more felicitous and feeling, than the little double poem that follows, which graces the editorial columns of the *Baltimore Daily Exchange*, and which we may venture to attribute to the graceful pen of S. Teackle Wallis, Esq. of that city. We transfer it to the pages of the *Messenger*, not merely for the present gratification of our readers, but that we may preserve so true a gem of poetic expression—

## I.

On the Swiss mountains—when I wandered there—  
 In the wild, awful passes, all alone,  
 A little cross of iron, cold and bare,  
 Rose, oft, before me, from some wayside stone.  
 Strange uncouth names they bore—a holy sign  
 Traced by rude hands upon a rustic scroll—  
 And, blotted by the snows, a piteous line,  
 Begging our prayers for the poor sleeper's son!

Some traveller it was, perchance, whose doom  
 The torrent or the avalanche had sped—  
 Mayhap was buried there some peasant, whom  
 The hunted chamois o'er the cliff had led—  
 His simple thoughts had never crossed the sea,  
 From whose far borders to his grave I came,  
 Yet, as a brother, called he unto me,  
 And my heart's echo gave him back the name!

Peace to thy spirit, Brother! I had felt  
 The quick'ning of the blood that wanderers feel,  
 At thought of home and country. I had knelt  
 At altars where the nations came to kneel—  
 But knew I never, in its depth—till when  
 Thy lonely shrine besought me for my prayer—  
 The sense of kindred with all sons of men—  
 One love, one hope, God's pity every where!

Thus from its scroll, thou gentle Christmas-tide,  
 Thy cross—uplifted o'er the wastes of time—  
 Speaks to earth's pilgrims, in His name who died,  
 Good will and peace and brotherhood sublime!  
 And, unto them that hail thee, chiefly worth  
 Are the glad wreaths thou twinest round the year,  
 For that thou bidd'st our human hearts go forth,  
 Wherever love can warm or kindness cheer.



Up the bleak heights of daily toil we press,  
 Too busy with our journey and our load,  
 To heed the hurried grasp, the brief caress,  
 The brother fainting on that weary road.  
 Then, welcome be the hours and thoughts and things,  
 That win us from ourselves, a little while,  
 To that sweet human fellowship, which brings  
 The only human joy unstained of guile!

## II.

The day of promise dawns once more;  
 And ponderous clang and merry chime,  
 Bring in the hoary Christmas time,  
 As in the jocund days of yore.

Fair Childhood prattles in the hall,  
 Counting its toys:—and Youth is gay,  
 As, standing in life's middle way,  
 It hears both Hope and Memory call:

Nor knows it which to hold most dear,  
 Both voices sound so glorious then,  
 One—chanting noble things of men,  
 One—boyhood's pæans wild and clear.

While Age, from cares too seldom free,  
 To-day, forgetteth toil and pain;  
 Glad that the voice speaks out again,  
 Which calmed tempestuous Galilee.

"Be of good cheer" whate'er betide—  
 The words, through lapsing centuries,  
 O'er desert lands and sullen seas,  
 Have since re-echoed far and wide.

Then let the bells still ring them out,  
 In morning salutation sweet;  
 Let joyous footfalls fill the street;  
 Be genial noises all about.

Let Sorrow welcome every chime  
 And Poverty be of good cheer,  
 Remembering how the stars drew near  
 The lowliest roof at Christmas time.

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## Notices of New Works.

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**HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP THE SECOND, KING OF SPAIN.** By William H. Prescott, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, &c. Vol. III. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co., 8vo. pp. 876. [From James Woodhouse, No. 139 Main Street.

The goodly volume before us, being a continuation of the last historical work which Mr. Prescott has given to the world, extends over a period of not more than eight years, yet the incidents described in it are of the most interesting character and belong to two distinctly marked and stir-

ring episodes in the history of Spain. Each in itself presents to the imaginative historian an attractive theme for the display of his powers, and Mr. Prescott has so written both the narratives, that while there is no lack of unity in the volume, they might easily be separated and published as monographs. The first of these is the account of that terrible struggle which, beginning with the revolt of the Moors, ended in their expulsion from the peninsula—the second is the story of the war between the Crescent and the Cross, which was brought to a close in the great and decisive battle of Lepanto. Upon the Moorish Rebellion, a subject which has been treated often by

poets and novelists, Mr. Prescott has expended all the wealth of his genius. His vivid and eminently pictorial style sets before us in the light and shade of effective contrast, the impetuous valour of the Castilian noble and the desperate courage of the Moorish warrior; we see the gay colours of their respective costumes mingling in splendid confusion as their weapons cross in the deadly skirmish; we have glimpses of pastoral life in valleys which smile in the sunshine, where anon the bugle is to ring the notes of conflict and the fields are to be fertilized with blood; and all these picturesque details are subordinated with the skill of a master to the great purpose of showing how, in the name of religion, humanity was outraged in the Morisco subjugation, and with what fierce passions the cause of the church has been carried forward in other times. The volume has all the charm of a romance, and though we know the outlines of the story before we commence its perusal, yet as we proceed, we can hardly dispel the feeling that the whole account is new to us, and that it is quite possible the Moors may triumph after all. In attempting to discover the crowning merit of this volume, we know not whether to assign it to the purely descriptive or the analytical and reflective passages—there is such fidelity to nature in the scenic delineations, such happy use of epithets, such judicious choice of similitudes, that we derive from the text a better idea of the country and people than from many volumes richly illustrated by engravings, while Mr. Prescott displays everywhere, in dealing with persons and policies, that keen insight into human character and that quick recognition of the springs of public conduct which have given so high a value to his previous writings. Perhaps the happier and stronger qualities of the author's mind are not called into as high exercise in this third volume of the Reign of Philip the Second, as they have been in the preceding ones; there is no single scene, not even the battle of Lepanto itself, which is wrought out with such care and minuteness as that grim, gay, sullen, glittering pageant at Brussels when the Count Egmont was beheaded, nor does the monarch's personal life call specially for any examination into its more difficult and gloomy periods. Philip, indeed, appears but rarely, and the hero of the volume, around whom the chief interest is gathered, is Don John of Austria, the natural brother of the king, who serves to connect the revolt of the Moors with the Turkish war, by the shining link of individual achievement. But there are other great figures introduced to the reader's notice. One of these, the Morisco leader, afterwards crowned their sovereign under the name of Aben-Humeya, is thus drawn for us—

"As the Moriscoes had now proclaimed their independence, it became necessary to choose a sovereign in place of the one whose authority they had cast aside. The leaders in the Albaicin selected for this dangerous preëminence a young man who was known to the Spaniards by his Castilian name of Don Fernando de Valor. He was descended in a direct line from the ancient house of the Omeyas, who for nearly four centuries had sat with glory on the throne of Cordova. He was but 21 years of age at the time of his election, and according to a contemporary, who had seen him, possessed a comely person and engaging manners. His complexion was of a deep olive; his beard was thin, his eyes were large and dark, with eyebrows well defined and nearly approaching each other. His deportment was truly royal; and his lofty sentiments were worthy of the princely line from which he was descended. Notwithstanding this flattering portrait from the pen of a Castilian, his best recommendation, to judge from his subsequent career, seems to have been his descent from a line of kings. He had been so prodigal in his way of life that, though so young, he had squandered his patrimony, and was at this very time under arrest for debt. He had the fiery temperament of his nation, and had given evidence of it by murdering with his own hand a man who had borne testimony against his father in a criminal prosecution. Amidst his luxurious self-indulgence he must be allowed to have shown some energy of character and an unquestionable courage. He was attached to the institutions of his country; and his ferocious nature was veiled under a bland and plausible exterior, that won him golden opinions from the multitude."

Of the many horrible occurrences attending the rebellion, there was none more startling than the following. It recalls vividly the Massacres of September, in sanguinary Paris, at the close of the last century.

"In the beginning of the troubles, the President had caused a number of Moriscoes, amounting to not less than a hundred and fifty, it is said, to be arrested and thrown into the prison of the Chancery. Certain treasonable designs, of which they had been suspected for a long time, furnished the feeble pretext for this violent proceeding. Some few, indeed, were imprisoned for debt. But the greater number were wealthy men, who enjoyed the highest consideration among their countrymen. They had been suffered to remain in confinement during the whole of the campaign, thus serving, in some sort, as hostages for the good behaviour of the people of the Albaicin.

"Early in March a rumour was circulated that the mountaineers, headed by Aben-Humeya, whose father and brother were among the prisoners, were prepared to make a descent on the city by night, and, with the assistance of the inhabitants of the Albaicin, to begin the work of destruction by assaulting the prison of the Chancery, and liberating their countrymen. This report, readily believed, caused the greatest alarm among the citizens, boding no good to the unhappy prisoners. On the evening of the seventeenth, Deza received intelligence that lights had been seen on some of the neighbouring mountains, which seemed to be of the nature of signals, as they were answered by corresponding lights in some of the houses in the Albaicin. The assault, it was said, would doubtless be made that very night. The President appears to have taken no measures for the protection of the city. But, on receiving the information, he at once communicated it to the Alcayde of the prison, and directed him to provide for the security of the prisoners. The Alcayde lost no time in gathering friends about him, and caused arms to be distributed among a body of Spaniards, of whom there appears to have been a considerable number confined in the place at this time. Thus prepared, they all remained, as in silent expectation of some great event.

"At length, some time before midnight, the guard posted in the Campana, one of the towers of the Alhambra, struck the bell with a succession of rapid strokes, such as were used to give an alarm. In a moment every Spaniard in the prison was on his feet; and, the Alcayde throwing open the doors and leading the way, they fell at once on their defenceless victims, confined in another quarter of the building. As many of these were old and infirm, and most of them inoffensive citizens, whose quiet way of life had little fitted them for brawl or battle, and who were now destitute of arms of any kind, they seemed to be as easy victims as the sheep into whose fold the famishing wolves have broken in the absence of the shepherd. Yet they did not give up their lives without an effort to save them. Despair lent them strength, and snatching up chairs, benches, or any other article of furniture in their cells, they endeavoured to make good their defence against the assailants. Some, exerting a vigour which despair only could have given, succeeded in wrenching stones from the walls or iron bars from the windows, and thus supplied themselves with the means, not merely of defence, but of doing some mischief to the assailants, in their turn. They fought, in short, like men who are fighting for their lives. Some, however, losing all hope of escape, piled together a heap of mats, bed-

ding and other combustibles, and kindling them with their torches, threw themselves into the flames, intending in this way to set fire to the building, and to perish in one general conflagration with their murderers. But the flames they had kindled were soon extinguished in their own blood, and their mangled remains were left to blacken among the cinders of their funeral pile.

"For two hours the deadly conflict between parties so unequally matched had continued; the one shouting its old war-cry of "Saint Iago," as if fighting on an open field; the other, if we may take the Castilian account, calling on their prophet to come to their assistance. But no power, divine or human, interposed in their behalf; and, notwithstanding the wild uproar caused by men engaged in a mortal struggle, by the sound of heavy blows and falling missiles, by the yells of the victors and the dying moans and agonies of the vanquished, no noise to give token of what was going on—if we are to credit the chroniclers—found its way beyond the walls of the prison. Even the guard stationed in the court-yard, we are assured, were not roused from their slumbers.

"At length some rumour of what was passing reached the city, where the story ran that the Moriscoes were in arms against their keepers, and would soon probably get possession of the gaol. This report was enough for the people, who, roused by the alarm-bell, were now in a state of excitement that disposed them to any deed of violence. Snatching up their weapons, they rushed, or rather flew, like vultures snuffing the carrion from afar, to the scene of slaughter. Strengthened by this reinforcement, the assailants in the prison soon completed the work of death; and when the morning light broke through the grated windows, it disclosed the full extent of the tragedy. Of all the Moriscoes only two had escaped—the father and brother of Aben-Humeya, over whom a guard had been especially set. Five Spaniards were slain, and seventeen wounded, showing the fierce resistance made by the Moslems, though destitute of arms."

With these extracts, by no means the most striking that we could have selected, but affording fair specimens of the author's style and treatment, we must dismiss the third volume of the *Reign of Philip the Second*. Our readers, who have followed the narrative through the first and second volumes will need no persuasives to procure it, and in the majority of instances we predict it will be despatched, like some fascinating novel, at a sitting. May it not be long ere we receive the residue of so excellent and valuable a contribution to the department of history.

**ARABIAN DAY'S ENTERTAINMENTS**, *Translated from the German*, by Herbert Pelham Curtis. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1858. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

All of us remember the Arabian Nights, the delight of childhood, the intoxication of hours stolen from the play-ground or the declension of *penna*—ah, what would not we give to read it once again with the freshness and joy of its first perusal, when our faith was firm in the ring and the lamp, when all its rosy lights invested our own future, and each one of us looked forward with confidence to the possible palace and its attendant vassals! So tenderly does the memory of that early enchantment linger in our heart, that we are inclined to regard with the greatest favor all books designed to afford children a like satisfaction. The volume before us has such an amiable purpose. It consists of a series of stories translated from the German, in which the glorious absurdities of Oriental reverie are mingled with the fantasies of Teutonic superstitution. Some of these stories have already been laid before the public in an English version—one of them, "The History of Caliph Stork," may be seen in the *Messenger* of fifteen years ago or thereabouts—but the majority are new and will be found delightful reading, not only for the boys and girls (have we any in these days of precocious development when infants take to cigars and crinoline?) but for those children of a larger growth who must have mental relaxation. The title of "Arabian Day's Entertainment" is promising of enjoyment, and the promise is more than kept, for the stories are not only fascinating, but pure and innocent.

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**THE STRATFORD GALLERY; or the Shakespeare Sisterhood.** Comprising Forty-Five Ideal Portraits, described by HENRIETTA LEE PALMER. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

This is surely a magnificent volume, one of the bravest of the numerous class of works designed for Christmas or New Year's presentation, whereof the Appletons have given so many to the public. The clear, bold text, the rich binding, the beautiful engravings, all commend it for parlor exhibition. In an artistic point of view the portraits may be even more than beautiful, but we confess they do not reach our own ideals of the heroines of Shakespeare. They fail altogether in what the gifted author has so well succeeded in her admirable sketches, in presenting to us the very women that Shakespeare drew, the

airy and delicate Miranda, the beautiful and devoted Imogen, the loving and innocent Juliet, the constant and heroic Cordelia. Nor has Mrs. Palmer caught less happily the traits of those wayward or unlovely creations which live in the immortal plays of the great dramatist. She rebukes most properly the disdainful Beatrice, unfolds to us the perplexities of character which rendered Cleopatra at once so wicked and so bewitching, and solves with wonderful truthfulness of perception the difficult moral problem of Lady Macbeth. There are points wherein we might differ with Mrs. Palmer concerning these heroines, but on the whole we must award her the highest praise as a thoughtful student of Shakespeare, and as an interpreter, both appreciative and modest, of his meaning. Original she is, too, beyond a doubt, suggesting recondite significances which have altogether escaped former critics and furnishing hints upon doubtful passages which more pretentious commentators might well follow up. In respect of Shakespeare's female portraiture, we have already been taught in Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics," that a woman can best apprehend the mental and moral nature of woman, and this volume confirms the lesson. Our American author in the prosecution of her task has shown a recognition of the virtues and weaknesses of her sex, as displayed or outlined by the imperial master of the human heart, as deep and subtle as her English predecessor, and her work will find its place on the shelves of all who make Shakespeare a study. Splendid as are the externals of the volume, we rate its contents as infinitely more attractive, and together they constitute a noble specimen of the art of book-making.


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**THE TENANT-HOUSE, or Embers from Poverty's Hearth-Stone.** New York: Robert M. DeWitt, Publisher, 160 and 162, Nassau Street. [From Lewis L. Smith, Periodical agent, Main Street, near the Custom House.

The object of this work, which is understood to be from the pen of Mr. Duganne, well-known as a poet, is most excellent, being to excite public sentiment with reference to the sufferings of the poor of New York City. The book details horrors very far surpassing the inventions of Mrs. Stowe concerning Southern Slavery, and though it is painful to read, we trust it will not fail of a remedial effect.

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Many book notices designed for the present issue of the *Messenger*, are unavoidably laid over till next month.

 Newspapers publishing this Prospectus will receive the Magazine in exchange.

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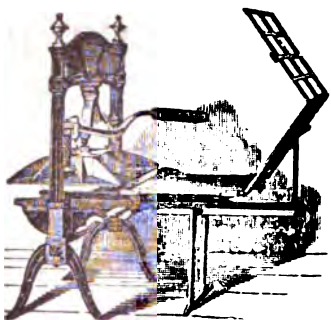
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1859.

RICHMOND, Va.

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# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, FEBRUARY, 1859.

BALZAC.\*

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

The modern novel—its influence, artistic conditions, relative value in literature, its history and the comparative merit of its most popular authors—have furnished a copious theme to critics and reviewers in England and America. Regarded as the mirror of society, its progress has been casually traced from the salient but unrefined humanity of Fielding, through the artificial sentimentalism of Richardson, and the supernaturalism of Mrs. Radcliffe, and their followers, to the sensible ideal of life unfolded by Miss Austin and Miss Edgeworth, and thence along the magic historical panorama of Scott, until the gallery of satirical photographs by Thackeray, the humane exuberance of Dickens, the fashionable pictures of Mrs. Gore and Bulwer, and the romance of reform in D'Israeli, Reade and Kingsley bring it home to the sympathies and experience of the passing hour. It is somewhat remarkable that while the field of English novel writing has been thus fully discussed, and Manzoni and Goethe have found in our vernacular studious expositors of their classic fictions—so little has been said by literary

oracles here and in Great Britain of the French novel. Doubtless the prominent reason for this neglect may be found in the exceptionable scenes and equivocal morality of the leading novelists of France. Their tone and subjects are so often repugnant to Anglo-Saxon domestic purity, the proprieties of life and the laws of principle and taste are so grossly violated, that it is deemed an error of honest judgment to dilate upon what is only attractive to misguide and pervert. There are two considerations, however, which should modify this avoidance; one is the fact that many of this class of books are free from this grave moral objection, and the other is, that in some of them, the art and even the science of prose narrative and characterization reaches a perfection which makes it an auspicious study and a wonderful phenomenon which it "argues an insensibility" to ignore. On the same principle that the most revolting scenes delineated by Hogarth, the crude saintliness of expression discoverable in Perugino, the lessons in color taught by Rubens and Titian in their most voluptuous figures,

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\* 1. *Balzac, sa vie et ses Œuvres, d'après sa correspondance, par Mme. Le Surville née de Balzac.* Paris: Librairie Nouvelle. 1858.

2. *Balzac en Pantoufles* par Leon Gozlan. Paris: Michel Levy pere. 1856.

3. *Œuvres Complètes de H. De Balzac.* Paris: Librairie Nouvelle, 15 Boulevard Des Italiens. 1857.

are all fraught with invaluable precedents and suggestion to the artist intent upon acquiring the mastery of all the elements of his vocation,—the best wrought specimens of French story challenge attention; the method is sometimes so original and thorough that in spite of the depravity of the moral, the artist to whom all things should be pure, may derive new insight as to the application of his own skill to a less questionable conception; and, more than this, it happens not infrequently that the French author, who is prohibited by the strict canons of English and American standards, in certain instances, works himself clear of the taint and creates a triumph of art without offence to decency or conscience. It will scarcely be disputed that of our native writers of fiction who have attained a recognized position in literature, the one who most effectively combines power in characterization, verisimilitude in scenes and atmosphere and high artistic finish, is Nathaniel Hawthorne. Cooper excelled him in graphic pictures of the forest and the sea; Judd caught as faithfully some of the primitive features of New England life, but in style and concentration of material, he excels them both; Brockden Brown's instinct for the supernatural was akin to Hawthorne's, but his use thereof is comparatively what the hasty sketch is to the elaborate picture. The "Scarlet Letter" and the "House of the Seven Gables" are finished specimens of historical, local and individual story wherein the back-ground, the *dramatis personæ*, the grouping, the light and shade, the latent significance and the most minute detail, are all moulded, combined and illustrated with patient, clear and vigorous skill. And it is a sufficient justification of our purpose to analyse and set forth the transcendent ability displayed by the most gifted French novelist of the age, that the process and principle of his work, that which gives it force and originality is analagous to that of our own foremost writer in the same department. Disclaiming, then,

at the outset, any intention of defending his moral obliquities, or advocating his subject as always fit or even tolerable, we proceed to consider him as a scientific analyst of life and artistic raconteur.

Honoré de Balzac, (so called from St. Honoré, on whose *fête* day he was born, at Tours, May 20th, 1799,) died at Paris August 20th, 1850. One of his countrymen has thus frankly stated his anomalous position in the world of letters: "He commands the applause and admiration of a large portion of society, but is viewed with displeasure and disapprobation by the more stern and censorious; this arises, in a great measure, from the multiplicity and diversity of his contributions to the light literature of France; his earliest works, under the name of Horace St. Aubin, are poor and worthless; others are vicious and immoral; proofs can be quoted to justify the highest praise and blame; his diction is pure and beautiful; he is a profound and bold observer of human nature, and has a keen perception of the inmost emotions of the female heart; his power and delicacy of comprehension are extraordinary."\* Here we have united in the same verdict the most severe condemnation and the most exalted praise; the identical author is represented as reckless and unprincipled, yet Shakesperian in perspicuity and refined to elegance in style.

This question of morality in the drama and in fiction is singularly complicated, and no literary problem has occasioned greater injustice. The actual lessons of life,—the result of candid observation—are recognized as thoroughly moral—that is, as confirming the wisdom and beauty of virtue, and signalizing the misery of vice. If this is so, why should the report thereof, the authentic representation, of the facts of society prove otherwise than salubrious? Only by a perversion which glosses over iniquity and makes crime fascinating. When the insight is deep, the analysis thorough, the description true to human nature—

then inevitably the impression is profoundly moral. If the anatomical student shrinks from the lessons of dissection, he can never wisely operate on the living body. Balzac's prevailing and even stern allegiance to the facts and phases of Parisian life is acknowledged; and the artist, critic and scientific explorer so predominate in him that only a morbid imagination can admit conscious evil in his purpose. Whether it is desirable to record and examine, to illustrate and define the side of life and the forms of character which he so thoroughly studied, is another question; but admitting that they should be exhibited, known, considered and understood,—Balzac's method and genius eminently fitted him to be their expositor. It is seldom, too, that he offends by prurient details; it is the relation rather the detailed conduct of his personages in which immorality chiefly lies; and the analysis thereof and final issue almost invariably teaches the right. If he describes elaborately the *longues et monotones tragedies conjugales*, he also reveals satiety—*cel horrible denouement du concubinage*. There is indeed a sadness in his pictures—a sadness which seizes on the fancy and makes heavy the heart—but it is more philosophical than cynical, and has a contemplative zest more healthful than the bitter, hard and hopeless inference of the English satirical novelist. No weak mind should commune with Balzac; he does not furnish such wholesome recreation to the masses as Scott or Dickens; yet the man of sentiment and of knowledge, the student of human nature, the philosophic observer of life in all its varieties, contrasts and phenomena, is none the less indebted to him for acute generalizations, exquisite delineations of inward experience, and full and significant photographs of the art, economy, local features and emotional secrets of French existence. To do justice to his genius we must regard it in its highest moods and its most pure creations; we must estimate Balzac as a philosopher and an artist, and with a protest against the unworthy use, contemplate the exercise of his powers in the abstract.

To depict character and life so as to give the tableaux a scientific as well as dramatic interest, besides keen observation and adequate power of language, there is need of that faculty which phrenologists call concentrativeness; and the union of these three requisites is as rare as their separate possession is comparatively frequent. Their combination in a high and harmonious degree is the characteristic of Balzac. His earliest development indicates how native was this distinction; for he was not only disposed to reverie like all imaginative children, alive to fine impressions like all sensitive organizations, but even at the very dawn of conscious being, inclined to the abstract in mood, to the reflective in books, and, at the same time, he was indifferent to ordinary experience, averse to sports and retentive of ideas. This philosophic instinct usually the trait of maturity was fully manifest in his very boyhood; his alienation from the immediate, his partial recognition of the familiar amused the household; it foreshadowed the introspective habit whereby he afterwards seized upon the latent in human life and the inward springs of motive and feeling. A suggestive name, an important date, a salient truth or a pregnant idea clung to his memory; yet living in the midst of rural objects, he long cherished a peach blossom as an aloe flower, and could not distinguish vine leaves from grain stalks; his favorite reading was religious and philosophic; and he was obliged to leave college on account of a cerebral apathy brought on by this premature exercise of the reasoning, at the expense of the observant faculties; nature demanded a respite and equilibrium; the brain was in the condition of an athlete, one set of whose muscles has been exclusively strained, and the others left flaccid; the change of life and the release from mental labor, instantly restored the balance; for Balzac's constitution was vigorous and his temperament vivid, but his intellect was of that kind which demands work as a necessity; alone, sequestered with books, the labor might have proved unhealthy and the result morbid, but in

contact with life, in an atmosphere of varied and active human interests, study and reflection alternated genially with sympathy and observation, and thus the removal of his family to Paris in 1813, was auspicious to the ardent and brooding youth. He soon became a busy yet cheerful scholar, was educated at the best schools, attended the lectures of the Sorbonne and the College of France; ever at work, he often smiled, and from his eyes gleamed those intense glances which so mysteriously radiate a light at once spiritual and visual, and assure us of a soul endowed both to *see*, in the highest meaning of that function, and to *reveal*;—a perception that deals at once with the inward and the outward, and can not only discover the material, but penetrate beneath it to the idea, or sentiment or use, of which it is the type and representative. And while these scintillations from the eyes and this flexible, sweet and expressive play of the lips, would have betrayed to a watchful friend, Balzac's rare affinities with humanity, his strong and well-built, almost sturdy frame, and broad and massive head would have equally satisfied a physiologist that the energy, the will and the physical resources were not wanting to render both his sympathies and his insight effective. Thus in his organization as in his writings there was something Teutonic; the solidity of the German seemed grafted upon the vivacity of the Gallic mind; here was a Frenchman who seemed born to retain and mould impressions as well as to receive them with quickness and accuracy; to the vivacity of his countrymen in seizing on the actual, he joined a power of subjecting the fruit of observation to a calm, searching process of thought; in a word, he could meditate as patiently as he could observe genially, and work out a problem as thoroughly as he could state a proposition clearly. But these abilities were then mainly exhibited as normal tastes, not as creative forces.

It seems inevitable that when quickness and force of mind are exhibited without a decided proclivity for science or theology, a youth is destined by his guar-

dians for the law, and equally a matter of course where a poetic tendency exists, that he repudiates or rather struggles with the purpose of his elders. It was thus with Ariosto and Alfieri, and with Cowper and Scott; and it was so with Balzac; he declared himself a votary of literature, and returned to his provincial home; Cromwell was the subject that first attracted him; his career had been a familiar theme in the family, and yielded them a kind of political manual; during this sojourn Balzac read much in the library of the town, mused, studied, built castles in the air; and his favorite pastime was to make new purchases on the Quai des Augustins to enrich his little library. He finally returned to Paris to try the precarious vocation of an author; long and painful was the ordeal; he was poorly lodged; he wrought incessantly; his nervous system was often irritated; he was a martyr to the toothache; yet a cheerful spirit compensated for these evils; he wrote sprightly letters to his sisters; amused himself with his nieces, whom he called *mes gazelles*; and while his eager and searching expression gave him a "wolfish look," his laugh was merry and his will indomitable. The taste of the day in fiction was for rapid, and exciting incident; the staple of romance was adventure; the dramatic scenes of Dumas were in the ascendant; plot was everything, character secondary; and above all the tone in vogue was superficial.

Balzac entered the field with a totally different inspiration; he wrote on the principle of the great artist—making a profound study instead of a brilliant sketch; his interest in his work was psychological, his grasp of a subject scientific; not content with producing effects he aspired to reveal consciousness, to make his readers participate in the essential life and not merely behold the outward experience of his characters. The conception was not less intense than the execution was conscientious; facts of life, phases of emotion, the inward struggle, the normal mood were absolutely unfolded and the circumstances by means of which this process was reveal-

ed, bore a relation to the mental picture itself such as a trellis bears to the vine—lifting fruit and blossoms to the light, but not superseding or overlaying them. This was an innovation; to follow such a guide a deeper sympathy and a more refined perception were requisite than the narrator of outward events demands; he presupposed an interest in the subtle workings of the heart and the silent operations of the mind, which the emasculated readers of his day could not at once realize; and at the same time, he thus erected a standard, hinted an ideal that, if once recognized, would make the novelist's task as metaphysical as it had previously been picturesque and melodramatic.

Accordingly the experiment was coldly received. The critics failed to perceive what a significance lay in the very attempt to go below the phenomena and delineate the moral experience; the gaze accustomed to the camera-obscura and the kaleidoscope—swiftly moving shadows and dazzling combinations, did not readily adapt itself to a microscopic lens which revealed the elements instead of the panorama of human existence. The talent heretofore available as capital in the world of literary entertainment was pictorial; Balzac boldly ventured to invest in the analytical, which was his speciality and his mission; but he found, like the English poet who went back to nature, after rhetoric had intensified into fever the spirit of the muses, that he must create the taste to which he desired to minister, and, like all original workers, his first service was to “stand and wait.” But in order to do even this he must live; and his writings were unproductive. At this crisis, a flattering proposal to edit and publish on mutual account, new editions of Moliere, La Fontaine and other French classics, was made him by a friend; his father liked the business aspect of the enterprise, for he believed in trade, though not in authorship; cash was advanced; a printing office established; a failure ensued;—and yet the individual who bought the concern made a fortune. *Au lieu d'abattre les grandes âmes, le malheur dou-*

*ble leur energie.* Balzac vindicated this truth; other speculations were unfortunate,—two periodicals died in his hands; pecuniary success eluded him, but not the instinctive goal of his mind. He continued to write according to the idiosyncrasies through which alone he felt justified in loyalty to literature. His confidence was simply that of a man true to his peculiar gifts, and finding satisfaction therein and a presage of success. He labored with exemplary patience, undiscouraged by the indifference with which his successive publications were regarded; this indifference was partial, not absolute, for individual sympathy of the most genuine kind, though often of anonymous expression, assured him, from the first, that he could strike the key note of human emotion: he distinctly foresaw appreciation, and enjoyed presentiments of renown and fortune. He concentrated the aroma of his own experience, drew from the impressions of his own nature; he reflected on emotions and reproduced them; and this was a labor of love. The very method of his toil attests a consciousness of its value; he retired at five in the afternoon, began to work at eleven at night, and often continued until nine, then breakfasted; corrected proofs until nearly noon, then walked, dined and conversed through the afternoon. His proof sheets had enormous margins,—forty pages often swelled to an hundred under his so-called corrections; the revisions were so numerous as to be the despair of printers; but the author cheerfully paid them for extra work. In this we see the true spirit of an artist; how it contrasts with Dumas, throwing sheet after sheet on the floor to be gathered up, struck off, sold, read and forgotten! When Balzac came to be understood, his admirers naturally found the best parallels to illustrate his merits among the old masters,—their minute finish, their intensity of expression and their self-absorbing toil. Thus says one: “Balzac est le Benvenuto Cellini de la littérature moderne; il a sculpté ses livres avec une patience admirable.” Another compares his still life with Gerard Dow's interiors: and yet another, refer-

ring to his artistic study of character, declares "depuis Moliere aucun auteur n'a plus profondement exploré le cœur humain." It is significant of this latter process that Balzac wrote so much at night; it is one that requires abstraction; Sir Walter could well expatiate in the animated sphere of historical events in the freshness of the dawn, and Körner compose battle hymns in a garden; but Allston talked best in his spiritual vein after midnight; and silence and the nervous reinforcement incident to the absence of sunshine, are in unison with that concentration of the mysteries of thought and sentiment wherein Balzac exhibited such reproductive power.

From being almost a myth in Paris, when the tide of fame, which, like that of fortune must be "taken at the flood," turned, he became a lion, emerged from the subterranean to the light of day, and appeared in a conspicuous box at the Opera beside its subsequent historian, Dr. Veron. The ingenious Madame Girardin wrote a spirited romance called the "Canne de M. Balzac," in which his wonderful pictures were ascribed to the magic power of this massive staff, enabling him at will to become invisible, and thus take notes within the penetralia of Parisian life. But very soon, the habit of the man and need of contemplative seclusion, made him resume a way of living which, compared to that of other popular authors of his day, was hermit-like. He might be seen at the theatre intent upon a drama of Victor Hugo, walking along the Boulevard with a friend, or mingling with the *savans* of Lamartine's *soirée*, but he returned from these scenes to a suburban residence where his work could proceed without interruption, and his whims and tastes have free scope. His pavilion *Les Jardies* was a unique abode,—at Ville d'Avray; and this, with the small house he occupied in the Rue Basse at Passy, were his best remembered domiciles. The former was, in a limited style, as eccentric a memorial as the villa of the Palermitan nobleman, whose grotesque adornment is the wonder of

travellers. Landscape gardeners exhausted their own patience and the novelist's funds in experiments to construct stable terraces of trees and plants, where the nature of the soil and the local conditions were wholly inadequate; they were destroyed by and renewed after every tempest; this fantasy of the owner probably arose from some oriental or Italian association. The plan itself was chosen on a hint in the Memoirs of St. Simon; he describes it as a favorite retreat of Louis the Fourteenth's courtiers; with the misfortunes of that reign it fell into neglect, and the fancy possessed Balzac to restore it—although time and change had made it difficult to identify the topography; the old name was not revived except in the proprietor's imagination; the people of the vicinity called it *les Vignes*, notwithstanding *Les Jardies* was engraved in golden characters on a black marble slab under the bell-knob. This expensive and unsatisfactory "place" was the target of Parisian wit—a kind of Balzac's "folly;" an illustration of that weakness, as the practical world deems it, with which men of imagination compensate to the less gifted for their superior resources—a kind of Fonthill, Pope's grotto, or Walpole's chateau on a small and absurd scale. Even Balzac's friends bemoaned his hobby—which was domestic architecture;—a most costly sphere for caprice; and when his plans were carried out, it was found no provision was made for a staircase, which had to be annexed to the structure; and its decoration and furniture within was imaginary, being indicated by memoranda in charcoal on the wall—"ici une tapisserie d'Aubusson," "ici un plafond peint par Eugene Delacroix," etc.; and in his own ungarnished chamber "*ici un tableau de Raphael, hors de prix, et comme on n'en a jamais vu.*" But if plans too luxurious to be realized and constructive fancies that impoverished without results, mark the wayward and improvident visionary, the habits of the author were alike eccentric; he was irregular at meals, sometimes making his appearance at dinner late, at others at dessert, and often not at all: he drank only

water, ate largely of fruits, in which he was a thorough epicure, the rarest specimens being found on his table; indeed his enjoyment of fruit was the acme of pleasure; his lips have been seen to quiver, his eyes to gleam, and his hands to be clasped in ecstasy at the sight of a heap of ripe and fragrant pears or peaches; with loosened cravat, open bosom, and a silver knife in one hand he sliced the crisp and juicy globe, or eagerly imbibed the delicious pulp—now and then making a pleasant remark, or drinking from a goblet of water.

This zest for the most exquisite of Nature's products in the shape of food, was analogous to his mental appetite for her human elements in their ultimate analysis; and a like preference for nervous stimulants was an instinct of his organization; Balzac's coffee and tea were of almost fabulous superiority, obtained with infinite care, prepared with unequalled skill, and served only to particular friends, to the accompaniment of such a tale as only the naturalist and the poet can weave; around his mocha, discovered after a day's pilgrimage among the epiciers of Paris, or his tea intercepted on its way to Russia, destined for Imperial use and won by special grace, there hovered the atmosphere of Arabian story: the wonders of Chinese unexplored civilization, and of Java's tropical enchantments, blended with their aroma and coalesced in the fancy with their fine exhilaration. In the physique and the hygiene of Balzac we can trace a correspondence with his genius; an athlete in frame, he was a woman in nervous tissue; a stoic and a Teuton in mental hardihood, he was a child and an Oriental in his taste for food and stimulants, in the waywardness of his habits, in his nocturnal vivacity and independence of conventionalities. That child-like *abandon*, ardor and simplicity, which seem so primitive and beautiful in contrast with a mature intellect, and belong to all men who have the temperament of genius, were exhibited by Balzac; he could talk nonsense as glibly as Sydney Smith, be as in earnest about a freak as Edmund

Kean, and indulge in the luxury of sentiment or fantasy as unconsciously as Jean Paul. Many anecdotes of this eccentricity are current. He once awoke a friend between midnight and dawn to relate the most extravagant anticipations of fortune, based on his possession of a ring which the Turkish ambassador had convinced him had been worn by the Prophet, stolen a century ago by the English and sold to a German prince; the envoy assured Balzac the Great Mogul would purchase it at the cost of millions; and forthwith with this adventure, so like one in the Arabian Nights, the enthusiastic novelist rushed to his friend's bedside and urged him to set off at once for Turkey, and realize countless wealth. On another occasion he took a young man of dreamy, invalid, amiable temper, home to coöperate with him in literary labor by furnishing the plot of a drama; and ludicrous were the peremptory demands of the employer and the mute confusion of the *employée*, awoken out of a sound sleep and with the interrogatory *avez-vous ce drame?* Going to lunch with another friend at the shop of what he called *un pâtissier sublime*, the artless delight and surprise of the English girl who waited on them, upon hearing his name and realizing the presence of her idolized author, so gratified him that he presented her with a novel of Cooper's, just purchased, and forgot his repast in a warm eulogy of our pioneer novelist. One of his freaks was knocking down a neighbor's stone wall as often as he rebuilt it. The history of a tree near his villa, and of his difficulties with the *garde champêtre* of the vicinity, suggested the most comic relations; he expatiated on magnificent and original speculations—such as the establishment of a dairy on new principles; in a word, when not occupied with the ideal, his bold imagination and sagacious insight found scope in the actual, and his Châteaux d'Espagne were quite as peculiar as his literary art. He was remarkably susceptible to sound; his first toy was a violin, and he held a theory with regard to the association of certain names with specific qualities, which made him ex-

tremely fastidious in his choice of appellatives. On being introduced to a gentleman, he suddenly exclaimed—"excuse me, may I give your name to a character I am drawing? it fits exactly." And he once perambulated Paris in the rain for many hours, looking at the signs to find a name in sound and association precisely what his imagination craved.

"Il existait," he writes, "une certaine harmonie entre la personne et le nom. Ce Z qui précédait Marcus, qui se voyait sur l'adresse de ses lettres et qu'il n'oubliait jamais devant sa signature, cette dernière lettre de l'alphabet offrait à l'esprit je ne sais quoi de fatal.

"Marcus! Repetez-vous à vous même ce nom composé de deux syllabes, n'y trouvez-vous pas une sinistre signification? il est bien composé, il se prononce facilement, il a cette brièveté voulue pour les noms célèbres: n'est-il pas aussi doux qu'il est bizarre? Entre les faits de la vie et les noms des hommes il est des secrets et d'inexplicables concordances ou des desaccords qui surprennent. Ne voyez-vous pas dans la construction du Z une allure contrariée? ne figure-t-elle pas le zigzag aléatoire et fantasque d'une vie tourmentée? Quel vent a soufflé sur cette lettre qui, dans chaque langue où elle est admise, commande à peine à cinquante mots. Marcus s'appelait Zéphirin. Saint Zéphirin est très vénéré en Bretagne. Marcus était Breton. Examinez encore ce nom: Z. Marcus. Toute la vie de l'homme est dans l'assemblage fantastique de ces sept lettres. Sept! le plus significatif des nombres cabalistiques. L'homme est mort à trente-cinq ans, ainsi sa vie a été composée de sept lustres. Marcus! N'avez-vous pas l'idée de quelque chose de précieux qui se brise par une chute avec ou sans bruit?"

But the personalities recorded of such a writer as Balzac are insignificant in comparison, with the subtle workings of his mind embodied in his creations. It is as a thinker that he interests us; he was less a man of the *salon* than any *célèbre* of his time; however original his private manners and clever his talk, and amusing his experience, these outward details have less attraction when we are so intimately

informed of the wonderful refinements of his observation and the psychological reach of his art; we feel impatient at gossip about Balzac when there is such material for study. His career as a man was, indeed, anomalous; long toiling in obscurity and almost indigence, gradually rising to the highest renown, considered rich when in truth he was unable to pay his debts; robust in frame, delicate in temperament; with the most scientific ideal of conjugal sympathy—realized only to herald his death; love, fortune and celebrity were scarcely in his grasp, after a life of concentrated mental labor—when he was beyond the reach of earthly happiness.

His career was a struggle; he seems to have been more jealous of the prosperity than of the fame of more successful authors, and was even content to be thought overwhelmed with debts rather than in limited circumstances, when such extravagant things were believed in Paris of the profits of fashionable authors. He had a long and severe novitiate to serve; no man of genius was more obstinately assailed by the critics or so perversely misunderstood by literary cotemporaries. "Hélas!" exclaims Victor Hugo, "ce travailleur puissant et jamais fatigué, ce penseur, ce poète a vécu parmi nous de cette vie d'orages, de luttes, de querelles, de combats, commune dans tous les temps à tous les grands hommes." He had more friends among artists than authors; perhaps they could best appreciate the law according to which he labored, so akin to that which regulates the best pictorial creation; his taste also for painting and sculpture, and especially his knowledge of art as applied to domestic architecture and economy, was doubtless a bond of sympathy. He held criticism in little esteem, having so effectually triumphed over its prophecies and dicta; what he did thoroughly believe in was work; "constant work," he somewhere observes, "is the law of art as that of life, for art is ideal creation;" and it was well said when he died, "Sa vie a été courte, mais pleine; plus remplie d'oeuvres que de jours."

One reason of the slow appreciation of



Balzac at the early stages of his authorship, and of the partial apprehension of his claims since, is that the original phase of his mind was not at once and harmoniously developed. No small portion of his writings were experimental; they were unequal; sometimes the theme and, at others, the treatment was unattractive; a candid and discriminating reader might indeed, have beheld in the most crude an element of individuality, prophetic of after and unique success; but so numerous, varied, and almost capricious was the exercise of his genius, that there is probably no modern author about whom such a diversity of impressions prevailed, according to the story by which he was remembered, and the critical authority whose decision was accepted; time has changed this vague estimation; the chaff has been separated from the wheat; and from the mass of his writings a few books are now distinguished as the most artistic and profound specimens of the modern novel. The immoral tone, the offensive subjects, the exceptional scenes which repel the decorous English reader both from his and general French romance, do not profane always these masterpieces; upon them will rest the fame, and by them will be appreciated the rare and powerful genius of Balzac.

A peculiar sympathy with and consequent knowledge of women is a recognised trait of Balzac. Between the cognizance of superficial motives by the man of the world, and the exalted ideas of the poet, there is what may be called a scientific appreciation of the sex, as rare as it is beautiful. In this Balzac excelled. The conditions of this insight are as delicate as those requisite to understand genius; sympathy and observation may lead to a partial solution of the problem involved in the nature of womanhood; but psychological perception must be added, or the knowledge is imperfect. Only in Shakespeare do we see what keen human intelligence can discover, what the poet of our nature can reveal of its fairer counterpart. Scott drew the heroic and the rustic instincts with the hand of a master; Fielding un-

folded the humanity in its normal exercise, and Dickens the local humor and the childish play; but how artificial, one-sided and inadequate, how conventional or melo-dramatic are the average female characters of fiction! It is the scenic talent of Cooper that reconciles us to endure his women; and their portraits in modern novels, written by men, are rather the embodiments of a few stereotyped qualities, the reflection of manners or the result of one sentiment or set of circumstances, than those variable, inexplicable beings that puzzle while they charm, and suggest so much more than they demonstrate. Now Balzac essayed to deal with the consciousness of women; they acknowledged that he penetrated to the secret workings of their hearts; and whatever style of character he drew, whether the self-devoted and pure, or the unprincipled and vain, he exhibited a more significant versatility and richly endowed nature—an inward life of deeper interest than literary art had previously laid open to view. In this he did essential service and vindicated a high prerogative; he probed beneath the superficial guise which less intense writers had been satisfied to represent. However monotonous, undemonstrative and conventional the outward life, he showed what a world of restrained emotion, of refinements, of sentiment and sorrow, of unrecorded and unuttered experience was hidden beneath; a volume of aphorisms relating to the instinctive and of philosophy derived from the earnest springs of female character, might be gleaned from Balzac—such as the most candid and self-revealed of the sex would acknowledge. The test of a man's appreciation of woman, considered as a rational being, is her spontaneous confidence; and Balzac was overwhelmed with the voluntary communications of his fair readers seeking counsel, recognising truth or expressing appreciation. *Le grand, l'immense succès de Balzac lui est venu par les femmes*, says one who knew him well; *elles ont adoré en lui l'homme qui a su avec éloquence, par de l'ingénuité encore plus que par la vérité, prolonger indéfiniment chez elles l'âge d'aimer et surtout celui d'être*

*aimé. Cette galanterie, en quarante ou cinquante volumes in 8vo. les a exultées le ferait le fantisme d'une religion nouvelle.*

This, however, is too superficial a view. It was something more than a chivalrous invention which led him to adopt the mature instead of the undeveloped heroine. He felt that great interest of character whereby the highest order of men are won, can only exist where discipline, growth, resources exist; his ideal was sought in natures originally strong and magnetic, mellowed, ripened, made self-intelligent by experience without losing their freshness. Now one of the fallacies in vogue, is that all boys and girls become men and women, whereas but a small portion, viz: those originally of exuberant natures, ever attain to manhood and womanhood as these terms are understood by the philosopher. It was deep souls—sentiment made clear and strong through the ordeal of life, that he delighted to elucidate; a woman, to his consciousness, was not a mere plaything, charmer or graceful companion, but a physical and moral individuality, moulded by sorrow or aspiration, or sacrifice, or will, into a living inspiration and consolation; he prized the ripe fruit more than the opening flower as a subject for analysis—for the simple reason that it afforded so much more real substance and nutriment to mind and heart, to thought and passion. “*La femme,*” it has been truly said, “*a trouvé à coup son naturaliste; elle lui a donné le secret de ses joies et de ses misères; il dissequa le cœur de la femme; nous montre dans leur exquise et parfaite essence les adorables qualités qui la distinguent.*” It has been facetiously declared that he invented the woman of thirty as a material for romance; it would be more exact to say, that wishing to develop the most profound elements of attraction, he selected an age when life and nature culminated and instinct had worked itself into intelligent and distinct sentiment and character. By thus adopting women who had reached the meridian of their days, he doubtless created a kind of fashion in gallantry, ac-

ording to the Parisian mode; but he also opened a new vista to the careless eye, and incited to more earnest recognition the student of society and human nature; it was the fashion to admire women of a certain age as it was to furnish rooms in a special manner—both a la Balzac; but the rage of the hour did not cancel the obligations of the sex as they did those of the upholsterer; for Balzac, by so vividly portraying the life of the heart in its vigorous maturity of emotion, gave to love itself a new dignity, to experience a higher significance, and to woman an interest vainly sought for in less penetrating writers.

It is not that Balzac omitted the dark and perverted side of female character; on the contrary, no author has more unscrupulously exhibited its selfish passion and its heartless intrigue; he has placed woman in such incongruous moral positions as to revolt the best instincts of humanity,—causing a model of purity to offer herself as a sacrifice for the good of her family, and an unloving wife to simulate long devotion and sympathy merely to ward off the influence of another of her sex. It is the allowance he makes for circumstances, the tenderness he has for true love, and the references of womanly errors to the perversion of naturally self-sacrificing instincts rather than wilful depravity—which made him so long regarded as a psychological champion of the sex. A woman, one of the most remarkable of modern France,\* has given us her impressions of him at the critical moment when he was recognized by the few, but ignored as an original man of letters by fashion. She was first struck with his egotism, but found it justified by the wonderful clearness and vigor of his ideas; he talked of his writings, related the story not yet elaborated, asked for advice of those incapable of giving it; but in all this Madame Dudevant admits he was a *naïf et bon enfant*. One fine morning, after he had disposed of the *Peau de Chagrin*, on favorable terms, she tells us he took a disgust to his now humble quarters, and was on the point of giv-

\*Mme. George Sand. *Histoire de ma Vie*. Tome XI., Chap. 28.

ing them up, but, upon second thought, determined to refurnish and transform them into "un assemblage de boudoirs de Marquise" and invite his friends, herself among them, to eat ices in rooms hung with silk and bordered with lace. This amused George Sand, who took it for a caprice, not understanding how such *vaine lûze* could gratify a manly taste; but she soon discovered that what she calls Balzac's coquetry of imagination was the tyrant of his life to which he sacrificed even the most indispensable necessities. She sums up his qualities with concise emphasis;—"at once weak and powerful, envious of a *bibelot*, but never of a reputation, sincere even to modesty, confident of himself and in others, communicative, frank, very *bon* and very foolish—with an interior sanctuary of reasons where he withdrew to triumph—a cynic in chastity, intemperate as a water-drinker, given to excess only in work, to temperance in all things besides, exact and romantic at the same time, credulous and skeptical, full of contradictions, of mysteries: even when young he tormented his friends with the incessant study of himself." It is obvious that to draw from such a variety of qualities an harmonious portrait is impossible; after he rose to fame the nature of Balzac was compared by his readers to "a sea"—on account of the extent and versatility, the ceaseless action and numerous aspects of his mind; and his style from its distinct and permanent moulding, was called bronze; these two metaphors illustrate the characteristic forces of his genius—extent of scope as to theme and association, and hard, well-defined, finish of expression. To the former we ascribe his habit of connecting every topic which interested him with such infinite relations; to him each fact was linked with a thousand others; il était, said one of his intimates, l'être encyclopédique par déraison et par excellence.

Comparatively uneventful as was the external life of Balzac, it was none the less a reflex of his genius: he inherited an original vein and rare moral energy from his father, a distinguished citizen as well as able official of whom his daughter says—"mon père tenait à la fois de

Montaigne, de Rabelais et de l'oncle Toby par sa philosophie, son originalité et sa bonté:" from his mother, besides a life-long and devoted love that kept vigils not only at his cradle, but over his dying bed, he equally derived "une rare vivacité d'esprit et d'imagination, une activité infatigable, et une grande fermeté de décision:" each scene of his experience yielded him the materials whereof he subsequently constructed his works, and no master of fiction labored on a more genuine basis of knowledge; the scenery of his native province was as dear as it was vivid to his mind; the priests who ministered at his childhood's altar, furnished the originals of the ecclesiastics he so minutely portrayed; his brief study of law enabled him to describe with such precision the process and the legal possibilities incident to a bankruptcy in *César Bortrateau*; much of his experience as a student is embodied in *Louis Lambert*: enthusiasm for Scott led him at first to adventure in historical romance; the study of Dante to write the *Proscrits*, and of legislation, *Marcus*; the improvisations of *Villemain*, *Guizot* and *Cousin* early initiated him into the rhetoric and logic of philosophy; the alternation from a luxurious country home to a meagre chamber in the metropolis, long wrestling with debt and privation, obscurity and disappointment, disciplined him to patience and the true revelation of the battle of life. His affectionate and frank correspondence with his sister permits us to trace, step by step, the fierce ordeal, the intrepid experiments, the doubts, hopes, fears and triumphs of his literary career as realized by his own consciousness; *la grenier a sa poesie*, he prophetically wrote and proved; in Paris, in the provinces and on journeys to Savoy, Sardinia, Corsica, Germany, Italy and Saint Petersburg, he was gleaning the fruits of keen observation—to be analysed and transformed by the hand of art: *partout* says his sister, *il étudie, villes, villages, campagnes, habitants, recueillant les mots qui peignent un caractère ou resument une situation. Il appelait fort trivialement l'album où consignait tout ce qu'il entendait de remarquable, son garde-manger.*

A striking illustration of Balzac's hardihood, enterprise and philosophy was his first dramatic experiment. With a renown in one department of literature, such as his, to enter the lists of Parisian playwrights with zeal and confidence was as bold as imprudent; for months he abandoned his suburban retreat, worked in a lodging near the theatre, attended rehearsals, corrected, revised, discussed points with managers and actors, gave rise to a fever of expectation, and made a decided failure, which he bore with remarkable equanimity. The undertaking provoked a storm of critical abuse. "A-t-on bien nommé M. de Balzac comme l'auteur de cette œuvre de désolation, de barbarie et d'ineptie?" asked the *Journal des Débats*. "Si vous saviez comme cela est une grande misère d'assister à la rapide dégradation d'un homme qui a été le plus bel esprit de son siècle, pendant huit jours!" Yet after the condemnation of *Vautrin*, a friend found the author at Jardies, feverish but calm, improvising a speculation whereby a dairy, a vegetable garden, a vineyard and nut-tree should yield twenty thousand francs per annum, and thus atone for the loss of his anticipated profits from the unfortunate dramatic venture. "*Le Faiseur*" is a striking protest against the speculative mania, the egotism of money which has transformed French character within a few years by the simultaneous development of luxury and avarice; and proves what the author could do on the stage.

St. Beuve, one of the most philosophical of French critics, is remarkable for defining the historical relation of each author whose claims he expounds; having written the luminous series of essays on the literature of France in the columns of a daily journal, he was naturally led to connect the successive developments of systems, modes of thought, styles of composition, and forms of popular taste with the events and the spirit of the times in which they flourished. He remarks that Balzac in 1799 was fifteen years of age at the fall

of the Empire,—a young man under the Restoration, he beheld its entire course from the best point and period of observation, and considered the nineteenth century as his subject.\* Every page confirms this suggestion.

Some of the most evanescent yet characteristic shades of life and manners, some of the least considered yet significant facts—social, local, and individual, specialités of costumes, traits of domestic economy, tendencies of thought and modification of feeling, were sagaciously caught up and emphatically recorded by this indefatigable literary artist; so that even a philosophical historian might glean the most curious details from his novels whereby to illustrate the actual state of life and manners. Others have observed and described the outline and the prominent figures, but Balzac went behind and within what struck the eye; his investigation was original and penetrating; he appropriated what eluded less acute and careful scrutiny.

The earliest fruits of his pen, comparatively neglected as they are, herald distinctly both the scope and the intensity of his genius; how love may draw together a noble but reckless and cruel nature and a gentle, pious soul—regenerating the former, is elucidated in "*Argon*;" in what manner two entirely diverse species of love may simultaneously combat and merge in an honest and aspiring nature, is unfolded, with the keenest insight of a metaphysician in *Jane le Pale*, the whole moral incongruity involved in a marriage de convenance is exhibited in *Don Gigadas*, and a psychological theory of the vital principle evolved in *Le Centenaire*. Comparing the first and the mature emanations of this most prolific and concentrated intelligence, we can understand Balzac's own confession: "*Des mon enfance je pénétrais les choses avec une sensibilité telle que c'était comme une lame fine qui m'entraînait à chaque instant dans le cœur.*" St. Beuve therefore justly accords to Balzac the moral delineation—authentic and complete of three epochs—or rather of their types in

human character,—the duchesses and viscountesses of the Empire, the genre bourgeois crowned with the triumph of the revolution of 1830, and *la femme de trente ans*. He notes the electric recognition of his artistic power which made Rastignac, duchesses de Langeois and de Manfrigneur and furniture à la Balzac—the rage at once in Venice, Piedmont, Hungary, Poland and Russia.

The profound cognizance of provincial life and character, scenes and sentiment exhibited by Balzac is, in no small degree, to be ascribed to the vividness of his youthful impressions. No one of a sympathetic temper can visit Tours without thinking of the boy who “father of the man” there unconsciously gained the reflective and observant habit which in the metropolis expanded to a profound study. Tours is built upon a plain, and the adjacent country is not without distinctive beauty; its cathedral, hospitals, botanic garden, library and fourteen churches, announce to the stranger those privileges usually found in continental towns which have long been the abode of church dignitaries. It is approached by avenues of trees, and its bridge which spans the Loire, is a noble structure. The silk manufacture, once the great resource of the people, is its principal industrial feature; here Charles Martel defeated the Saracens in 732; and here, before the Revolution, was the capital of Touraine. The river—that natural object which ever associates itself with the local memories of poets—from the old Virgilian glory of the Mincio to the new American fame of the Hudson,—beside which Balzac mused or sported in boyhood, is endeared to us by poor Goldsmith's flute and frugality. The Loire, indeed, is not only the largest river in France but second to none in the charm of its commercial adjuncts and historical associations. The levees along its borders from Angers to Orleans is considered one of the grandest public works in France; it was the stipulated boundary on the other side of which the army retired after the battle of Waterloo,

—and was thence called “the army of the Loire.” The quays afford one kind of local inspiration; the venerable towers of St. Martin's Abbey another; in the library are some very ancient manuscripts; the climate is so mild, the vicinity so picturesque, the cost of living so moderate and the society so desirable, that Tours was long regarded as one of the best places in France for a healthful and economical residence. Herein we find many auspicious influences in the early associations of Balzac; but his own testimony as to the attractions of the region and the character of its inhabitants give us the best idea of their mutual influence upon his development. An episode of one of his tales, contains a discriminating picture of his native province:

“La mollesse de l'air, la beauté du climat, une certaine facilité d'existence, et la bonhomie des mœurs y étouffent bientôt le sentiment des arts, y rétrécissent le plus vaste cœur, y corrodent la plus tenace des volontés. Transplantez le Touranseau. Ses qualités se développent et produisent de grandes choses, ainsi que l'ont prouvé, dans les sphères d'activité les plus diverses, Rabelais et Semblancey; Plantin l'imprimeur, et Descartes; Boucicault le Napoléon de son temps, et Pinaigrier qui peignit la majeure partie des vitraux dans les Cathédrales, puis Verville et Courier. Ainsi le Touranseau si remarquable au dehors, chez lui demeure comme l'Indien sur sa natte, comme la Turc sur son divan. Il emploie son esprit à se moquer de son voisin, à se rejouir et arrive au bout, de la vie heureux. Quant à la fainéantise, elle est sublime et admirablement exprimée par ce diction populaire. Touranseau, veux-tu de la soupe? Oui—apporte ton écuelle? Je n'ai plus faim. Fussiez vous ambitieux comme l'était Napoleon, ou poète comme l'était Byron, une force inouïe invincible, vous obligerait à garder vos poésies pour vous, et à convertir en rêves vos projets ambitieux.”\*

Before railways had facilitated travel

\* *Scenes de la Vie de Province. L'Illustré Gaudissart.*

in France, the stranger was often detained against his will in some inland town. In perambulating the streets and looking up at the gloomy facades of the larger dwellings, catching glimpses of a lonely garden, noting an old *militaire* playing dominoes in the *café*, or a dowager in rusty silk on her way to mass, the quiet, monotony and vestiges of noble or historical interest, have perhaps led him to muse of the disparity between provincial life and that of the capital, of the social effects of centralization, and of the quaint forms of character and pensive shades of experience which the limited and reminiscent existence of those sequestered places must engender. The early chapters of the *Memoirs of Chateaubriand* and *Lamartine* give quite a definite idea of the external conditions, which environ the higher class; their family pride, their political associations, their formal reunions, and the exclusive interest thus fostered. But it was reserved for Balzac to penetrate the obscurity and reveal the details of provincial life in France, and make them the frame of the most individual and precise, even metaphysical diagnosis. In *Eugene Grandet* and other *Scenes de la vie de Province*, we have such minute and yet, at the same time, such generalized and emphatic photographs that we seem to have participated both in the outward circumstances and the isolated consciousness. The coincidence of love and rural life have often been illustrated by poets; the effect of nature and solitude upon sentiment is proverbial; in the *Lys dans la Vallée*, however objectionable in plot, how exquisitely is the tenderness born of meditation and affection brought out! *Pere Goriot* is a kind modern *Lear*, whose pathetic image once known, haunts the memory; in the *Medecin de Campagne*, Christian morality is displayed in a touching light. *La Femme Abandonnée*, *La Femme de Trente Ans*, *La Grenadier*, *Les Celibataires* and *Les Illusions Perdues* are like highly finished cabinet pictures vivid with the latent spirit of subtle humanity. It is not merely the central figure, it is the atmosphere, nor this alone, but the

problem which makes Balzac's stories so impressive. The scene is furnished by elaborate study; thus in *Balthazar Claes*, we have the programme of the science of chemistry as full and authentic as might be found in an Encyclopedia; we have a complete detail of Flemish life and art; the interiors so prized by amateurs are not more correct than Balzac's description; and all this positive knowledge historical, local and scientific, is but incidental to the inward life of an ideal enthusiast, noble even in his improvidence and self-absorption, and a self-devoted woman angelic in her patience and her faith. In the *Peau de Chagrin* the truth that intensity of life diminishes its duration is most ingeniously unfolded; and its value is singularly illustrated on the eve of suicide by the association roused in the old Curiosity shop into which the desperate youth accidentally enters to find symbols of all history crowded together. In "*Cousin Pons*," the enjoyments of a virtuoso, the statistics of picture-dealing, the life of the orchestra, are among the subjects unfolded incidentally, and with thorough information and acuteness.

Consider the immense scope on the one hand and the microscopic truth on the other of these creations. In "*Un Grand Homme de Province à Paris*," we have an exposition of the philosophy of authorship, of the system of theatrical and literary criticism, of journalism, of aspiration and conformity in writers, of the relation of money to art, of the actress to the author, of the publisher to the poet, the moral and economical facts of all these phases of Paris life being emphatically nomenclated; and the motto "*soyez dur et spirituel*" proved the essential of artistic success. In *L'Enfant Maudit*, we have an equally authenticated diagnosis of the inward experience of baffled powers and concentrated affection; in "*Lecamus*," an historical theme is illustrated with the utmost care, after the manner of Scott—Catherine de Medicis, Marie Stuart, Guise, Condé and the Huguenot persecution with the manners, costume and local traits of their times are fully re-produced. The play

of *Mercadet* is as absolute an exposé of the tricks and crises of speculation, brokerage and bankruptcy as if the author had passed his life on 'change. "*Les Paysans*" unfolds the old and new relations of the peasantry and land owners and the peculiar forms of French country life with the details of a logical overseer. *Ursule Mirouet* may be called a scientific romance of mesmerism and exposition of the French law of Inheritance, while in "*Les Celibataires*" the philosophy and even the physiology of ungratified affections are so actual in the representation, that we seem to experience how, according to the author "la vie habituelle fait l'âme, et l'âme fait la physionomie:" in the *Medecin de Campagne*, what benign political economy, what devotion of a bereaved heart! industry, health, personal resources through these miraculously yet naturally surmount the degradation of an humble bourgeois pres de la Grande Chartreuse; whoever desires to understand French administrative and bureaucratic habits, will find them revealed minutely in "*Les Employes*." Thus the most practical and the most abstract, the common functions of the peculiar *metier*, the familiar and the scientific, the world of sense, of affairs, of manners, of art, of society, of domesticity, of history, of the strictest individuality, of the coarsest need and the most refined sentiment—find their interpreter in Balzac. And be it remembered this is independent of the incident, the character, and the spirited comments with which are interwoven all these political, social and moral studies. We have noted some of his characters, we have recorded a few of his themes; let us open his books at random and select a few expressions of opinion or fancy, which occur so casually as to be detached without confusion from the text: they often read as if gleaned from a philosophical treatise instead of a novel:

Les erreurs de la femme viennent presque toujours de sa croyance au bien ou de sa confiance dans le vrai.

\* \* \* \* \*

Il avait reçu l'épouvantable éducation

de ce monde où (Paris) les bons mots assassinent les plus grandes idées, où l'on ne passe pour fort qu'autant que l'on voit juste; et là voir juste, c'est ne croire à rien, ni aux sentiments, ni aux hommes, ni même à événements; on y fait de faux événements.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dans la vie morale aussi bien que dans la vie physique, il existe une aspiration et une respiration; l'âme a besoin d'absorber les sentiments d'une autre âme, de les assimiler pour les lui restituer plus riches. Sans ce beau phénomène humain, point de vie au cœur: l'air lui manque alors, il souffre et dépérit.

Eugene Grandet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Il a donc existé, il existera donc de tout temps des espèces sociales comme il y a des espèces zoologiques. Les différences entre un soldat, un ouvrier, un administrateur, un avocat, un oisif, un marin, un savant, un homme d'Etat, un commerçant, un poète, un mendiant, un prêtre, sont, quoique plus difficiles à saisir, aussi considérables que celles qui distinguent le loup, le lion, l'âne, le corbeau, etc.

Avant-Propos de *Scènes de la Vie Privée*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Le hasard est le plus grand romancier du monde.

\* \* \* \* \*

à l'exemple des grandes âmes, elle mettait son luxe dans la force des sentiments, comme elle plaçait sa félicité dans la solitude et le travail.

La Vendetta.

\* \* \* \* \*

Si l'écrivain, semblable à un chirurgien pres d'un ami mourant, s'est pénétré d'une espèce de respect pour le sujet qu'il maniait, pourquoi le lecteur ne partagerait-il pas ce sentiment inexplicable?

Madam Firmiani.

\* \* \* \* \*

Le reproche d'immoralité qui n'a jamais

failli à l'écrivain courageux, est d'ailleurs le dernier, etc.

Si vous êtes vrai dans vos peintures, si à force de travaux diurnes et nocturnes, vous parvenez à écrire la langue la plus difficile du monde, on vous jette alors le mot immoral à la face.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pour les medecins philosophes adonnés à l'étude de la folie, cette tendance à collectionner est un premier degré d'alienation mentale, quand elle se porte sur petites choses.

\* \* \* \* \*

On trouve toujours ce qu'on ne cherche pas.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh ! tissoner (poke the fire) quand on aime, n'est-ce-pas développer matériellement sa pensée !—quatre jours après l'aventure—laissant ainsi les pensées d'une vertueuse jeune femme se cristalliser.

\* \* \* \* \*

Le rout—cette froide revue du luxe, ce défilé d'amours-propres en grand costume, est une de ces inventions anglaises qui tendent à *mecaniser* les autres nations.

\* \* \* \* \*

Il n'y a rien plus terrible que la revolte d'un mouton.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dans les familles, les humeurs, les caractères, l'esprit, le genie, reparaissent à des grandes intervalles, absolument comme ce qu'on appelle les maladies hereditaires.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Rastignac*—il hesitait jusqu'au dernier moment, mais il les lance dans la boîte en disant—je réussirai mot fataliste qui perd plus d'hommes qu'il n'en sauve—le mot du jouer, du grand capitaine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sa vue morale avait la portée lucide de ses yeux de lynx.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Ras*.—quand un meridional sait unir la fourberie du nord à l'audace d'outré Loire, il est complet et reste roi de Suede.

\* \* \* \* \*

Il n'y a pas des principes, il n'y a que des événements ; il n'y a pas des lois, il n'y a pas des circonstances pour les conduire.

*Vautrin in Pere Goriot.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Ou comme sur un champ de bataille, tuer pour ne pas être ; tué tromper pour ne pas être trompé ; où il devait déposer à la barriere sa conscience, son cœur, mettre un masque, se jouer sans pitié des hommes et comme le Lacédémone saisir sa fortune sans être vue pour enchiter la couronne.

\* \* \* \* \*

Un des privileges de la bonne ville de Paris, c'est qu'on peut y naitre, y vivre, y mourir sans personne fasse attention à vous. La vie—c'est l'argent.

\* \* \* \* \*

Il faut que l'esprit moqueur soit un des plus impérieux besoins de la France.

\* \* \* \* \*

En France, ce qu'il y a de plus national, est la vanité.

\* \* \* \* \*

De toutes les blessures, celles que font la langue et l'œil, la moquerie et le dedain sont incurables.

\* \* \* \* \*

Malheureusement cette corruption cachée sous une excessive élégance se paraît d'un esprit voltarien.

\* \* \* \* \*

Le moyen de ne rien obtenir est de demander quelquechose.

\* \* \* \* \*

Le Code Civil de Napoléon a tué les parchemins comme le canon avait déjà tué la feodalité.



Indeed, Balzac, in his best vein, carries on two distinct and parallel achievements—he works out still-life, or external circumstances, with an authenticity amounting to science, and, at the same time, he keeps in view the mental process going on in the chief personage introduced; he makes us see and feel simultaneously. His novels are the result of the most careful study of outward conditions and of inward emotion; he aims to reproduce both; he is a teacher on the one hand communicating facts, and a clairvoyant on the other reporting psychological phenomena. In Eugene Grandet avarice is the quality not only shown up but analysed; in Seraphina mysticism, in Pere Goriot—what the phrenologist might call exalted philoprogenitiveness; yet in each there is a relative interest and meaning independent of what may be called the theme;—in the latter work, for instance, how thoroughly the average life, economy and characters of French pension are exhibited! His delicacy of apprehension is marvellous; doubtless many of his pictures are extravagant, many of his descriptions too elaborately minute; yet as an observer how subtle, as an analyst of passion and feeling how profound! The entire economy of death—that is, all that law and custom exacts in reference to sepulture in Paris, from the instant of expiration to the last sod levelled at at Pere la Chaise, are philosophically described in “Madame Jules;” he studied botany to write *le Lys dans la Vallée*; “Je me plongeai,” he says, “dans le panthéisme naturel comme un païen;” and this expression leads us to note another trait of his authorship; when the materials were thus conscientiously gathered and the characters thus intensely defined in his conception, he wrought out the whole with a concentrated earnestness; “il était enivré de son oeuvre,—une nature riche, capricieuse, opulente, pleine d’idées, de types et d’inventions;” and according to another “he was the prey of his work, which carried him like a chariot with four horses.”

Compare with such eulogies from discriminating admirers, the view taken of

his genius by a leading Paris journal in allusion to the second act of his unsuccessful play. “Nous voici tout à l’heure dans le plus grand monde, dans ce monde que M. de Balzac a découvert. Il en est à la fois l’inventeur, l’architecte, la marchande de modes, le tapisseur, le parfumeur, le coiffeur, la maîtresse de piano et l’usurier. Il a fait ce monde tout ce qu’il est. C’est lui qui l’endort sur des canapés des posés tout exprès pour le sommeil et pour l’adulterie; c’est lui qui courbe ses femmes sans le même malheur; c’est lui qui achète à crédit les chevaux, les bijoux et les habits de tous ce beaux fils sans estomac, sans argent et sans coeur adorable, lui vous explique enpartée le succès éphémère de ce romancier.”

Balzac’s career and genius are full of anomalies; thus, while one of the most prolific of modern authors, he declared himself without a natural facility for penwork; and his style remained crude longer than with less practised writers; with a strong tendency to literature as a profession, he was impelled thereto by no earnest love of a special topic or inquiry; it is stated that when he was twenty-three he had issued six novels; and without being at all deficient in self-esteem, he so far justly estimated his his early works as to designate the result of the first seven years of authorship as “essays in the apprenticeship of fiction;” probably the consciousness of this led him to continue so long the use of the anonymous; part of these labors were achieved under the pressure of indigence, part were the fruit of inauspicious contracts: throughout this experimental era he manifested the same incongruous union of luxurious tastes with resolute purpose, and the same delight in labor and reaction to morbid discouragement from over-work, which marked his more famous days. “Le Dernier Chouan” was the first romance to which he affixed his name; it appeared in 1829; *La Vendée* was written amid the scenes it describes, and its fidelity was soon recognised; the “Physiologie du Mariage” awakened public notice to his acute and independent manner of observation and in

ence; "La Peau de Chagrin," in 1831, confirmed his fame; and this success probably inspired him with one of the most elaborate conceptions which ever filled the brain of a novelist—the entire illustration, by analytical narrative, of the social life of France; a design which, under the title of "Comédie Humaine," he completed to the extent of portraying, with more or less unity, in various degrees of finish, and especially with an extraordinary freedom from repetition, no less than three hundred characters,—several of which have become acknowledged types and original masterpieces, ranging from the isolated purity of *Eugène Grandet* to the economical wisdom of *Caesar Borgia*, from the ideal sentiment of *Le Lys dans la Vallée* to the scientific enthusiasm of *Balthazar Claes* and the tragic self-devotion of *Père Goriot*. If too special and full at times for the patience of the unthinking, he is rarely careless in reasoning; if he offends by the cynicism and grossness of one picture, he ravishes with the delicacy and sweetness of another; if progressive theorists are repelled by his want of system and a particular moral, philosophic minds admire the integrity with which he explores, dissects, and defines the facts of society and of life—undisturbed by any personal object or ostensible creed. To complete the singular antithesis of his fortune, when the "Médecin de Campagne," in 1835, elicited a letter from the Countess of Hanska—and a long subsequent correspondence, and the death of her husband in 1848, made Balzac a rich and beloved as well as intellectually appreciated husband—a heart disease, aggravated by mental toil and excessive use of coffee,—at the height of his literary activity, fame, fortune and happiness, terminated his life: and the works

that for so many years afforded him but a precarious subsistence, as appears by a recent paragraph from a Paris journal, became a source of wealth.\* When from his newly arranged earthly paradise near the *Champs Elysées*, from his luxuries of art, his domestic content, his earnest but genial cogitation and his ripening fame, an immense cortege followed the remains of Balzac to Père la Chaise, Victor Hugo, over his grave called him the "Dupretyen en de la nature morale;" and declared that "il fouille le vice, il dissectionne la passion, il creuse, il sonde l'homme, l'âme le cœur, les entrailles, il a intitulé Comédie ce qu'il auroit intitulé Histoire, que prend tous les formes et tous les styles de passe Tacite et va jusqu'à Suetone, qui trouvera Beaumarchais et va jusqu'à Rabelais,—toutes les réalités brusquement et largement déchirées et le plus tragique idéal!" And the memoir of him in the *Nouvelle Biographie Universelle*, after recognising all these traits and endowments, judiciously adds that Balzac lacked "un idéal élevé, une règle suprême capable de contenir et de diriger les riches facultés dont la nature l'avait donné."

That the peculiar gifts of Balzac were independent of any morbid love of the corrupt scenes of Paris life, wherein he so often expatiated like a professor of the microscope—to the detriment of his own health, noting the minute aspect of diseased humanity, for the good of science, is obvious from the fact that the same consummate analysis and precise observation is manifest in his diagnosis of the calm and simple routine of existence in the campaign and the province, in the quaint domestic seclusion of Flanders and the narrow circles of Saumur. But the whole subject of morality in literary art is imperfectly understood and superficial.

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\* The lawsuit between the widow of BALZAC and his publisher recently came before the Civil Court at Paris. It appears from the pamphlet, "*Balzac en Pantoufles*," that he was always in difficulties, and it was thought a great bit of luck, his marriage with a "Russian Princess." The luck was all on the lady's side, as it is only since he died that his pen has turned out profitable. The last five years have produced one hundred and eighty thousand francs. The cheap edition, in forty volumes, at one franc, brought one thousand francs per volume to the widow.

ally treated; "poor but pious," was the questionable character once given by a reviewer to a volume of poems; "*safe* family reading," is the stereotyped advertisement of a publisher; and the old fashioned notion that the moral of a story must be formally appended like that in the children's *Esop*, or exactly worked out by punishing the wicked and rewarding the good, is still prevalent. Christian ethics go deeper. The highest and most searching moral lesson conveyed by poet or painter, is the revelation of what human nature is capable of and liable to in its aspirations, heroism, grief and remorse; outward formulas of right and wrong, sermonising on vice, making virtue prosperous in a story, are but tame expedients compared to the unveiling of those infinite possibilities of good and evil, of suffering and serenity innate in the moral constitution of man. Who questions the sublime morality of Milton's conception of Satan, or Shakespeare's of Macbeth? It is not what they incur directly, but what they exhibit of inexhaustible and perverted greatness, which makes the picture desolate and those who contemplate it wiser and better. All psychological writers

are inevitably, to a certain extent moral; because they make us feel the vastness of the interests at stake in the struggle, the blandishments and the mysteries of life; and in this regard, Balzac, compared to his *confreres*, is like a seer among jugglers, or a prophet in the midst of bachelors; for the consciousness from which he lifts the veil, haunts us with a sense of solemn meaning through voluptuous scenes, or dark intrigue of the beings whose miserable life-drama is but a camera-obscura on which is shadowed an intense inward experience. Often, in such instances, the moral is quite other than a cold scrutiny discovers—it is involved in the knowledge we acquire of sensibilities, desires, affinities which react from perversion and give the most terrible warnings—through imagination and sympathy. A common-place story-teller, however unexceptionable, makes no permanent impression whatever; a scientific and intensely vivid limner of life and character, by revealing their latent depths and unscaled heights, teaches the greatest of all lessons to humanity—how low she may fall, and how high she can soar.

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#### FROM METASTASIO.

The waters of the sea go freely under  
 The girding land and rising, tear asunder  
 The woven soil of valleys and of mountains,  
 To run in rivers and to shine in fountains;  
 But they are discontent and sad and ever  
 With groaning and with murmuring endeavor  
 To wend them back to their mother ocean,  
 With a most constant and most true devotion.

## THE THUGS,

*Their Origin, Character, Tenets, Religious Observances, and Modes of Life; to which is appended the Story of Rahman and Ferraya:*

BY A TRAVELLER.

In the whole range of Oriental research, so fraught with wonder and interest to the European traveller, there is probably no subject of deeper and stronger fascination than that which attaches to the Thugs. This race, though widely diffused over one of the most densely populated regions of the globe, and claiming, probably with justice, the highest antiquity, were half a century ago almost unheard of—though belonging nominally to every rank, caste, and religion of India, yet strangely bound together by a unity of purpose, character and affection, such as no other clan or brotherhood has ever known. Though dwelling apparently as peace-loving citizens in the midst of their species, they are yet the sworn foes of the whole human race; and to destroy a fellow-mortal, would not shrink from becoming the cold-blooded murderers of parent, brother or child, if not a “brother in the good work,” or an “adopted child” of their horrible divinity, the goddess *Bhowanie*.

This strange sect call themselves “Brethren of the good Work;” but they are more generally known to others by the epithets of *Phansigars* (strangers) and *Thugs* (deceivers;) from the words *phansna*, to strangle and *thugna*, to deceive. They boast of an antiquity coeval with the creation; and strenuously maintain that their order has never been either extinct or retrograde in its march; but that it has gone on from time immemorial steadily increasing in numbers, influence and intelligence; and that now its numerous bands are scattered far and wide, over thousands of miles, from the snow-clad peaks of the Himalaya Mountains to the coast of the Malabar, and from the banks of the Irrawaddie to the Gulf of Cambay; numbering among its tens of thousands of adherents, alike the Brahmin and the Pariah, the haughty Rajah and the despised Poleah, the Hin-

doo and the Mohammedan, setting at naught all difference of language, creed, and position, and uniting its members under the same dark, fearful oath, into one sworn band of brothers, whose ends, aims, and interests are one; one in life, in death, and in future rewards.

By far the larger proportion of the Thugs are trained to their murderous vocation from early childhood; and are carefully instructed in its duties by a *Guru*, himself a retired Thug. A considerable number of persons, however, annually enter the lists as candidates for membership in this secret order of “brethren of the good work.” When thus received, they are for a long while carefully watched, being first employed only as decoys or guardsmen, then as grave-diggers, and not until after long trial and well attested fidelity are they received into full fellowship, and entrusted with the more delicate and difficult portion of the work, together with the knowledge of the signals, and slang phrases by which the company communicate with each other, without the slightest danger of being understood by the uninitiated. The investiture with the handkerchief is the ceremony that inducts either a new member or juvenile novitiate fully into the ranks, and places him on terms of perfect equality with the “brethren of the good work.” This is always performed in the presence of the whole gang, any one of whom is at liberty to object to the reception of the new candidate; and as the investiture can never take place but by unanimous vote, it comes naturally enough to be regarded as the highest possible testimony to the skill, bravery, and fidelity of the individual thus honoured. As such, it is looked forward to with intense anxiety by the candidate during the whole period of his novitiate; and is at last welcomed as the very topmost stone in the

temple of fame, and the crowning bliss of his most joyous day-dream—the *ne plus ultra* of human blessedness.

But though, as before stated, the Thugs belong to every caste and religion in India, their connection with these is merely nominal or external, and is maintained only in order to avert suspicion. Had they no ostensible vocation, or were they to forsake the caste or faith of the families in which they were born, or the occupation to which they have been accustomed, it would of course attract public attention, and might lead to investigations by no means favourable to the interests of this secret fraternity. There is therefore, never any *avowed* renunciation of creed or association, in order to become members of the Phansigars; but only a secret connection with the latter, and outwardly the same nominal sympathy with the former as before. But whatever may have been the previous habits, modes of thinking, or forms of worship, from the time one becomes the disciple of *Bhowanie*, this imperial goddess is thenceforth the sole object of his adoration. From that moment he knows no laws but those of *Bhowanie*, no family or fellowship but that of the “brethren of the good work,” no luxury but the taking of human life, and no compact but for death and destruction. To the requirements of his bloody mistress he yields on all occasions unhesitating obedience; her will is the law of his existence; and he shrinks from no act of violence, no immolation of even his dearest friends or closest kindred that may serve to satisfy the longings of this blood-thirsty divinity.

Second only to this devotion to *Bhowanie*, is the attachment of the Thugs to their associates in “the good work.” Bound together by the most solemn oath, the common agents of the same dark, invisible power, the blinded devotees of the same cruel superstition, and pledged to the same priesthood of destruction, they will uphold each other under the most fearful odds; and succour a fellow Phansigar at the sacrifice of all ties—fame, family, fortune, country, and even life itself. The one end and aim

for which they live, is to destroy the lives of others, “to make corpses of living beings,” to glut the fiendish appetite of the fierce *Bhowanie* by pouring out upon her gory altar, one continued libation of the life-blood of human beings. This is her only requirement, and they propitiate her favour just in proportion to their devotion and success in their murderous vocation. The desire of *booty* is altogether *secondary*—a very pleasant accessory no doubt, as the Thugs like the rest of the human family, probably love money and the sensual pleasures that cannot be purchased without it; but it forms no part of the motive that incites to their fierce warfare against human life. This is true at least of the more disinterested and conscientious portion of the strange fraternity; though there may be, as in other associations, sordid minds that love money above everything else, and that follow any trade only to obtain it. Neither do they kill from revenge, envy, malice, or any desire to injure; but rather to benefit. It is also true, that in the perpetual priesthood of death, this ceaseless warring against life, *they claim large merit*, and they contend that even the victim himself, if able to speak from the grave into which they have thrown him, would acknowledge the benefit of the blow that had terminated the wearings, wastings, sorrows and trials, and cares of life, in “one dreamless sleep that knows no waking.”

They say that *Bhowanie* was present at the Creation, and foreseeing the many trials with which life must be attended ever, she remonstrated with Brahma, the Creative Power, concerning the cruelty of thus bringing beings into existence only to suffer, and that she earnestly endeavoured to dissuade him from the adoption of a system for the perpetuation of the human race by continuous reproduction. But Brahma was not to be moved from his purpose; and the goddess *Bhowanie* touched with compassion at the long train of unmitigated evils that she foresaw would be entailed on man, as the inevitable condition of life, instituted this priesthood of death, and determined by means of a small ban

chosen followers, to extirpate the human family as fast as Brahma should create them. This purpose, she cannot however *fully* accomplish, in consequence of the continued interposition of Vishnu the Preserver, without whose power, *Bhowanie* would long ago have depopulated the earth.

But though *Bhowanie* was in the first instance incited by pity for the sorrows of the human race, to enter upon this bloody work of extermination; in process of time she became exasperated toward man in consequence of his life-preserving instincts, which lead him ever to contend vigorously in life's defence, and make him willing to endure hunger, thirst, poverty, oppression, and every evil, without even hope at the bottom of Pandora's box of calamities, rather than to put an end to all by his own death; and turning contemptuously away, she exclaimed with bitterness, "poor fools! *they shall die at any rate*, and yet they are unworthy of the boon."

Her disciples were instructed to endure life for the sake of their mistress, and from love to "the good work;" and they were promised in return for submission and faithful performance of duty, a paradise of voluptuous enjoyments where "flowers never fade, nor beauteous maidens ever grow old or die;" but both contribute their brightest charms in enhancing or perpetuating the bliss of the faithful adherents of *Bhowanie*. Should these fall in the midst of their career, by the sword of justice or through the hand of the assassin, they meet death calmly and fearlessly, exulting in the martyr's crown that they believe awaits them, and exhorting their companions to fidelity to the end.

The first instrument of destruction adopted by this exterminating goddess, was the knife; but finding that wherever the warm blood flowed out, there a new being sprang into existence to fill the vacancy, *Bhowanie* substituted the present method by means of strangulation, and this has ever since been pursued as the only mode of killing adopted by her faithful followers. It is usually performed by means of a long cord with a

noose at one end, whilst the other end is tied firmly around the waist of the strangler. The noose is thrown with unerring dexterity over the head of the intended victim, and with one hand this is instantly tightened around the neck, whilst by means of a sudden jerk with the other, the captive is thrown violently to the ground, which he scarcely touches before the blackened face and blood-shot eyes, starting from their sockets, proclaim the struggle at an end. As he falls, the Phansigar exclaims: "another offering to *Bhowanie*!" and then, after first sating the appetite for murder, by one long, lingering look at the livid features of the corpse he has made, he proceeds to dispose of the body by burying, and burning over the ground afterwards in order to avoid detection. Among some bands of Thugs, a handkerchief or long strip of cloth is used instead of the rope. When this is the implement, it is soon attached to the girdle, and is kept slightly twisted, with a knot at one end, always ready for use, but it is neither so common nor so easily handled as the noose.

Some of the Thugs, who have of late years been captured by the local authorities, and brought to judgment, affirm that the moments of the most exquisite pleasure they have ever known, have been those in which they gazed on the starting eyes and stiffening limbs of the victims they had just slain; and that the cup of the most maddening joy of which they can conceive, is caused by destroying human life to lay victims upon the gory altar of insatiate *Bhowanie*, whose longings can never be satisfied *while one human being still exists*.

We suppose this frenzied delight in man-slaying, is but a modification of the same feeling that induces the boy to delight in killing flies, drowning kittens, and teasing dogs; and the man of civilized regions in fox-hunting, bird-shooting; horse-races and bull-fights. In the one case, the passion for cruelty is restrained by the influence of Christianity, by public opinion and the strict administration of wise laws; whilst in the other, it is intensified and deepened and widen-

ed by the most desperate fanaticism, and by the constantly increasing conviction that life under the galling yoke of slavery beneath which most of the inhabitants of Asia groan and pant and faint by the wayside, *cannot be a blessing*; whilst he who suddenly cuts asunder the thread that binds to such increasing misery, must be the greatest benefactor of his race. We can readily perceive how such an idea, brooded over from early childhood, inwoven with all the cherished remembrances of youth and early association, and constantly instilled as a religious sentiment, will come to bind itself around the heart, and become part and parcel of the very existence.

Of the fierce malignity with which this bloody work has been performed, and the number of victims thus sacrificed, some idea may be gained from a statement recently made by Colonel Sleeman, in which he says: "I can never forget, that in order to convince me of the truth of the preceding statements, one of these stranglers who had turned informer against his associates, caused to be disinterred from the very spot which my tent covered, no less than thirteen corpses, and offered to exhume, from the surrounding soil a countless number."

Other members of this murderous society acknowledged having made frequent tours with parties of one or two hundred men, over various parts of India, from the Decan to Hydrabad, and from the Mundesoor to Cape Comorin, averaging from ten to twenty victims per diem, and bringing up the number of murders in which a single Phansigar had been personally engaged, to hundreds, in some instances thousands.

Sometimes these bands go disguised as pilgrims, pretending to be journeying toward the Ganges, the source of the Jumna, or some other sacred spot. Sometimes they sit as religious mendicants on the road-side, and when a wealthy pilgrim, who desires to "obtain merit" by the bestowal of alms, passes along, they manage, as he halts, by some trick to get behind him, when the fatal noose, always ready, is over his head and around his neck in an instant. Others profess to be

Seapoys in the service of the East India Company, either on leave of absence, or returning to join their regiments; and as such they not unfrequently offer their services as escorts or protectors of a trading caravan, to the point whither they are journeying; and again they will put on the appearance of great poverty, tell a pitiful story of having been robbed by the Thugs, having narrowly escaped with their lives while the attention of the stranglers was engrossed with their less fortunate comrades, and they then beg to be allowed for protection to join themselves to some other party whom they chance to meet. In each case the result is precisely the same—no sooner have the unsuspecting travellers quietly settled themselves for the night, than the deceivers rise from their feigned sleep, treacherously destroy those to whom perhaps but an hour before they had sworn undying friendship, bury the dead bodies out of sight, possess themselves of the treasure, and then pass on their murderous way, utterly remorseless in view of their fiendish plottings indicative of a foul malignity of purpose from which even the arch destroyer himself might shrink away abashed.

Formerly, as they themselves state, they only slew their victims and left the bodies where they were strangled, to be disposed of by *Bhowanie*, who had promised her followers always to carry off the corpses they made, and protect the murderer from detection. This stipulation she faithfully observed until one of her followers, impelled by curiosity, set himself to spy out her movements, in order to ascertain the disposition she made of the bodies, whether they were deposited in graves or borne away to another sphere. Having slain a man in the usual way, the strangler concealed himself in an adjoining thicket and waited patiently the result. In a short time *Bhowanie* appeared, and was about carrying off the corpse, when she espied the treacherous Thug watching her movements with curious, and as she fancied, with suspicious eye. She instantly abandoned her purpose, of removing the

corpse, which she commanded the offender to bury, and then sharply reproving him for his temerity, and sorrowfully telling him she could no longer fulfil her promise of carrying off the corpses her followers made, she vanished from his sight, and never since revisited the earth.

Since then the Phansigars have had to dispose of the bodies of their victims as they could, and hence has arisen the now universal practice of burying them as soon as life is extinct.

This wondrous story of *Bhowanie's* carrying off the bodies, is probably the fabrication of the inventive brain of some wily Brahminical Thug, who by the known fascination of the wild and wonderful over the minds of the ignorant, thus forged a new chain with which to bind down still more strongly the adherents of this bloody creed. Probably the true state of the case is, that in the earlier periods of their history, when the country was less densely populated, when British rule had not yet begun its potent sway, and when the ranks of this cruel brotherhood were not so well filled, and the murders committed by them neither so numerous nor ventured on so openly, that less precaution in the disposal of the corpses was required, and the bodies left in those dense jungles were soon devoured by the wild beasts. But after the conquest of India by the British, which flooded the country with civil and military rulers, and opened new and expensive roads in every quarter, it became more difficult to escape detection; and as the members of the brotherhood were increased, and with the additions to their ranks of course came an increase in the number and in the daring character of their depredations; it was necessary to take new precaution against discovery, and the plan of immediately burying the dead was resorted to, and has ever since been practised. It is doubtless this custom which has enabled them to remain so long unknown, and which renders the discovery of their atrocities next to impossible, unless betrayed by members of their own gang.

\* It was at one period customary to tatoo the name of *Bhowanie* on the upper side

of the left arm of her followers, by slightly puncturing the skin and tracing the characters with a fine needle dipped in the juice of the *abana* root. The characters, at first hardly perceptible, become after the virus has been diffused beneath the skin, of a blood-red colour, and are utterly ineffaceable. But this practice has long been discontinued, as affording to their enemies too plain and irrefragable evidence of their bloody vocation. The handkerchief attached to the girdle or worn about the loins, is now the distinctive symbol of brotherhood in "the good work," though young members are rarely invested with it until the age of twenty. They have also a pass-word which is too frequently changed to become familiar to any who are not in habits of constant consociation. The knowledge of this pass-word is the fullest proof of membership from one not personally known to be a Thug by the members of the fraternity, and without it, it is impossible to obtain admittance to any of their secret assemblies, or participation in their solemn ceremonies. The chief symbol of worship among the Phansigars is a *Khodali* or pick-axe, which is called among the members of the gang, *Nishan-kassi* from *nishan* a sign, and *kassi* any instrument to dig with. The *Nishan-kassi* is also their standard, as well as symbol of worship; and the *Nishan-Walla* or bearer always enjoys some special privileges as perquisites of his office. The highest dignitary in the clan, is the *Jemidar*, who holds this office by virtue of superior rank or wealth in his native village; and he is entitled thereby to one-tenth of the booty, which is taken out, previous to its being regularly divided among the rest. He presides at meetings and festivals, acts as umpire between contending parties, has always the casting vote at elections of officers, reception of propositions from other gangs, &c., and appoints to each member his special duties.

Next to the *Jemidar* in rank, is the *Buttoat* or chief executioner. Of these there may be one or a dozen attached to a company. They are chosen for



their superior strength or cunning, are always sent on the most difficult and dangerous expeditions, and where the murder of a person of superior rank or courage is to be perpetrated, the *Buttoot* by virtue of his office, enjoys the *privilege* of committing it with his own hands, or sending any other agent he pleases. Of course he always prefers the former.

The aged Thugs still retain their connection with the gangs if they wish to do so, even after they are too far superannuated to be able to engage in active service. They are then employed in training the youth of the party, inciting in their minds reverence for the goddess *Bhowanis* and enthusiasm in her service, by the relation of the adventures of the most daring and successful of the members, and the special pleasure derived by their infamous divinity from the destruction of human life. In this way, while causing the ears of their youthful auditors to tingle with these stories of the wild and wonderful, decked out in all the gorgeousness of oriental fancy, and rife with the romance of real life, these aged Phansigars live over again the scenes of their youth, and stay as it were, the progress of life's decline, by imagining themselves again amid the scenes of strife and conquest in which they once engaged and still delight, notwithstanding the growing infirmities of age, and the approach of the tyrant to whom they too must soon lay down their arms. These aged Thugs are called *Guru Bhaws*, and their influence in the gang is very great, especially over the novitiates, who delight in filling the *Gurus'* hookahs, tending them at meals, and performing for them other servile offices.

Sometimes the Thugs start on their predatory excursions in large companies, at others in parties of only one or two, as may seem most desirable with the information they have been able to collect. The younger and more inexperienced Thugs attack solitary travellers, and such as are weak and defenceless; while the stronger portion of the company and the *Buttoot* in particular, confine their efforts

to large and well guarded caravans.

When travelling with a small party on whom they have designs, as soon after dark as they reach a retired portion of the road, the *Jemidar* proposes to halt for a while to smoke or drink, and while thus engaged he inquires of his companions the time of night. All immediately look upward, as if to ascertain by the attitude of the stars, the unsuspecting victims with the rest, and in an instant the noose is over their heads, and ere they are conscious of danger, they are completely suffocated. If the party be a large one, they wait for the completion of their design, till all have retired for the night, and then noiselessly proceed from one to another, while the fatal noose does its rapid work till the ground is strewn with livid and ghastly corpses, in lieu of the cheerful, hopeful company, who perhaps but an hour before gathered there so joyously, and so trustingly betook themselves to their tented beds, to arise, alas! no more.

Sometimes the gang send out a *Tillai* or decoy, to make acquaintances in the Bazaars and on the public thoroughfares, and by smooth words or proffers of service, induce others to accompany them on some long journey, from which the poor deluded travellers are destined never to return. More generally however, they depend entirely on chance to favour their pursuit, and in a country so densely populated as India, among a people of leisurely and migratory habits, where the great thoroughfares are always thronged with travellers for business and pleasure, soldiers and pilgrims, beggars and priests, people of all ranks and classes, these wretched fanatics are seldom at a loss for victims.

The head-quarters of the "brethren of the good work," is Mundesoor, where they meet annually to hold their stated festivals, report progress, and consult together in regard to future depredations. Here, in the shady groves of this pleasant little village, is held the feast of the *Puja*, in which all eat together of the consecrated cakes of their order, after which the *Nishan-kassi* is brought out, bathed and perfumed in Benzoin or

frankincense, and then laid in the open fields, across the way the party intend to travel, where it is closely watched, in order to ascertain whether or not the signs are propitious. If a jackall, a jay, an owl, or an ass moves to the right-hand side of the *Nishan*, the omen is considered favourable, and the journey is prosecuted without delay; but should any of these pass to the left, it forebodes calamity, and the project is forthwith abandoned.

In addition to the annual assembling at Mundesoor, they have also another rendezvous at the temple of Mirzapur, at which the entire priesthood are "brethren of the good work." At this shrine, the goddess *Bhowanie* is the only divinity, many and costly gifts are presented by her faithful devotees, and every Thug, old and young, however far off he may be, makes to it at least one pilgrimage a year, to lay in person his costly oblation upon the altar of his consecrated divinity. In doing so, his only prayer is, that still more abundant success in laying victims at *Bhowanie's* feet, may crown his efforts during the next year, and that should this prove his last visit to her earthly shrine, her "faithful servant may be welcomed to the peaceful groves where *Bhowanie* dwells in cloudless sunshine, under cool, shadowing trees, amid fertile fields and rippling brooks, and surrounded always by beauteous damsels of fadeless charms, and brightest flowers that bloom for ages."

To this celestial abode none will be admitted but the followers of *Bhowanie*; and as no sorrow can find entrance there, no occasion will arise to wish for death as the deliverer; but every joy will be enhanced by its perpetuity, and *endless life* to this priesthood of *death* will be the crowning bliss of all. A bright, beauteous *finale* for a life of such dark, fearful malignity!

Before introducing the tragical story with which this brief sketch of the Thugs will be concluded, I present to my readers one of the songs of this fanatical sect. It is an invitation of *Bhowanie* to her followers, that is always chanted in full chorus at the opening of their solemn

festivals, while the "brethren of the good work" dance with frantic violence and innumerable prostrations, around the *Khodali*, the mystic symbol of their infernal vocation. The song is as follows:

#### BHOWANIE'S CALL TO HER FOLLOWERS.

Ye brethren of the good work, hail!  
Nor from the solemn festal fail,  
Bhowanie calls from high.  
Ye chosen ones of mystic vow,  
Now in her gladsome presence bow—  
'Tis *she* that becks thee nigh.

Bring in the gory sacrifice,  
That so cold and pulseless lies;  
Bhowanie's eye would feast.  
What to her so bright and fair,  
As the corpses grim ye bear?  
And you her 'nointed priest.

Pile them on her altar higher,  
With fragrant incense, holy fire;  
Bhowanie quaffs th' odor.  
Blood and wounds and ghastly death,  
And the horrid, gurgling breath.  
*These* her dearest treasure.

Now bring forth the bright *Khodali*,  
Bathed in incense let it lie,  
Bhowanie's mystic sign.  
Around it dance—before it fall,  
And on your chosen goddess call;  
Thine for aye, and only thine.

Ever to *her* drink life and health;  
To man's foul race, destruction—death!  
Bhowanie bids thee so.  
Forth now, more num'rous gifts to bring,  
And yet more glad rejoicings sing;  
On, on, forever go!

Such is the song—the story is entitled:

#### RAHMAN AND FERRATA.

In the midst of one of the fairest and most fertile plains of Southern India, stands the little town of *Vanthi-Vasi*, sometimes, though incorrectly, written *Wandiwash*. It contains little to attract the gaze of the curious, or to interest the passing traveller; and but that it was once the theatre of a bloody conflict between the English and French, this quiet little town, hidden away among shadowing trees and fertile plains, would perhaps

have remained to the present day altogether unknown to the western reader. Were he now to wander within its precincts, he would find the ruined remains of the old fort built centuries ago, the vestiges of a once princely abode, one or two dusky Pagodas, and perhaps two hundred unassuming little cabins surrounded by paddy-fields, fruit trees, and flowering shrubs, presenting, as a *tout ensemble*, such an air of rural comfort as one is seldom permitted to gaze on, even within India's fertile borders. Recently a Christian church has been planted in that little town; a few seeds of gospel truth have been sown and are beginning to spring up, and though yet but as "a grain of mustard seed" for minuteness, we may hope that ere long "the little one will become a thousand," and its stately branches tower upward even to the heavens, till all those benighted idolaters take shelter under its heaven-born shadow.

But it is neither of the *present*, with its simple-hearted peasantry, nor of the sublime hopes that shed a bright halo of promise around the *future*, with which we have to deal on the present occasion; but rather to cast back the eye of memory to the shadowy *past*, and call back from their cheerless graves, those who once formed part of the *dramatis personæ* in a dark and terrible tragedy connected with the name of Vanthi Vâsi. The occurrences we have to relate belong to a century that has passed, and of those who figured most largely in this appalling story, not one remains to be moved at this revival of its bitter memories, and we may speak plainly.

The hero of our story belonged to an old Brahminical family, whose wealth, talents, and lordly bearing rendered them undisputed *sahibs* over the simple-hearted community among whom they dwelt, revered almost as gods among men.

The ancestral domain of the Brahmin Akbar, was a stately palace, whose gilded turrets seemed to pierce the very clouds, glittering gorgeously in the golden sunbeams, whilst its massive gates, well mounted fort, and extensive grounds, proclaimed to the passer-by the boundless wealth not less than the princely sway of

its lordly occupant. The castle was built of a rather fanciful combination of white marble and red sand-stone, the latter greatly preponderating, and looking at mid day, when reflecting from its thousand turrets, minarets, and cupolas, the dazzling rays of the fierce tropical sun, as if steeped in the gorgeous light till these became part and parcel of its living brightness. The centre building is square, and surrounded by arcades once highly ornamented with a trellis-work of white marble, but now wretchedly broken and disfigured. In the rear was the harem, built in the form of an immense pavilion, and profusely decorated within and without with lapis-lazuli, jasper, cornelian, and agate mosaics so gorgeous and unique in design as utterly to bedazzle western eyes, as well as defy all attempts at description. The walls and ceilings are covered with arabesques of mica, silver and ebony, which must have been dazzling indeed when reflecting their prismatic radiance by the light of the thousand chandeliers that once adorned these now-forsaken halls. The whole was surrounded by a stone wall, contrived with an open fret-work of exquisite design and workmanship, and the entrance to which was effected by massive gates of stone and iron, guarded by day, and securely locked by night.

The lofty turrets of that stately castle still abide "*in media solitudine positæ*" as a mournful vestige of the past; but those whose glad voices once rang so merrily within, whose light step pressed softly the gorgeous mosaics, or roseate fingers plucked buds of fragrance from those terraced gardens, now sleep softly beneath the sod, far away from their peaceful abode, and the old walls murmur but the requiem of the past, as noisome reptiles gather amid the tarnished mouldings, and the mournful vampire flaps his pestiferous wing, while the hideous jackal prowls through those tessellated halls, and roams undisputed lord over the doomed domain of the once haughty Akbar.

Many fair flowers, beautiful as houris, gentle and lovely as heart could desire, adorned the gorgeous harem of this pet-

ted favourite of fortune; but brightest, most beauteous, and best beloved, was Amesha, acknowledged queen of those gilded halls—the beauteous flower that lay in Akbar’s bosom, and the very joy and light of her husband’s life. She was decidedly *petite* in stature, but gentle and graceful as a fawn; with eyes darker than the midnight storm, yet soft as those of the loving gazelle, and hair more lustrous than the raven’s wing; while the delicate bloom of her cheek seemed to have borrowed its radiance from the fairest flower of morning, and the celestial brilliance of the red-tipped sea-conch could not rival her ruby mouth.

For ten years she had been the wedded wife of the lordly Akbar, two cherub children had blessed their union, binding still more firmly the silken cord that united their hearts and lives, and Amesha, still beautiful as ever, was even more the cherished idol of her husband’s affections, than when brought a child-bride of ten years to deck the gilded halls of his lordly mansion.

And those beauteous children—how shall we describe their budding charms of infantile purity and promise? Brighter than the morning, more fragrant than the dew-drop that nestles among the petals of the damask rose, more changeful in the ever-varying emotions of their bright young faces than the mingled sunlight and showers of an April day—their young lives were but the embodiment of winsome loveliness, dispensing to all around the joy and love of which they seemed but the bright impersonation. Young Rahman, the eldest, had,

at the period of which we speak, just completed his ninth year; though the lightning flash of those dark, earnest eyes, the beaming glance of intellect, and the broad, polished brow upon which reason sat enthroned, might have awarded to him almost double that number. He wore the princely garb of his noble race, and had recently been invested with the sacred cord,\* which lay caressingly over the polished shoulder, as if conscious of deriving increased value and importance from its juxtaposition with this lordliest scion of a lordly house. Jewels of rare value hung from the ears, and adorned the symmetrical limbs; whilst a circlet, formed of diamonds and rubies reposing on leaves of emerald, rested on the noble head, though it could add nothing of grace or beauty to its fair proportions. His noble organism, physical and mental, was singularly felicitous, uniting the symmetrical form, graceful proportions, and intense affections of his beautiful mother, with the dignity, ambition, and independence of his lordly father; whilst he was withal the very synonym of beauteous, loving, free-hearted childhood.

His little sister Ferraya, six years his junior, was in most respects his very opposite. Small, delicate and fragile, with soft languishing eyes of dove-like tenderness, long silky hair that floated in graceful luxuriance over the dimpled shoulders, and a complexion paler and fairer than most of her race, she looked like some beauteous flower all too fair and fragile for this lower sphere, and ready to be blasted by the first rude breath that

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\* When the son of a Brahmin is twelve days old, a festival is held for the ostensible purpose of endowing him with a name. When six months have run their round, there is another merry-making to mark the bestowal of his first meal of solid food; and again at two years of age, when his head is shaved, his ears bored, his nails pared, and other equally important ceremonials are duly attended to. But the most important epoch in the life of the young heir occurs when he is nine years old, at which time, amid songs and feasting, revelry, shouts and rejoicings, he is invested with the sacred cord, consisting of one hundred and eight threads, made of cotton gathered and spun by Brahmins. This cord is worn over the left shoulder and passes across the breast to the right hip. At the time of the investiture the young incumbent is taught the *gayatri* or Brahminical prayer, which none but the lips of a Brahmin may pronounce, and by means of it, the young heir is duly installed with his legal rights, and is thenceforth regarded as “twice born.”—AUTHOR.

passed heedlessly over the delicate petals of this precious exotic.

Such was the family of the lord Akbar, at the period to which our story refers; and as in consequence of the tender age of her children, Amesha had not, for several successive years, accompanied her husband in his annual pilgrimages, their going on this occasion, *tout en famille*, was matter of general satisfaction.

It was on one of those days of cloudless sunshine within the tropics, so gloriously bright, so transcendantly lovely, when flowers dotted every meadow and field and plain, birds carolled forth their joyous melodies, and all nature seemed clad in her holiday garb, that the Rajah Akbar, accompanied by Amesha and her two children, together with their suite of attendants, set forth from Vanthi-Vâsi for Benares, the sacred city of the Hindoos as Mecca is of the Mohammedan. Their venerated idol, *Mahâdeo*, had not then made its descent into the sacred well, where it now reposes, so serenely unconscious of the thousand ills and errors of this changeful life. But we must explain this allusion for the benefit of such of our readers as may chance to be uninitiated in the mysteries of Brahminical lore. After the conquest of Benares by the English, the victors placed before this gorgeous idol a loaded cannon for the purpose of destroying it, apparently for no other object than the triumphant display of their absolute power. Seeing the danger that threatened their favourite deity, the Brahmins rose *en masse* for its protection, and offered immense sums for its ransom. Failing in their own attempts at rescue, the Brahmins next sought to incite the populace to rebellion; but the English proposed to settle the dispute by an appeal to the deityship of the idol. "If," said they, "your idol be really God, then we cannot hurt him with cannon balls, but if, on the contrary, he prove thus destructible, he cannot longer have any claim to your regard." The applicants were silenced though not convinced; but "possession being nine points of the law," and as usual, might being right, the poor Brahmins were compelled to submit. The venerated idol was of

course unable to withstand the onset of half a score of forty-eight pounders, and fell, crumbled to atoms, at the feet of the discomfited Brahmins. But their wondrously-inventive faculties did not fail them even now, and they readily framed a story, which not only accounted for the destructibility of the image, but established in the minds of the wonder-seeking populace, a still higher reputation than before, for foresight and ability to provide for its own safety. The Brahmins proclaimed to the people, that they had seen the spirit of *Mahâdeo* quit the body of the image several hours before the onslaught of the British cannon, and that *it had descended for safety into a neighbouring well*; and there they believe it still abides, ready to receive, as before, their homage and their offerings, which are annually deposited in the sacred well by the credulous populace, and probably as regularly abstracted by the wily priests.

But, at the time to which our story relates, the descent had not been made; but the hoary idol sat in majestic grandeur upon its gilded altar, a recipient (though, alas! unconscious,) of the heart's adoration of the humble worshipper, and the costly gifts of the lofty and the proud. Both these classes might have found their appropriate representatives in the noble group in whose wake we are following; nor had gifts rich and rare, for the venerated idol, been forgotten. The offering of lord Akbar was a jewelled coronet of immense value, that of his wife a roll of cashmere from the finest looms of Delhi, Rahman's, a pair of golden vases of the most fragrant incense, and little Ferraya's, the first offering her infant hands had ever conveyed, a beauteous bouquet, every flower of which was composed of a cluster of precious stones. Even the attendants had been provided, on this joyous occasion, with gifts suited to their rank and position, and of all that happy company, not one had set forth empty-handed.

The lady Amesha, with her young daughter, travelled on the back of an elephant in a princely howdah, curtained with cashmere shawls of the finest quality.

The little lord Rahman was mounted on a milk-white steed of pure Arab blood, whose housings were embroidered in gold and jewels, and the bridle, stirrups, &c., inlaid with the same precious metal. The haughty Brahmin, himself more lofty than any of the group, affected the deepest humility by walking on foot till the sandy plains, over which he strode, were marked with the blood that flowed unrestrained from his bruised and lacerated feet. In this way he aimed to acquire merit, and to win for himself a name and fame for lofty deeds of noble asceticism—a reputation to be used for still farther acts of self-aggrandizement, and perhaps when he died, to be enrolled on the archives of his country's and the world's history, as the loftiest to which man may aspire. Of the suite of attendants, eight in number, some were mounted on camels, others were on foot, and the female attendants of Amesha and her young daughter, reposed in prettily-curtained *bailis*, drawn by white buffaloes.

Thus the gay cavalcade proceeded through some of the most fertile and picturesque portions of Southern India, whiling off merrily the hours in song and story, pausing ever and anon for rest and refreshment, and luxuriating in the ever-varying beauties of that wondrously productive clime. So passed the first day, and so the second and the third, nothing having yet occurred to mar their enjoyment in the slightest degree. But as the deceitful calm before the tempest lulls the unsuspecting mariner to a repose that proves but too fatal, so ere long were our travellers to be rudely aroused from their dream of fancied security.

Toward the evening of the fourth day they were resting quietly beneath the outspread branches of a sacred banian tree. Amesha sat at her lord's feet, receiving, with looks of gratified affection, his endearments, whilst at a little dis-

tance gambolled their beautiful children. Rahman was playfully holding at a distance the wreath of wild flowers he had snatched from Ferraya's head, and offering his own jewelled coronet in exchange, while the laughing little girl shook her head, declaring that her own bright flowers were the prettiest and the sweetest. "Take mine, for a little while at least," exclaimed her brother, "and you shall be queen of Delhi, while I will be a robber chief, come to rob you of your treasures, but so captivated by your beauty and sweetness, that I will bear off my lady fair, and forget all about the diamonds and rubies." The little girl clapped her dimpled hands with glee; but just as her merry voice rang out its soft peals of infantile gladness, three or four persons rushed past them to the spot where the Brahmin sat toying with his beautiful wife. The new comers were clad as pilgrims, and though wearing the sacred cord that distinguishes the Brahminical from other casts, their heads were covered with clay,\* and their dress indicative of the deepest humility and the severest degree of asceticism. Prostrating themselves at Akbar's feet, they humbly besought his protection from the danger that threatened them, casting back, as they spoke, looks of terror and anxiety toward the road whence they had just emerged.

Eyeing, with ill-disguised contempt, the party who could, as he supposed, upon slight cause, thus suffer themselves to be unmanned by *fear*, (an emotion to which the lordly Akbar was himself a stranger,) the haughty Brahmin bade the new comers be seated, and inform him explicitly of the cause of their strange trepidation, and from what they desired to be protected.

After again prostrating themselves in humble obeisance, one of the party proceeded to inform Lord Akbar, that they

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\* Religious mendicants among the Hindoos, who lay claim to peculiar sanctity, often keep their heads and foreheads, for months, or even years together, smeared with mud, taken, probably, from the holy Ganges. This serves to indicate to all observers, that the devotee has made a pilgrimage to that sacred spot; and it is also supposed to act as a charm in keeping off all sorts of evil.—AUTHOR.

were a company of religious mendicants, who had, for the purpose of acquiring merit, visited the sacred Ganges, the source of the Jumna, and other holy spots, and were returning to their homes in the vicinity of Benares, when they came suddenly upon a formidable body of Phansigars, who were lying asleep in the shade of a grove hard by. The Thugs, they said, they had readily recognized as such, by the knotted handkerchief that many of them wore, and also by the *khodali*, or pickaxe, which the *Nishan Walli* had placed before him, seeming thus to hold guard over it even in his sleep. Knowing themselves the weaker party, and that should the Thugs awake, they would stand no possible chance of escape, they had slipped noiselessly past the slumbering murderers, and then hurried onward with the hope of overtaking some other party of travellers, with whom they might unite for mutual protection during the remainder of their journey.

So plausible was this ingeniously fabricated story, and so well feigned the alarm of the wily narrators, that not a suspicion of their veracity crossed the mind of the noble Akbar. He, notwithstanding his lion-hearted courage and cool intrepidity when an enemy was to be openly faced, could not but quail under the idea of those he most loved, falling into the hands of a pitiless foe, who, like the wild beast of the forest, prowl in the dark for the unwary traveller, and strike the cowardly blow behind the victim's back, giving him chance for neither defence nor escape.

A frown gathered on the Brahmin's lofty brow, and his cheek slightly paled as he cast a mournful glance towards his beloved wife and the beautiful children, still engaged in their innocent gambols, and he almost reproached himself for taking them from their peaceful home, and exposing them to such fearful dangers. But there was no sign of fear in his manner, nor the slightest perceptible tremour in the stern tones of his voice, as he hastily summoned his attendants, commanding them to look well to their arms, and with their

own bodies to form a rampart around the women and children of the company. He then supplied the party of newcomers with such arms as could be spared from his own store, and having mutually sworn to stand by each other for life or death, the whole party set out at once, turning off the main road on which the Thugs had been represented as travelling, and choosing at the instigation of the pretended devotees, a retired path that lay through the jungle.

These devotees were no other than the advance party of a gang of Thugs, who happened to know of the wealthy Brahmin and his family setting out on this pilgrimage. The wretches had warily followed the steps of the travellers for the first three days of their journey, and now intended to reap the reward of their forbearance, by ruthlessly sacrificing the entire party, disposing of their bodies in the jungle through which they were then passing, and possessing themselves of the money, jewels, and other valuables that they might find in the possession of their intended victims.

For the better accomplishment of their diabolical designs, they had sent on in advance the *Buttoat*, or chief executioner of their gang, with two or three picked men under his command, and instructions from the *Jemidar*, to compass in any way most in accordance with their own views, the destruction of the Brahmin's party, and the appropriation of his goods.

The residue of the gang were encamped in this very jungle, within easy call of their comrades, should any unforeseen contingency render their interference necessary. Otherwise they were to keep aloof until summoned by the *Buttoat*, to rejoice with him in the full realization of their fiendish hopes.

All unsuspecting of the deadly vipers he was harbouring in his very bosom, the noble Akbar repeatedly congratulated himself on the opportune addition made to his party, and expressed in most cordial terms his sense of obligation to those who by warning him of the danger that lay before him, had afforded the timely means of escape. The path

they were now pursuing, was one so very retired, and had so little the appearance of being ever travelled by any considerable numbers, that all fear of danger was completely lulled; and a little after twilight the company halted for the night, little imagining that for most of that merry party, it was the *last* halt on the shores of time, and that ere rosy-winged Aurora should again gladden the orient with her golden brightness, the curtain of mortality would have fallen for aye around their earthly vision.

Wearied with the rapid travel of the last few hours, the Brahmin and his family retired early to their tents, around which lay their faithful attendants; and soon all were wrapped in profound repose.

The disguised Thugs, who from mere feint had lain down at the same time, now arose, and noiselessly passing on their murderous round from victim to victim, soon dispatched the entire company of the Brahmin, with the exception of the two children. These, locked in each other's arms, lay still in the dreamless sleep of happy childhood, their young faces beaming with innocence and joy, whilst rosy smiles hovered as a bright halo around their youthful brows, or played at hide and seek in the soft dimples of their velvet cheeks. Unconscious were they alike of their own danger and the fearful catastrophe which had already made them orphans; when the *Buttoat* approached softly and knelt down beside their couch, gazing wistfully in the face of the sleeping boy, in whose features he had already observed some real or fancied resemblance to his own dead child; and now as in the repose of sleep the features are more perfectly seen, the likeness appears to him even more striking. As he gazed his stern heart was melted, and staying the hand that was already raised to strike the fearful blow, he hastily resolved to spare both the children for the present, and to seek the consent of the gang to bring up the boy to their own murderous vocation.

The whistle was now sounded, and the residue of the party came up to join in

the jubilee of the murderers; when the *Buttoat* presented the children to the *Jemidar*, stated his plan, and prayed for the life of the boy, even if it should be thought necessary to sacrifice the girl. To this the party after some altercation consented, but clamorously demanded the life of the girl, who they contend will be only a burden and encumbrance as she grows up.

But the heart of the *Jemidar* had been touched by the infantile innocence and sweetness of the sleeping child, and with a heart more tender and loving than most of his tribe, he longs to clasp her to his breast, and pour out freely the long pent-up affection of a nature once gentle and tender as a woman's, and even now, amid the revolting scenes of his horrid vocation, often yearning for something to love. For he had been once a husband and a father, and love had been at once the blessing and the bane of his existence.

With all the confiding tenderness of an ardent and truthful nature, he had in early manhood, staked his all of happiness on the smiles of a beautiful but perfidious woman. Fondly had he loved, and basely had he been deceived. She whom he believed all his own, the mother of his child, and the fair flower he had sheltered in his bosom, and worn in his heart of hearts, had turned from his caressing fondness to curl its beautiful tendrils around another, and that other his bitterest enemy. Suddenly both mother and child disappeared from his dwelling, and the bower of love he had twined for her, was desolate indeed. Who may picture his despair when returning from a brief journey he found his home deserted, and learned from his servants that their mistress had left the house two days before in company with a man he despised, and had taken her child with her. Even the consolation he might have derived from vengeance on his betrayer, was denied him, for all means for discovering their retreat proved ineffectual, and he never heard more of either his perfidious wife or her base abductor.

In mute despair he sat him down to



die. Never had so wild a storm swept over a human heart, and the whirlwind of contending passions blasted like the fierce tornado of those tropical regions, all that was bright or fair in its path.

Finding least of happiness where he had fondly hoped for most, all the tenderness and trust of his noble nature were transformed to wormwood and gall, till in an evil hour he swore undying enmity to the whole human race, and lent himself a willing coadjutor to the "brothers of the good work." He resolved that thenceforth *Bhowanie* should be his only mistress, her service his happiness, and that from her gory altars he would find a blessed nepenthe for all his sorrows.

Yet there were hours when repentance visited his sleepless couch, and his heart yearned for the joys that were his no longer. At such seasons, all the pent-up affections of former days would resume their sway, and for a passing moment again would the gentle messengers of peace and love fold their fluttering wings over his troubled spirit, wooing it back to holiness and God.

Thus it was as he gazed wistfully at the sleeping child, and he resolved if possible to rescue her from death, and bring her up as his own. He consequently offered for her ransom his own share of the booty, which is always one-tenth of all taken. His offer was accepted, and the child consigned wholly to his care, while the *Buttoat* was allowed to take possession of the boy.

Thus rapidly sped the time, till Rahman reached his twelfth year, and six golden-winged summers had shed their brightness over the little Ferraya, each but adding to her infantile grace and loveliness. She, having no recollection of her parents, nor any comprehension of the horrid scenes that were constantly transacting around her; and as the petted plaything of the entire gang, by whom her every wish was held sacred, was contented and happy in her lot. But not so with the noble boy, her brother, who, though sedulously avoiding any communication to his little sister that should serve to remind her either

of their present ignominy or their once happier destiny, still ceaselessly brooded in his hours of solitude, alike over the cherished past and the dreaded future, and during the long, sleepless nights of weary watchfulness, he sought unceasingly to solve the problems of their coming destiny, and the probability of escape from their present ignominious captivity. Often and often had his plans been arranged, and as often relinquished as utterly unfeasible, till at last driven to desperation, he determined to dare every danger; and acquainted as he was with the country through which he had been constantly travelling for three years, he hoped to be able to reach some place of security.

On a dark night, while the gang were mostly asleep, he rose noiselessly from his tented couch, entered the tent of the *Jemidar*, took his little sister in his arms, and hurried with his still sleeping burden, beyond the encampment, in the direction of a city they had visited a few days before. Here he intended to present himself to the authorities, and without betraying the gang (to whom for their constant personal kindness to himself and little Ferraya, he had become in some sort attached,) to claim protection for himself and sister as orphans whose parents had died suddenly while journeying toward the sacred city—and then telling their names, to demand restoration to their own home and rights.

But his burden soon became more than he could carry, and he was obliged to rouse Ferraya, and lead her on through the jungle by his side, and when she became weary they were compelled to halt; and then day having already dawned, he thought it best to seek concealment in the bushes and try to sleep, lest by continuing their journey by daylight, they might be discovered should the Thugs think proper to send out to search for the fugitives.

They had not slept more than an hour, when they were rudely awakened by a band of decoys from their own gang, and with oaths and menaces bidden to return to the encampment. Resistance and remonstrance were alike useless, and

the hapless children had no alternative but to obey.

As soon as they reached the camp, a council was called to decide on the fate of the fugitive children, and their immediate execution was clamorously demanded by the incensed Thugs, who naturally supposed that the object of the boy was to inform against them, and bring down vengeance on the heads of the whole gang, for the murder of his parents. His indignant assurance to the contrary by no means convinced them; and but for the still yearning tenderness of the *Jemidar* and *Buttoat* for the young protégés, to whom they had become much attached, the latter would undoubtedly have paid the forfeit of their lives for Rahman's daring attempt at escape. Some little persuasion on the part of the *Jemidar* induced the consent of the gang to spare Ferraya; but the boy, they insisted, must be sacrificed; and the *Buttoat*, having previously put him under the influence of a powerful narcotic, approached his couch with the intention of applying the fatal noose. With yearning tenderness he stooped down to take a last, long, lingering look at the beautiful boy he had loved so well, and again recognizing, as he had so often done before, the real or fancied resemblance to his own dead child, his hand refused to perform the cruel deed. Leaving the child still asleep, he rushed to the *Jemidar's* tent, and throwing himself in agony at his feet, besought his interposition with the gang for the boy's life, offering himself to become security for the future good conduct of the child. The *Jemidar* was moved, and his affection for his favourite officer, as well as for the boy himself, readily induced him to make still farther effort to obtain a pardon; and, after much entreaty, the security was accepted and the boy pardoned.

From this time, Rahman was kept more under the eye of the *Buttoat* than ever, and every possible means was resorted to, by the whole gang, to attach him to themselves and the good work. After awhile, the *Buttoat* hoping thus to acquire increased influence over the child, informs him that he has discovered

by some papers that were in possession of the lord Akbar at the time of his death, that Rahman was not the child, save by adoption, of the Brahmin; and further, that he has the most conclusive evidence for believing that Rahman is *his own long lost son*. This was of course a mere fabrication, and resorted to only as a means of securing the affections of the child. But this the poor boy does not suspect, and he is overwhelmed with despair at the horrid discovery. His inmost soul revolts at the bare idea of such parentage, and he more than ever loathes and contemns the work to which he seems thenceforth ruthlessly bound. In secret he pours forth bitter lamentations over his hapless destiny; yet he struggles to feel kindly, or at least with less of aversion toward him whom he now believes to be the author of his being. Yet he firmly resolves that not even filial affection shall bind him down to an employment so horrid—to scenes and associations so fearfully revolting; and that he will die rather than bind himself by the terrible oath of allegiance, to this fellowship of death, this compact of fiendish enmity to his race.

Still no definite plan of escape is arranged, and as he studiously maintains an outward appearance of content, the *Buttoat* secretly congratulates himself on the success of his stratagem, and looks forward with eager impatience to the time when Rahman, by the bestowal of the mystic handkerchief, shall be duly installed as one of the gang, and invested with all the rights and privileges that belong to the chosen order of the "brethren of the good work." This the *Jemidar* had promised as matter of special favour should take place several years earlier than the usual period; and the time was already near at hand when a tissue of unforeseen circumstances dashed the cup of fancied bliss from their expectant lips, and gave in its place one of unmingled bitterness.

When Rahman became convinced that he was not the brother of little Ferraya, as he had hitherto supposed, his emotion toward her underwent a rapid change—a violent passion usurped the

place of his fraternal affection, and, young as they both were, he conceived the idea of making her his wife. With all the ardour of his sunny clime, and the precocious development so common in tropical countries, he loved the beautiful playfellow of his childhood, and throwing himself at her feet, swore by all that was sacred, that for her sake he would dare every danger, and that with her only would he live or die. Ferraya was but nine, and Rahman fifteen, yet so tender was the affection that had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength, that she had never dreamed of the probability of separation from her idolized brother, as she still called him; and clinging to his neck, she readily promised all he desired.

Consent of the gang, especially of the *Jemidar* and *Buttoat*, was now sought, and most earnest petition presented, that after the espousal, the youthful pair might be permitted to retire to some sequestered spot, wherever the gang might appoint, and all secluded from the world, live only for each other. By way of removing all fear on the part of the fraternity that he might inform against them, Rahman offered to have the name of *Bhowanie* inscribed on both their arms, and thus to identify themselves as it were with the fortunes of the company. He agreed also to take the most solemn oath of secrecy, and even to visit them at stated seasons, and unite in their solemn festivities, asking only that he might never be required to take any active part in this priesthood of death, or imbue his hands in the blood of another.

But his entreaties were in vain—all was refused; and driven to desperation by the rejection of his suit, and the anticipation of the terrible future of crime and infamy that seemed his inevitable portion, the youthful lover again fled with his beloved Ferraya; and this time succeeded in penetrating far into the jungle, meeting innumerable hardships, but sustained in all by the ignis fatuus hope, that lured him on but to destruction.

On the fourth day of his flight, while

Rahman was resting on a grassy bank, holding the exhausted Ferraya in his arms, and watching over her peaceful slumbers, picturing to himself, with all the ardour of a youthful lover, the many happy days he doubted not were yet in store for them both, they were surprised by a party of Tillai, who had tracked them from their own camp. Weary as they were, they were compelled by their pursuers to start at once, and with almost inhuman haste were driven back to the encampment.

This time all the influence of the *Jemidar* and *Buttoat* combined were insufficient to save them from the vengeance of the incensed gang, who felt sure that these repeated attempts at escape were designed for their betrayal into the hands of the officers of justice, and this suspicion, or rather conviction, effectually neutralized every feeling of former attachment to the unfortunate fugitives. And so, after a brief consultation as to time and manner, the lovely pair were condemned to death.

All unmindful of the doom that awaits them, and rejoicing that they are not to be separated even in death, the youthful lovers threw themselves into each other's arms, as the *Buttoat* goes forward to cast the fatal noose. But his courage fails, and overwhelmed with rage and despair, he rushes from the tent and with his own hand puts an end to his existence, resolving not to survive the boy on whom he had so long and so earnestly lavished all the tenderness of which his perverted nature was capable.

The *Jemidar* sending a messenger to summon the *Buttoat* to his duty, is informed of the catastrophe, and becoming thus still more exasperated at the captive children as the innocent cause of the death of his favourite officer, the *Jemidar* rushes forward, and with clenched teeth and a yell of savage triumph, casts the fatal noose, and drawing it tightly around the necks of the hapless pair, in an instant they fell dead at his feet, still clasped in each other's arms. For a moment he gazes wistfully upon the beautiful forms of his youthful victims, and the old tenderness he had so long cher-

ished toward them revives, but it is mingled with indignation at their continued opposition to his wishes, with grief for the loss of his favourite officer, self-reproach for permitting himself to love again anything but BHOWANIE, and yet remorse for his ruthless vengeance, with a thousand contending emotions, each striving for the mastery. Unable longer to endure the painful spectacle, he summons one of the gang to bear away the corpses for interment. The Thug, as usual, tears away the clothes from the breast, to examine whether life is wholly extinct, and in so doing, finds suspended by a slender chain from the neck of the boy, a curious talisman, which he carelessly removes and hands to the *Jemidar* to look at.

The *Jemidar* trembles violently as he receives it, and tottering with difficulty to a bank near by, opens it by means of a concealed spring, and in an instant exclaims in tones of despair, "I've murdered my boy! *my own long-lost child*—that I would have died to save!"

Pressing the fatal talisman to his lips, he rushes back to the spot from which the corpses are just being borne away, and stooping down, has his terrible suspicions confirmed by the sight of a small lotus flower on the breast of the boy, which but a few days after its birth he had himself imprinted on the bosom of his own infant child. The talisman was one bestowed by him on his wife, on the day of their ill-fated espousals, and by her placed around the neck of their child.

This confirmation of his worst fears is more than he can bear, and, before those around have awakened from their surprise sufficiently to comprehend what is going on, he has seized the handkerchief, so lately the instrument of destruction to his child, and bound it tightly about his own neck. As he falls, he exclaims, "My son! my son! thou art indeed avenged—" and his blackened corpse is stretched, upon the very spot so recently occupied by that of his child.

The explanation of the mystery was simply as follows: Soon after the infamous desertion of his wife with another

lover, she gave her young child, then about two months old, in charge of a woman to bring up for her; and this same nurse was shortly afterwards summoned to the accouchement of the lady Amesha, the wife of the Brahmin Akbar. Taking the new-born infant to the river, to bathe it there, as the means of securing some propitious omen in its favour, the babe unluckily slipped from her hands, and was in a moment seized by a voracious crocodile, eagerly watching for prey. Terrified at the accident, and fearing the vengeance of the haughty Brahmin if she confessed the truth, she at once determined to substitute the little nurseling, and say nothing about the death of the other. This deception she was the better able to carry on, as in consequence of the protracted illness of the lady Amesha, the child was left wholly in the hands of the nurse for several months; and the excellent care she had taken of the infant, was assigned as sufficient cause for its rapid growth. And thus Rahman had grown up,—no one, not even his reputed parents, suspecting for a moment that he was other than he seemed; and but for his untimely death in the hands of the *Jemidar*, the secret might never have been divulged. The talisman, the value of which the nurse did not herself comprehend, was accounted for to the lady Amesha, by the nurse telling her that a travelling *Fakir*, or devotee, had placed it about the child's neck, as an antidote against witches and evil spirits, and as such — it had been worn by him.

The whole story was elicited from the nurse, when some few months after the tragical events just related, the remnant of the gang was taken, their crimes confessed, and the whole band executed at Vanthi Vasi, whither they were brought for trial, in order to the summoning of witnesses for the identification of the family of the murdered Brahmin. The former nurse was one of the witnesses summoned, and the talisman being shown her, the whole story was divulged as related above.

Thus perished the last of the race of the princely Akbar; but their death was

fearfully avenged by the destruction of their entire band of the "Brethren of the Good Work"—a tragedy sufficiently dark and terrible to satisfy even the fiendish longings of the fierce and insatiate *Bhowanie* herself.

GREENSBORO, Ala., Dec. 15th, 1858.

## EDITH.

### I.

I knew of old a shadow-cooled retreat  
Beneath the greenness of a Southern hill,  
And there young Edith of the twinkling feet  
Was wont to wander at her own sweet will,  
A welcome guest to flower and tree and rill.  
How often have I heard the sweet girl's lays—  
Her joyous singing when the winds were still!  
How often watched her in her maiden ways,  
In that green solitude!—in those most happy days!

### II.

She was a lover of all things that be  
Of lovely, kind, and good beneath the skies;  
She loved the dædal earth's variety  
Of pleasant sounds, sweet odours, and rare dyes,  
And she was lovely in herself and wise;  
And in the greenwood with her brow of snow  
Enwreathed with flowers she seemed to my charmed eyes  
One of the old bright race of long ago—  
A sister of young Huon—or bright haired Angelo!

### III.

Young Edith! in the forest of this heart  
Where pleasant sights of birds and brook and flower  
Abound as in that natural wild—where art  
Comes not at all with any taming power,  
Where natural beauty lives in shine and shower,  
And gladdens all things—dearest! I have found  
A pleasant nook, a little sacred bower;  
Where let me be in love's strong fetters bound  
Until my life is gone—then cherish there my mound.

### IV.

I would not seek to trim the unchecked growth  
Of thy luxuriant heart—thou innocent child!  
No man on the green earth would be so loth  
To see its plants, its paths, its windings wild  
By any touch of formal law defiled;  
No! let me dwell within its untrimmed bowers  
And by its dreamy founts from pain beguiled  
By the rare magic of its sounds and flowers,  
And longest years will seem but pleasure's short-lived hours.

## MILES STANDISH.\*

We are not under any moral obligation to admire Longfellow's last Poem superlatively. This proposition seems to be obviously true, and yet for the sake of peace and quiet, we deem it prudent to be explicit. Our New England brethren have such a headstrong looseness in morals just now, and such a passion for making an *auto da fe* of all institutions and opinions different from their own, that he who does not adopt every current New England ultraism, stands a chance of at least wearing the *san-benito*.

Miles Standish is just now a furor, and a creed, and almost an institution at the North. The publishers have issued, we dare not say how many editions; the Booksellers can scarcely supply their customers: we do not know that it has not been dramatised, and already it has been copiously illustrated. The last mentioned mode of setting forth a book is now all the vogue. An illustrated Lexicon is announced as forthcoming: we suppose that in the illustrations, the back-ground of the pictures will be full of roots, and synonyms will have their distinctive meaning accurately shaded by the hands of the best artists. There is every reason to believe that in a short time, we shall have the debates in Congress illustrated, when we may expect to have more just conceptions with what face certain members made certain statements;—whether there was any surprise manifested on the countenance of the Hon. Mr. —, when he was informed that he was no gentleman; and what there was peculiar in the attitude of Mr. Montgomery of Pennsylvania, the other day, shortly after he declined, saying "good morrow" to Mr. English of Indiana.

Of course we read in the South and West, whatever is read in the North, and as seventy-five cents pays for "Miles Standish," and the mail does not refuse to carry him, notwithstanding his heavy

hexameters, the "Captain of Plymouth" takes up his quarters (three quarters,) in many a household.

Let us not be understood as assailing the Bostonians for devouring twenty-five thousand copies of hexametrical classicity. Were they to take a notion to swallow as many specimens of creeping things, having forty feet instead of six, no word of complain would be heard from us. *Laissez-nous faire*, is our motto for what we give and what we ask, and we are abundantly content, if after they have gorged, and we have tasted, they do not insist, under the penalty of *peine forte et dure*, we should aver that it is the very best thing we ever tasted, and the best Mr. Longfellow ever offered to the public palate.

Much less do we grudge to the publishers of "Miles Standish," and to the author, their respective proportions of the three quarters we pay for the book. Indeed we do not well see how such long hexameters (double the length of Virgil's) could be furnished for the money, unless spun by machinery. Least of all do we feel the slightest rising of envy, to see crown after crown placed upon the brow of Mr. Longfellow. He is a real poet,—in our judgment, take him all for all, the noblest of our American poets. Ideal and spiritual in conception, yet keenly observant of the actual, and true to nature, rich in lore, high-minded, pure in thought, picturesque, scholarly, careful in diction, and melodious in versification (the hexameter mania excepted) he appreciates the poet's mission, and labours as the gods love to see mortals labour, to accomplish it. He is an honour to our country, and to refuse him the highest meed of his calling, would show want of patriotism. England acknowledges his claims, as indeed she must do, if she would not disparage the foremost of her

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\* The Courtship of Miles Standish. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

own living poets, who can do no more than challenge equality with him.

After saying this much in all sincerity, we will proceed to express our opinion of "Miles Standish." If any reader differs from us, we may at least hope that he will not charge us with anything worse than want of judgment and taste.

The formula for the honest criticism of a work of imagination, is reduced to two very simple questions. Does it please? and why? The first finds its reply in a simple appeal to our consciences, and to answer the second in a plain way, demands the exercise of very moderate literary skill.

Thus, every one who reads "The Courtship of Miles Standish," would say without hesitation—"Yes,—it is a pleasant book—decidedly so." He read the poem without weariness,—did not feel it to be too long—had no quarrel to pick with the author, and was conscious of a grateful glow of satisfaction like that occasioned by a brisk canter, or a tender talk with a friend's *fiancée*.

That point is therefore settled—the book pleases the common, candid reader. *Bene*, then let it please the critic too. If you ask our representative friend, why it pleases,—most likely he will say without much thought or method—"Because the story is told in an agreeable way: I like the old Puritan pictures: the staple sentiments of Love, Friendship, Courage and Religion always please where well exhibited. Longfellow has undoubtedly a genius for figurative language, and without saying that I admire those milliped verses, there is a quaintness about them that titillates the ear."

Now, we think, the general reader has answered very fairly the two questions, and given sufficient reasons for his judgment as far as it goes. And for the purchasers of forty thousand of the fifty thousand copies sold by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, it goes far enough. But of the remaining ten thousand, many would push the questions somewhat further and ask—

How much does it please? Has Mr. Longfellow, in his last poem, maintained his relative eminence, as compared with other poets, or as compared with himself in his other poems? The difference between the two questions is that so well known to chemists as the difference between Qualitative and Quantitative analysis. The chemist will take a portion of the soil of your farm, and with little trouble and with tolerable reliability, tell you, that it has, or has not, among its constituents, lime, iron, alumine, the phosphates, &c. But if you ask him to give you an exact per centage of each of these, that is a matter of difficulty, cost and uncertainty.

But it is to an inquiry like this last, that the Bostonians must address themselves to justify their enthusiasm, and upon the result of this inquiry it depends whether we can, in good conscience, tender to Mr. Longfellow such a chaplet as he would care to accept. For, of course, the author of "The Golden Legend," "The Spanish Student," "The Building of the Ship," and "Excelsior," does not care to be told that he has written a pleasant, readable poem—one that gives *satisfaction*. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" considers this latter word sacred to the use of secretaries of lyceums, and always to be accompanied by a small pecuniary compensation. Doubtless every one would deem it many points below the standard of praise for Longfellow. But on the other hand, one as well assured as he is in public estimation, need not feel nervous as to the decision upon any single poem. "Miles Standish" might be wrecked without any sensible diminution of the wealth of the owner of so many noble argosies, safe in harbour, and rich with their ventures.

Now we have prepared the way to say with the least possible offence, that in our poor judgment, "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is just a good, readable poem,—that it gives, in a general way, *satisfaction*.\* As every body agrees to this proposition, we are not called to maintain it

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\* We have contributed our proportion to the small pecuniary compensation, which, according to the "Autocrat" justifies the use of this word, in three quarters of a dollar paid for one copy received by mail, and other three quarters for a copy not received.

affirmatively. But as against those who claim that it is a great poem, we will justify ourselves by a little specialising upon the elements introduced in the verdict of the general reader, already given, but in a reverse order.

First, as to the versification. We will not plunge into the question of longs and shorts. The state of the controversy is briefly this. Many writers deny that the English language is capable of being moulded into tolerable verse, after the model of the Greek and Latin, and Edgar Poe has, we think, demonstrated the impossibility. Nevertheless, Mr. Longfellow insists that it can be done, and to prove it, he does it, and continues to do it. That is to say, he makes verses after this fashion: whether they are tolerable verses, will probably never be settled with entire unanimity, until after the lamented death of the author of *Evangeline* and *Miles Standish*, and that of the Rev. Chas. Kingsley, Rector of Eversley. The latest expression of opinion that we have seen, is by a writer in one of the English Reviews. He says—

"This metre has become, to a certain extent, fashionable among English and American writers. Perhaps there is no human being who reads it with pleasure; but it is not difficult to understand that there should be a certain pleasure in writing it. \* \* \* Probably all Englishmen, certainly the great mass of them, are entirely ignorant of the real force of the ancient hexameter. Our ears are dead to the rhythm of quantities. It is possible to understand that their lesser variations may have given great richness to the rhythmical harmony of ancient verse. It is impossible to reproduce this by the bold distinction between accented, and unaccented syllables. The richness of our native verse is due to an infinite variety of pause and cadence, and to a harmony of quantities un-reduced to any rule, and standing quite apart from the rhythmical structure of the verse. The necessity of commencing every line of English hexameters with an iotus, is almost in itself sufficient to give it its character of sameness. They combine the vents of monotony of two different

systems of rhythm, into one hybrid flow, and result in the pace of a butcher's pony in verse. Such as it is, Mr. Kingsley handles it well, and makes the most of it. He is as much better than Longfellow, as a canter is better than a see-saw."

To this expression of opinion, very true, but rather dogmatical, we would venture to add, that he who reads aloud these hexameters, will find that it is a matter of no little difficulty to keep either the canter or the pacing of a butcher's pony. Hardly by whip or spur is it possible to overcome the tendency to subside into the sober walk of downright prose. In point of fact, it happened to ourselves to be called on to read *Evangeline* aloud, and after several attempts to float on the rhythmical flow, we got fairly stranded on the flats and shallows, and had to betake ourselves to undisguised wading. In plain words, we read it as plain prose, and our auditors said that it was read to edification. Some of the prominent passages in *Miles Standish* must be read thus, or they will lose half their effect. Finally, we will give up the question, if the best Bostonian elocutionist can make sensible to any ear Greek or Trojan, the "linked sweetness long drawn out," of such lines as the following, or hundreds of others that might be given.

"Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with."

"After a three days' march, he came to an Indian encampment."

"Busily writing epistles important, to go by the Mayflower."

"Beautiful Rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside."

"Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen."

Now, if Mr. Longfellow could do nothing better than write dreary, weary, draggle-tailed hexameters upon a model of Greek that never existed, he ought to be pitied and let alone. But few poets can charm the ear more deftly than he, when he chooses, as every body knows, who has read "*The Golden Legend*"; and



therefore, he ought to be told plainly, for his good and ours, that these draggle-tailed hexameters *are* dreary and weary. He writes them, no doubt, conscientiously and upon theory; but people cannot hear conscientiously, and upon theory: so, having done enough for his conscience, he ought, henceforth to have regard to our ears.

The Poem is cast in the mould of story. If a story does not awaken interest by its development, it is, as a story, a failure. We would not say that in this poem, there is no interest belonging to the narrative; but we think the stimulus it gives to curiosity, is very slight. There is but one cardinal incident in the poem, and that is more of the nature of a surprise, than of a crisis in the movement of a plot. In fact, Mr. Longfellow has selected an epigrammatic anecdote, and undertaken to expand it into a story. Now, if you expand an epigram, you necessarily flatten its point, and to build a fine poem upon a damaged anecdote, is a task so difficult, that we cannot be surprised that even Mr. Longfellow should have failed in it. That a fair maiden should say to a young man who was wooing her for an old widow, too stiff to undertake the performance for himself—"Why do'n't you speak for yourself, John?" is a specimen of *naïveté* that has a flavour which we have relished repeatedly, with various adaptations, since first we heard it as a boy. Mr. Longfellow manipulates all the elasticity out of it. He approaches it so tediously, and presents it so tamely, that we scarce know whether to receive it as jest or sentiment. As this incident is the basis of the poem, it necessarily finds a place near the beginning: and as the story is virtually told out as soon as it occurs, the poem, if continued, must, of necessity, be without a story. When the denouement occurs at the beginning, a difficulty arises; as to what shall fill the place of the denouement which is usually presented at the close. Mr. Longfellow meets the difficulty by furnishing two episodes and a commonplace. The two episodes are, the campaign of Miles Standish against the Indians, and the sailing of the Mayflower—both dull; and the commonplace is the

wedding of the lovers, good enough, but nothing more. In fact we cannot but be reminded of that world-famous ballad, by a distinguished old author, in which two stories are related in four lines:

"I tell you a story, of Jacky Minory,  
And now my story's begun:  
I tell you another about his brother,  
And now my story's done."

The Poem has another aspect, in which it may be viewed: that of a historical picture. As promising, by its title, a representation of a period important to us all, and especially endeared to the descendants of the Pilgrims, and having for its hero, one of the principal men among the Pilgrim Fathers, it would be eagerly perused. We must confess to a disappointment here. The spirit of the time is not embodied in any very palpable way. Except the profuse use of Scripture, which versifies into Mr. Longfellow's hexameters better than anything he has introduced, we do not find much that is characteristic. Indeed, as this is a Love Poem, it would not be easy to introduce a great deal of characteristic Puritanism. Doubtless the Puritans loved and married, and the unaffected inquiry addressed by "Priscilla the Puritan maiden" to young John Alden, proves that they, or at least, the young maidens, had the right notion about it. Still, love was not their forte, and a love-story is not the best form of history for them. True, they fought Indians well; but Mr. Longfellow is not the best hand to describe battles. By the way, we are a little surprised that our poet, in dealing with a historical subject, should allow himself the liberty to mislocate so well known an anecdote as that about filling the skin of the rattlesnake with powder and balls. We had always supposed, and we are sustained by the authority of Bancroft, that it was Bradford, the second Governor, and not Captain Miles Standish, who had used this metaphor, which Dr. Blair might perhaps have condemned as a mixed metaphor, but which, nevertheless, was remarkably strong and appropriate to the occasion.

As a Love Poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish" might have been expected

to delineate, in a striking way, the sentiments of the parties concerned, especially of the young people. But in the places where we look for this, the poet is either cold, or a little bombastic. In truth, we cannot admire John Alden as a lover. He is too timid; he is evidently under a cow to the choleric Captain, and as evidently never would have disclosed his love to Priscilla, if she had not shrewdly helped him at the pinch.

In the imagery of the poem, Mr. Longfellow is himself. If he has in any poem failed to embellish his subject by comparisons, varied, rich, apposite, classic, natural and rare, we have never read that poem. Did our space permit, we would like to refresh ourselves by gathering a handful of these fragrant flowers. As it is, we cannot resist quoting that gorgeous description of sunrise—p. 106.

"Forth from the curtain of clouds, from  
the tent of purple and scarlet,  
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his  
garments resplendent,  
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light on  
his forehead,  
Round the hem of his robe, the golden bells  
and pomegranates.

Blessing the world he came; and the bars  
of vapor beneath him  
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea  
at his feet was a laver!"

One of the most striking parts of the poem, is that in which Priscilla is represented as winding yarn from a skein she had adjusted on the hands of John Alden. It is beautiful from its perfect vividness and truth to nature.

"He, sitting awkwardly there, with his  
arms extended before him.  
She standing graceful, erect, and winding  
the thread from his fingers,  
Sometimes chiding a little, his clumsy man-  
ner of holding,  
Sometimes touching his hands, as she dis-  
entangled expertly,  
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for  
how could she help it?  
Sending electrical thrills through every  
nerve in his body."

And so we part with "The Courtship of Miles Standish." We have not said that it is not a good poem—but only that Mr. Longfellow has written many things better: and we conclude by giving expression to the confident expectation that his busy pen will give us many better things in due time to come. S. L. C.

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### WHERE IS EDMÉ?

Tell me, where is Edmé—  
On the ocean roving?  
Or on Western Prairies,  
Ever restless moving,  
With that dauntless spirit,  
Toil and danger loving?

Tell me, honest sailor  
Of the gallant bearing,  
Whether you have seen him  
In your long seafaring—  
Edmé who was ever  
Wild adventure sharing?

Edmé—sure you know him—  
Visage open, smiling—  
*Bocca d'oro*—that is  
Talk your heart beguiling:  
And a hand like woman's,  
Soft, not made for toiling!

Sure you know our Edmè,  
With his mild caressing,  
Noble look, the merit  
Of all men confessing;  
And a heart that showered  
On him every blessing!

Tell me, if this Edmè  
Wanders in the sandy  
Deserts that lie dreary,  
Past the Rio Grande.  
Or is dimly dreaming  
Far away in Kandy?

Tell me, have you seen him  
In the hot Sahara  
Or on the Ægean  
Like another Lara;  
Or his bright narghillâ  
Smoking, off in Cairo?—

—In the land of ancient  
Corinth, silent, hoary,—  
Dreaming with autumnal  
Glance upon the glory  
Of that ancient city,  
Once so famed in story!

Oh! we loved him dearly,  
I above all others—  
More, far more, I loved him  
Than his noble brothers  
With that love, that every  
Other feeling smothers.

Come now, honest sailor,  
Surely you are dreaming,  
Yet your eye has such a  
Strange and wayward gleaming,  
That it looks like morning,  
When the day comes streaming!

"I am Edmè, brother!"  
In his arms he caught me:  
"I am Edmè, brother,  
Ah! I see you've sought me!  
Well! no more of roving—  
Providence has taught me!"

This is how our Edmè  
Came again to love us!  
Clouds of doubt or sorrow  
Never more shall move us!  
Yonder bursts the sunshine  
Evermore above us!

## LETTERS OF A SPINSTER.

*Concerning the Inauguration of the 50th President of the United States, and the Public Affairs of the 21st Century.*

## LETTER V.

FROM MISS JANE DELAWARE PEYTON,  
*Presently at Washington,*  
TO MISS MARY TIBBERIN BOONE,  
*Rasselas, Oregon.*

WASHINGTON, *Quarter of the Senate,* }  
Feb. —, 2029. }

MY DEAR MARY:

I received your letter of the —th yesterday. You are far too good to thank me for writing to you, when you know that to serve you, or in any way contribute to your enjoyment or amusement, is itself a very great pleasure. Ah, ma mie, what were we poor earth-worms, or what the use of our preliminary state of existence, if our pleasures, as well as our duties, were to be merely personal; to have our wants or desires or fears the motives, and our preservation and enjoyment the end of them all. The worst constituted natures soon learn that self is not a divinity; or, as the Faust says on the first advances of his enemy, "the Devil is an egotist." I have often noticed in the offices of the clergy, (where they have not been settled by long prescription,) the term salvation set forth so much in the light of a personal advantage and gain, as to take from religion all its sweetness of savour, all its divinity, if the expression be allowable, and make the incentives to piety quite akin to those of covetousness and avarice. But I have already heard one good sermon here, and so must not speak irreverently of the clergy. I will, some day or other, describe to you the sermon, the parson and the church. They are all well deserving of notice.

I am quite happy to find that you have become a questioner, and thus to know from yourself what you like best to be informed of. And have I seen the President qui va, or the President qui vient? And did I hear the debate on the admission of Oonalashka? And what is the

reason that the question is so important? And is the Senator we wot of as eloquent as he is said to be? And what is the reason that the Senators from the more recent States are all so much alike and in general rather above than under the standard? And does the north part of the Capitol resemble the Escorial, or the Cathedral at Rheims? And cannot such divisions in Congress as are effected not by the intervention of the Secretary or Clerk, but by blows after the fashion of the swell-mob, or by the production of deadly weapons, be prevented by making all such crimes capital offences punishable with death, as they ought to be? I will endeavour to enlighten you as much as possible on these points, except the last, which, pardon me for saying so, is somewhat unfeminine and forbidding. I will, therefore, dismiss it by giving you my poor thoughts on the matter at once. You must have observed that a peculiar feature in the jurisprudence of the last hundred years, has been the disappearance of all punishments against petty treasons, lese-majesty and political agitation, which used to form such a terrible class of offences, and infer penalties, which we of the present time look back to with loathing and horror. Crimes of this kind are as unfrequent and as little noticed now as heresy or latitudinarianism in the church, and are held to be equally insignificant and harmless. The last sequestrations for such cause in the parent country, fell upon oppressed Irishmen in the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, and though the fators of this class continued to be severely dealt with for a long time thereafter in the rude arbitrary governments of the continent, the practice has almost entirely disappeared from Christendom. To punish Congressional brawls, some of which have been infamous enough, would seem to be a revival of the code thus abrogated; would be unpopular and scarce ever prevent the of-

fence; besides, without a single exception, I believe the legislators who have at any time figured in these encounters, have never attained either influence or reputation while in Congress, and have uniformly disappeared from the political arena a very short time thereafter. The crime, therefore, like the marriage of the old bachelor in the play, carries its punishment with it.

Of the Presidents, the one that is and the one that is to be, I have seen only the former—the 49th—whose administration is about to terminate. The other, the 50th, will not be visible here till a few days before his inauguration. To have them both at the capital at the same time would be unpleasant, and if not exactly like having two suns in the same firmament, would certainly be bringing the Spring and Autumn of two administrations too near together. You must see that from the middle of November, when the will of the nation has been expressed, until the 4th of March, when the new President takes office, there exists a kind of duplex government, affecting to a great extent all public tenures, and giving a kind of delicate uncertainty to all political relations. The success of the incoming power must be celebrated like Hamlet's mother's marriage—

——— “with a defeated joy—  
With one auspicious and one drooping eye.”

For the whole of the interval between November and March, there are in fact two sovereign powers in the State; and though it be both becoming and necessary that the youngest should vail to its senior, this does not prevent the coming authority from throwing its antennæ forward and modifying, to a certain extent, the concluding acts of its predecessor. One hundred and fifty years ago, when the patronage of the government was almost entirely in the hands of the President, the court of the magistrate elect was always more populous than that of the functionary about to retire, being made up almost altogether of suitors and expectants, candidates and claimants. This is still the case, though to a much

less extent than formerly, and it requires even now an almost superhuman quantity of physical strength and *bonhomie* to carry the elected head of the nation through the interval between November and March. The more so, as he is still only a private citizen and altogether unprotected by any official household who can stand between him and the outside pressure. To avoid this beleaguering, some of the earlier Presidents travelled, keeping their movements as private as possible, and choosing for their resting places the least accessible and most out of the way villages on the road. Towards the end of the 19th century, at the conclusion of the last war with the Indians, a military President entrusted himself for the winter to the protection of the western aborigines, and thus became acquainted with the principal chiefs of these nations, and was enabled, by his subsequent policy, to ameliorate and improve the condition of these unfortunate races. Another, a merchant President, embarked privately in one of his own ships, prepared for the purpose, and cruized during the winter months in those seas which are most propitious and least frequented. A third disappeared entirely, and, by keeping his own counsel and taking unusual routes of travel, was enabled to visit nearly every place of note in the older continent; and, having left home endowed only with his mother tongue, returned a miraculous polyglot, speaking fluently French, German, Spanish and Italian.

In later years the Presidents elect have adopted different courses, according to their positions and temperaments: some secluding themselves as much as possible, and others receiving freely the attentions and solicitations of all classes of the people. The latter course is the most candid, and indicates the greatest strength of character. Still this political purgatory of four months is confessedly too long, and could be shortened to much advantage. But, though neither the time of the election, nor the commencement of the official term, depend upon any constitutional enactment, and might be easily changed by authority of law, they have

now been so long in use as to have acquired an authority by prescription, which the legislature would touch with reluctance. The dates appear to have been accidental, or settled by the general principle that elections should be held in autumn, when all classes have most leisure, and that official duties should be commenced near Easter, when the year is in its youth. The interval between the election and taking office was, probably, also intended to give time to the eddies of the last government to mix gracefully in the currents of the next. However this may be, the regulation has been continued from the commencement of the government to the present day. A reason for this continuance of an inconvenient custom is found in the fact, that, in regard to the Federal Government, as also the auxiliary laws and usages adopted to give it effect, statesmen of all classes soon became aware that their force and authority, if not their existence, must depend upon preserving them untouched. This feeling of devotion to the written constitution of the Union has been strengthened by witnessing the effect of changes in the constitutions of the individual States. In some of the States, (New York for instance,) these changes have been so frequent that the difference between a constitutional provision and a law of the legislature was altogether in favour of the law. The constitution being understood as settled only by a term of years, while the law was without any such apparent limitation. Some of these changes, made always for party or temporary purposes, were as unnecessary as they have been subsequently found mischievous. In the first change of the constitution of New York, made about the year 1821, the small property qualification necessary to constitute an elector was taken away, while the very instrument by which it was abrogated gave testimony both of its use and the necessity for it, by re-enacting a precisely similar qualification to the free black vote then first admitted.

"Alba ligustra cadunt; vaccinia nigra leguntur."

Had the original property qualification been retained, all the bitterness of that controversy which arose in a few years afterwards, when the influx of foreign emigration had increased the number of naturalized citizens to a vast and unexpected aggregate, would have been altogether avoided. In this State, too, they for a time tried the experiment of having the judges of all the State tribunals chosen at a general election by the people; thus tainting the ermine with the whiskey and tobacco of politics; impairing its standing and destroying its independence. Such experiments of constitution-making in the States has tended to establish and strengthen the constitution of the Federal Government.

The President who retires, I have seen twice. He is a most agreeable person, and has borne his honours and responsibilities with equal grace and dignity. Leaving thews and sinews and mere physical qualifications out of the question, I presume that Presidents of the United States would be found outwardly to resemble each other very much; or at least as much as Grand Lamas do, or are intended to do. The political career of each has been very nearly of the same length and character. They have almost always risen from the middle or even from the lower class of the nation; have threaded their way upward through courts, senates, and governorships, until they have reached this highest ambition of an American citizen; the base of their success and preferment being always that knowledge of men and affairs, which, irrespective of any or all other qualifications, makes a politician if not a statesman. They have all that self-possession gained only by a successful management of important concerns. The kind of men whom we always expect to see dressed in plain black, with grave but kindly manners—with formal answers by the book for all kinds of questions—the proper small-talk of a "ruler of the people;" and with sufficient forethought and composure to prevent hasty decisions, or subject the machinery of government to unequal or unsteady motion.

The 49th President is somewhat under

the common stature of men, but of that shape and complexion which, more than any other, indicate mental and physical powers both perfect and well governed. At first sight one thinks the face and head rather *petite*; but a nearer approach satisfies us that this impression is due to a very just proportion of feature, and not to a defect in any one. The brow is rather high than broad, and its tracery of wrinkles rather manifold than strong, as if the contemplations within had been more of things in general than in the abstract. It has few or none of those deeply furrowed lines which strong passion sears into the foreheads of the privileged or powerful of the earth. The eye is grey, clear, and its setting good. The nose well cut with delicate nostrils. The lips indicate firmness, and have a light twist on the right-hand side, which, when joined with the twinkle of the eye, indicates both shrewdness and humour. There is an air of brusquerie, accompanied with a slight toss of the head, which detracts somewhat from the dignity of the person on ordinary occasions, but is said to disappear altogether from his official deportment. The voice, too, which at first seems rather thin and womanish, is said at such times to become rugissant and mellow, and to lack neither strength nor volume.

The President has a levee for business for one hour, at noon, twice a week, and there is, during the winter, a state reception once every month at the Government House. This latter affair is, I suppose, very much like all other such assemblages, a saturnalia of well dressed people, who are introduced to the President at one end of an apartment and make their exit at another,

——— "all the while,  
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds."

You know it has often been said of us as a nation, that we can do nothing official without the aid of trumpets and drums. And really, judging from my slight experience since I have been here, there is more truth than slander in the saying. Even the serenades here have an extraordinary quantity of leathern

thunder in them, and the trumpets peal battle-notes, at midnight, under your window in a fashion better fitting an alarm to fight than a lullaby or a requiem. It is even said that more than one miscarriage has been occasioned by an unadvertised serenade.

The lives of the first Presidents are represented to have been ceremonial greetings of a very different character—affectionate and reverential tokens of respect exchanged between the ruler of the people and his constituents, even more earnest and simple than their prototypes among the older nations. At present they are a mixture, carelessly compounded, of carnival and charavari—a living pot-pourri of silk, perfume, jewels, and noise. It was the custom, until the end of the 19th century, at the entertainments, to shake hands with the President and such of his household as were officially in attendance; but at that period there happened to be a President of an exceedingly nervous and susceptible temperament, and at one of his first levees this kind of palmistry had been practised *con amore* to such an extent, that the President's hand continued shaking for several days thereafter, and a surgical operation became necessary to restore the proper relation and dependence between the muscles and the brain. This affection is similar to that to which little girls are liable, who, by jumping the rope for too long a period, continue jumping even after the rope is taken from them, or until they are restrained by force. Since this occurrence, the usual method of salutation, by a mere obeisance, has been substituted, much to the saving of time and the increase of comfort. I have now, my dear M., disposed of some of your queries—enough to show you that I am at least an industrious observer, and looking on for your sake as well as my own.

Happy be you, and for the present adieu.

J. D. P.

## LETTER VI.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Quarter of the Senate, }  
 February—th, A. D., 2029. }

DEAR MARY:

I have received your letter of the—th. And so the spring has come again to the happy valley. The mountains begin to veil themselves like brides before the sun; the brooks have become talkative and prattle of their sources among the hills. The green tassels of the pine, that blossomless tree, are changing to gold—the crocus peeps from the turf: there are new comers in the woods, and the air seems a real presence, felt even in its stillness—as if the earth lying in the embraces of heaven were receiving that immaculate conception from which cometh all the fruit and fulness of the year. When I was a child, a very kind and pious lady told me of mysterious voices heard in the stillness of the Sabbath morn. I have often listened for them, even in later years, and, as I think, have heard them too. It seems to me the same mysterious sounds inhabit the airs of spring. Intimations of their presence are found here and there among all the poets: and they are perhaps alluded to in that fine passage of the song of songs “the voice of the turtle is again heard in our land.”

I suppose, my dear M., if we were to have a new translation of the holy Scriptures (which may Heaven forbid) the present participle would be introduced into this expressive description, and we should have to read it, “the voice of the turtle is again *being* heard in our land.” Does it not offend as well as amaze you to find modern grammarians and gerund-grinders, and sometimes even philologists of a higher order, treating languages as if they had been made by rule—as if the analysis had preceded the construction? This work of supererogation takes place in no other science. The geologist, when he finds the conglomerate and amorphous formations, thrust through and overlying the more recent strata, considers the cause rather

than the specimen—treats the subject by dynamics, in regard to its centre of soulevement, as an evidence of vanished power. But the pedagogue whose subject is as concrete and curious, finding that in all languages the verbs signifying possession or existence are irregular, and that there is besides, a class of verbs always defective and generally impersonal which escape from the general analogies of theory, instead of extending contracts his system; instead of regarding these anomalous forms as arising from the difficulty of representing abstractions, and therefore valuable as showing the process as well as the result—boldly attempts to correct them by applying a common measure and standard. Amorphous words should be of as much interest to the philologist as amorphous rocks to the geologist. The adept in each science learns much from them, and he is but a learned Theban, who disregards their historical and metaphysical value, and would tread them down into little terraces to suit his own opinions.

You have heard what the school-boy at Fiesolè said to his master, who was endeavouring to indoctrinate him in the new use of this fashionable participle, “It is right enough,” said the boy, “to say that a tree is *being* cut; or a field is *being* ploughed; because both the tree and the field must exist previous to the action; but to say that a house is *being* built or a well is *being* dug, is sheer nonsense, because until the one be built and the other be dug, they are nothing at all—besides when we say, as our grand-mothers did, ‘they are building a house’—‘they are digging a well,’ all the circumstances of the action are related.” The reasoning is, to be sure, not conclusive, but against it there is no reason at all. In every thing I advocate progress; yet I hope we shall have no new translation of the Scriptures. It has often been remarked, that to translate a work of genius, requires as much talent in the last as in the first author. How much more strongly will this apply to the work of rendering into a different language the writings of inspired men. As to the Westminster, or first authorized



translation, I hold it that the occasion itself—the delivery of the divine oracles to an ignorant and semi-barbarous age should be accounted equivalent to an inspiration; whereas were the same work to be attempted now, there would be great danger of wresting the truth to suit sectarianism or deface and depreciate it with controversial divinity. Let us keep it as it is. The language will never again be as pure and simple as it was then; and for my own part, I should dislike to own a Bible analyzed into concordances with the Cyclopaedia. Here's an episode for you! But courage—it's a long time yet to the 4th of March. "*Revenons nous à nos moutons.*"

Although the President receives visits of business and ceremony at the government house, which was for many years his only residence, his private and family establishment is at Bon Repos, a well appointed and rather palatial edifice, situated on the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, about eighty miles from the city, surrounded by a park of fine old woods, and commanding an extended view of the adjacent country. The architecture of the building is light, but stately and of that original and purely American style, which dates from the end of the 19th century, when artists began again to consider the uses of public as well as private buildings, and to originate new arrangements and ornament of their own, instead of merely copying the models of the ancients. This seat is sometimes called the Residence, but bears more generally the French name which I at first gave it. It was so called by its first occupant in remembrance of an anecdote now become historical of General Washington. It is said that at all his military entertainments during the war of the Revolution, the concluding health given by himself and held as a signal for drawing the tables was Bon Repos; the French being used probably in compliment to the officers of that nation, who were of his family or might happen to be present.

The want of some such retreat where the President could separate himself from his office; blow away State cobwebs from

his brain, and enjoy the ease, relaxation and privacy of an individual, had begun to be felt about the middle of the 19th century. The government house then, not a fourth part of its present dimension, overlooked the long-pontine marshes, and was probably, so far as we can judge of it now, contrived like some other notable residences which we have seen, so that the rooms of State acted as ventilators, if not condensers to the vapours and gases engendered in the subterranean parts of the building. This used to be a great defect in the palaces, and large baronial houses in the west of Europe. The princely pile of Buckingham house, once a favourite residence of Queen Victoria, was originally so defective in this respect that wandering airs from the kitchen and scullery, expanded by the heat of the rooms above, were constantly perceptible above the more elaborate perfumery of the State apartments; and it required an artist of great skill and knowledge so to reform the buildings as to confine such exhalations to their appropriate limit.

The new residence of the President was designed to have been in the city proper, but the project had been so long before the Legislature, that the members of the third house (as it is called) had ample time to purchase every site either available or desirable for such a building; and, it being at that time a recognized principle in morals, that what was worth one dollar to an individual, should be made to cost the government five thousand, it was discovered, after the project had been sufficiently discussed, elaborated and settled, that to repurchase any of these sites for the intended purpose, would take as much money as an Indian war. A more spacious, distant and cheaper location was therefore selected, and subsequent Presidents have had reason to thank the operation of the general cupidity, that by its means they have been provided with a quiet and roomy residence, with sufficient of adjacent ground for air and exercise, instead of being pent up in the close and crowded town. The great electoral railroad passes close southward of the mansion

which is thus reached in about an hour and a half from the city. I will at some future time describe to you this fine building, or at least such of its peculiarities as I think will interest you. So much for Presidents.

Of your next subject of inquiry, the eloquence of the Senator we wot of, I can from personal knowledge say but little, except that it seems to be a power generally recognized. I have also noticed that those who speak of him, whether in commendation or disparagement (and what great gift has ever wanted such accompaniments!) rarely indicate the same points either as excellencies or defects. But all agree that he possesses in a great degree, that magisterium of an orator which is found in earnestness and sincerity. When thoughts come from the heart; are the direct expressions of our internal consciousness and feeling, articulation and gesture are but of little consequence; and may be original, as indeed in such cases they are not apt to be, or follow any established pattern of the time. This earnestness in the person we are speaking of never frets and froths and fumes; does not spit words, or shriek them or whisper them—make you wait a minute for a fact, and then utter it in a voice which cannot be heard; roar forth premises, and then whimper out the conclusion; but, in the height of his illustrations, though the words tread thicker after each other, they are all in place; though the voice swells, its tones are all natural, and the argument, rising in life-like proportions from the inspiration of the speaker, he himself is overshadowed and lost in his own creations, so that while listening to the name of the oracle we forget both the prophet and the shrine.

Such at least is the description given of him by a person of taste, talent and long experience in deliberative assemblies. I take the outline as reliable, though it may be a caricature rather than a copy. I must warn you generally that you are not to receive all that I tell you as either fact or reasoning of my own. We are established here in a coterie, of which both the men and the

women are professed politicians—versed in all old affairs of State, and familiar with all new ones. So that in most respects I am to be taken as a scholar writing upon themes stated by adepts and masters. As to real eloquence, when employed upon any subject which I understood, I hold myself able to form a sound opinion, and might indeed be found a more susceptible and judicious critic than old stagers, more used to debates and arguments; as they say new plays are best judged of by persons who have never been in a theatre. But the truth is, I have as yet nothing to judge from—I lack the specimens, having heard only one debate, and that so entirely fragmentary and technical, that though some of the leading members spoke to the business, there was not enough said in all to afford a good sample of any. What struck me at once as a defect in all the speaking which I have heard or seen reported, is the constant iteration of the title of the presiding officer with the duplicated exclamation of sir! laid upon the back of it, which seems to me to have no other effect than to give a wrangling and a quarrelsome character to the argument, which is both unnecessary and undignified. I cut the following from the *Continental* of yesterday as a specimen.

“Mr. Speaker, the gentlemen on the other side of the chamber say that this act was the result of a compromise made by one Legislature to be binding upon all its successors, and for its validity and binding quality, they refer to what they are pleased to call the compromises of the constitution, by which, sir, we of the present day are to understand certain ante-nuptial agreements precedent to the formation of that instrument—the protocol, as diplomatists say, of the final and concluding act—sir, I deny the validity of any such compromises—I deny and repudiate them altogether. Compromise, sir, has grown to be a dishonest word. Yes, sir, it does not belong to our language. It is a word, sir, not to be found in our early State papers, at least not in the sense appertaining to it now. It belongs, sir, to the old world—to the corrupt and infected diplomacy of de-

cayed governments. We borrowed it from them, sir, in the days of paper currency, fancy stocks, forged scrip, land donations, Kansas constitutions, womens' rights, abolition preaching, spiritual rappings, fillibustering, fourierism. What is the technical meaning of this word compromise? Its meaning is technical in politics and differs entirely from its general acceptance. Suppose, sir, it was said that you and I were compromised, what would it mean? It would mean, sir, that you had privately—yes, sir, privately promised to do certain things for me, and that I had privately promised to do certain things for you as an equivalent. That would be the meaning of it, sir. In such a case our fathers would have said, that you and I had made a bargain—an agreement. That is the English of it. But, sir, this phrase will no longer answer in politics. It is too plain, sir,—it is 'rank, it smells to heaven.' Sir, when it was first supposed and asserted in this country, that two distinguished politicians had made a bargain, the whole nation was offended. The mere intimation of it turned the tide of a Presidential election and damned effectually two politicians as honest—yes, sir, as honest, I dare not go further, as any that now hear me. The word was changed immediately. To bargain, sir, is vulgar, is fulsome—but to be compromised, heaven bless you, sir, that is no crime at all—it is the fashion, sir,—the French fashion. Compromise is 'your only wear.'"

I have taken a passage at random from the printed speeches. It has probably suffered amputation in this respect from the reporters: for you are to know that in a majority of cases, the spoken and the reported debates, in the arrangement of language, are not always similar. In some of the speeches which I heard upon the occasion referred to, the eternal Sir seemed to make a part of every sentence—so much so that the whole oration was broken up like an auctioneer's Cantata, "Five and six-pence, gentlemen—gentlemen, five and six-pence—five shillings and six pence, gentlemen, is bid for this beautiful statuette—five and six," &c.,

&c. This apostrophe to the audience is, of course, necessary in all public speaking. It is only the redundancy which makes it an abuse and an offense, and this particularly when the word used is short and harsh. The "O Andres Athenaioi" of Demosthenes is often repeated, but it has nine vowels, and is always inset where it swells the cadences of the sounding and melodious old language. That this appellative lingered long among the echoes of Greece, as an alarm to patriotism, we may infer from the circumstance that Saint Paul opens with it his address to the Athenians from the hill of Mars. The Roman invocation either in the Senate or Forum was not melodious, and we find it coming but seldom in their orations. By Cicero it is always enveloped in a band of short vocal words as thus, "*Quæ cum ita sint, Quirites, &c., &c.*"

The words of address in our country, as well as in England, as Mr. Speaker—Mr. President, sir, and so forth, are all short and harsh, and should be omitted unless where very natural or absolutely necessary, and always so inserted as not to mar the harmony of the language. On examining the most famous English orations, I find that the best of them have the fewest vocatives of this sort. In Mr. Pitt's celebrated speech on the abolition of the slave trade, upon which the sun rose to supply him with that beautiful illustration of the extent of British dominion, there are but nineteen sirs. In Lord Brougham's speech on parliamentary reform but nine. A speech of Mr. Webster's in the Senate, and said to have been his most powerful effort, contains one hundred and twenty-five; but they are for the most part so enveloped in the diction as not to offend by their prominence. Burke and Sheridan in their speeches before the peers, have belorded their audience beyond all measure. Perhaps we might apply to them what Byron said of their lesser countryman, the poet, "Tommy loves a lord." At any rate these unnecessary interjections, like pock-marks on a good face, destroy both delicacy and expression.

The ceremony of opening the returns of votes given in the different States at the election for President, and announcing the result is to take place to-morrow in the Capitol. This great act of State is performed by the Senate and Representatives in joint session. I will give you an account of it in my next. Excuse this discursive epistle which has run into a lecture on rhetoric—and adieu!

J. D. P.

## LETTER VII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Quarter of the Senate, }*  
February—th, A. D. 2029. *}*

MY DEAR MARY:

The ceremony of which I spoke in the conclusion of my last letter, and which is the grand preliminary to the installation of the 50th President, took place yesterday in the hall of the Constitution. This magnificent apartment, designed for this and similar acts of State, may be called the Theatre of the edifice, and is one of the most spacious rooms in the world. Its dimensions have been determined so as to include the greatest space in which a human voice of usual force and compass can be heard distinctly. This being the utmost extent available, for either legislative or forensic purposes, to have enclosed and elaborated a larger area would have shown both want of judgment and of taste. The hall terminates at its eastern end in a dais or platform slightly curved into the chamber, and raised five steps above the floor. From this elevation there open four deep-arched windows, giving a strong light to this portion of the hall, so that whatever ceremonial is transacted there, can be witnessed not only from the whole interior but also to a very considerable distance from without. To take the largest practicable space and adapt it both for audience and exhibition to the greatest number of spectators was the object which the architect proposed to

himself, and to this end alone the shape and ornature of the chamber has been made subservient. So far as I am a judge, and it is also the general verdict, he has as perfectly fulfilled his purpose as is permitted to mere human agency, and at the same time embellished his work with a class of decorations at once magnificent and original.

The hall occupies the eastern half of the North Capitol. The entrance to it is from the west through a quadrangle made by the intersection of the two principal corridors—one answering to the nave which leads from the west, connecting with the white Capitol; and the other to the transept which divides the building and leads from the north front into the court. The angles of this intersection are cut off by sides of about fifty feet in width ascending to the roof, from which light is admitted. The lower parts of these sides are panelled and richly decorated, and behind them are the main stair-cases leading to the upper parts of the building; but in the second story these faces of the quadrangle have niches, in which are placed the four colossal statues of which you have heard so much: the work of the American Cellini, representing the four ages of the world, the Nomadic, Agricultural, the Heroic, and the Present.

On entering the hall the first thing we are struck with is its great capacity. The object of the architect would seem to have been the opposite of him of St. Peter's, to enlarge in appearance an actually small dimension. The angles of the primitive figure are cut off by equal planes, so that the interior presents an octagon with six short sides and two long ones. At each angle of the interior and in the middle of the long sides, are four massive columns, supporting a decorated entablature, and serving as imposts for the sweeping roof. The ribs of the arches are marked on the roof by lines richly decorated with grotesque sculpture: but between these the whole vault is broken into planes, the divisions between which are also embellished with a light and leafy tracery. From the central compartment and at the highest

part of the roof the light is admitted through a circular window. The columns are massive, with lion-heads in half-relief on the die of the pedestal, the capital being composed of four closed eagles, the wings just touching, and the beak serving as a volute, while a broad fillet of grotesque foliage covers the feet of the birds and terminates the decoration.

In the ornature of this immense apartment all, even the minutest accessories, have been so disposed to perfect its adaptation both for audience and exhibition. All reverberations or eddies of sound have been cut off or provided for. The lights are also so arranged as to fall strongest on the places to be occupied by the principal personages in the several acts or ceremonials here to be presented: and to enliven and bring out the inimitable tableaux with which the walls are covered.

The first sensation experienced by a spectator is, that he has entered a grotto where the stalactites have wreathed themselves into regular forms, making panels and compartments upon which the light, falling through chrystal openings and separated into colours, has photographed the history of mankind. The disposition of every part is such as to give to the whole apartment, even when empty, a populous and movable appearance.

Of the paintings (they are not frescoes) which fill the compartments in the roof and walls representing important events, epochs of progress in civilization and government, you have seen and are familiar with the prints of them, but of their more superlative excellencies, effects ancillary to the design and dependent on colouring and position you must see to judge. The principal piece, the delivery of the Law from Mount Sinai, which occupies the central portion of the Eastern end, and fronts the spectator as he enters, is a great conception, executed with the very highest capacity of art. Though it contains many auxiliaries, to which the eye occasionally reverts, still the management of the back-ground of mountain and cloud, re-

lieves us from the distraction often produced in great pictures and concentrates attention on the principal group, upon which the light falls directly from the roof. We see nothing but the great act, the enforcement of obedience as the condition of our existence here and hereafter. This picture is placed appropriately so as to be visible from almost every part of the hall, and is a proper acknowledgment of belief in the divine origin of our most holy religion. It is, you know, the work of the American Buonoratti, who was a long time coming but came at last. The choice and arrangement of the subjects in all these pictures are the work of this mighty genius, and many of the designs received the finishing touches from his hand. In the panel which represents Numa in conference with Egeria, that myth assumes an aspect at once philosophic and beautiful. Both monarch and nymph are represented as seated. On the king's knee is a scroll or Roman book, and at his feet the short, sharp sword of his nation, the belt lying loose upon it. His right hand rests on the crest of a helmet, which seems just to have been taken off, and his left supports his chin, the attitude and expression being one of goodness and hope and wonder. The nymph is placing with one hand on his brow the fillet usually worn by an augur pontiff, while with the other she points to the representation of a triumphal procession seen like a vision on the clouds of an evening sky. The nymph is purely divine—her face beaming with that expression of hope and love and sadness which we may suppose Alcmenæ to have worn when instructing or reproving Hercules. You know the gross and wicked construction which has been put upon this beautiful fable by certain wits and commentators—the same kind of sacrilege with which Voltaire polluted the legend of his country concerning the Maid of Orleans. It is the highest and purest function of art to remove such stains from the tablets of history—stains by which patriotism is disfigured into loathsome vice, and pure purpose defamed into sensual impulse. Of the more

modern representations: the weak and wicked king John in the hands of the iron-barons at Runnymede—Hampton on his trial for refusing to pay ship money, and Luther at Worms, are perhaps those in which the skill of the artist has been most successful. In all of them the secondary personages are few, well-grouped and chosen to indicate both the causes and consequences of the principal event.

To the lower and western compartments have been consigned representations of the proper history of our own nation, and in this part of his labour, where the difficulty has been increased by the proximity of the subject, the painter has shewn as much modesty as talent. He has been especially happy in softening the close cut and tag-rag uniforms and draperies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and covering up these short-curved outlines by judicious combination. You know that for the whole of this period artists were greatly embarrassed by the queer habiliments worn by both sexes, and obliged to be false to the age in which they lived by draping their subjects in antique costumes. The dresses worn in those days both common and official had been cut and carved into such fantastic and abominable shapes that gentlewomen of taste preferred to have their portraits taken either helmeted like Minerva, or half-naked like Venus, rather than let their faces appear on canvass, and that in perpetuo, like figure heads to the large parti-coloured balloons which, with other monstrosities, they were compelled to wear in real life. In so doing, my dear Mary, our sex, though they have been censured for it, and even accused of immodesty, certainly showed much more taste than the other, who seem always to have preferred being exhibited and preserved in the current costume. The ordinary as well as the official habiliments of men in these days were equally monstrous and incredible as our own, and yet from the times of Vandyke and Lely to those of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence, the Lord Chancellors of England have been represented on canvass

as masses of wool, silk and embroidery, with nothing human but the face from the eye-brows to the chin. The soldiers also with the exception only, as I believe, of the great Napoleon and the Iron-Duke, whose best accredited resemblances make them appear in plain green or gray, have exhibited the same weakness, and their official integuments, whether of iron and steel, or buff broad-cloth and tinsel, were as incommensurable as the others. Close cut coats, embroidered with straps and covered with buttons, indicating the places of the ribs and bones beneath, and marking for the rifle the chinks of most certain and fatal attainment, surmounted by head-gear hard and heavy, without pretence either to defense or comfort, composed the panoply of military men of this age, and they are preserved in it on the canvass. During the same period the beauties of the courts of England and France, from the first Charles to the fourth George, figure as Minervas and Cybeles, Dianas and Hebes, their ordinary apparel being still preserved in the families of their descendants like armour in the old baronial halls or in the tower of London. Such chimeras have for the most part disappeared, and the great artist has succeeded tolerably in concealing them in his pictures of the revolutionary period when this species of monstrosity was nearly at its height.

In his pictures of the revolutionary period, our artist has eschewed as much as possible battles and smoke—subjects which ordinary painters are prone to occupy themselves with. Thus the great feat of General Putnam, (the opposite of that recorded by the great dramatist of "that sprightly Scot of Scots the Douglass" who rode up a hill perpendicular, old Put, having performed the most dangerous exploit of riding *down*,) has not been deemed worth preservation. Of this period our artist has chosen rather to preserve the scene where Patrick Henry spoke treason—the miraculous address of Hamilton in the Fields at New York—the first reading of the Declaration of Independence—Washington receiving the report at the battle of Bran-

dywine that Sullivan had been out-flanked—the inspection of the army at Valley Forge—Washington resigning his commission. With these and similar subjects his genius occupied itself, and in nearly all of them he has triumphed. Another excellence of our Buonoratti is this, that he has humanized his war pieces by the introduction of women, and that too in their natural and kinliest character, not as spies, thieves, or stabbers. The history of the revolution affords many instances of female devotion and patriotism with which as auxiliaries these beautiful tableaux are embellished.

But perhaps the greatest service which this mighty genius has rendered to his native country, is found in the connection which his immortal productions has formed between the history of our own people, and the history of the parent country, as well as that of the world. In the earlier days of the Republic—that is, up to the times of forged-stocks, stuffed ballot-boxes, bribed legislators, constructive mileage, and conquests by expansion—all the historical paintings in our public halls represented successes or conquests of our own nation, and the necessary results of such exclusive exhibitions was to create and foster an inordinate national pride, and a tyrannical and domineering spirit in our intercourse with foreigners. The prelude to all our acts of State was a flourish about rights and freedom exclusively our own: and such constantly repeated manifestoes were the more wrong, unreasonable, and offensive in that our own country was at that time the acknowledged and preferred asylum to the oppressed of all the world, and its constitution and government based on the original equality of all men. It was a singular contradiction that during a part of the nineteenth century, while we were justifying our acquisition of territory, as heritors of the dominant qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race, destined, as we thought, to populate and civilize both the American continents, we should at the same moment be excluding from citizenship people of this very same race as unfit for

self-government—maintain, in one breath, not only that all men are born equal, but that they remain so: insist upon it in the case of the negro and his derivatives—and the next moment deny the same dogmas, one and all, in the case of our nearer correlatives of European extraction. It seems as reasonable as if a leader of the turf should pride himself on possessing the offspring of Childers or Diomed ten times removed, and at the same time decry and defame their more recent and immediate progeny.

Now, our humane artist by preserving in his representations the struggles and triumphs of civil and religious liberty in Britain, in Holland, France and other countries, and connecting them with similar pious and patriotic achievement in our own, has softened and purified this ultra American propensity and shown the reasonable limit by which it should be confined.

And here, my dear Mary, the limit of my letter has been reached, and I have, as usual, abused your patience—wasting my time and your own in describing the Theatre, sweeping the stage, and trimming the lights, leaving the players outside unreceived and unacknowledged. Pray you forgive me this once. As we get farther on the road I will have my travelling equipage under better management.

Ever yours,

J. D. P.

#### LETTER VIII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Quarter of the Senate,*  
February —th, 2029. }

MY DEAR MARY:

In my last I described to you as far as description can reach such a subject, the hall of the Constitution, in which were to be counted the votes given at the last election for President and Vice-President, and the result certified and proclaimed to the people. The temperature of this spacious apartment had been undergoing a gradual change for a day or two previous; so that at the time appointed for this important ceremony, the air within was both

comfortable and elastic. Experiments have shown that when the temperature of the external Atmosphere is twenty degrees Fahrenheit, a temperature of 45° in the empty hall is rapidly changed to 62° when filled with spectators and a scale has been constructed, by which to regulate the supply of heat and ventilation, as well for any existing natural temperature as for any possible number of audience within; the quantity and quality of air and heat being as perfectly indicated and as entirely under the control of the attendants as the supply of water and steam in a steam engine.

At ten o'clock, the doors of the corridor, leading from the court of the Capitol, were thrown open for the admission of ladies with their attendants of the other sex, who were received by the chamberlains and ushers, and conducted to the part of the hall allotted to them. About 11 o'clock this access was closed, and gentlemen were admitted by the main Northern entrance, until the still vacant portion of the interior had been filled, when this approach was also shut. At the eastern end of the apartment, the dais and a circular portion of the hall had been enclosed by a circular barrier, within which were placed seats for the Senators and Representatives: and in the centre of the dais appeared an elevated seat with desks • and other conveniences for the presiding officers of the assembly.

A little after eleven o'clock, the Representatives entered the apartment and seated themselves on the left of the enclosed space, in front of the dais: the speaker occupying the raised seat, of which I have spoken, and the clerk of the house the desk on his left. A few minutes afterward, the Senate also made their appearance, and took seats on the right of the Representatives: their President seating himself on the right of the Speaker, who rose to receive him. The Secretary of the Senate occupied a seat at a table on the right, upon which was placed a dark coloured casket, containing the returns of the votes. The President of the Senate is the presiding officer of this joint meeting: this being the only act of State in which the two chambers have cognate authority.

The President announced the business of the session, and it was forthwith proceeded in as follows: The Secretary of the Senate having opened, with some formality, the dark coloured casket already mentioned, took therefrom and delivered to the President, for each State in the order of its admission into the confederacy, the sealed return of the votes given in its electoral colleges, who broke the seals, verified the paper and delivered it to the Speaker of the house, who scrutinized it in like manner. When thus authenticated, the number of votes, and for whom cast, was announced and recorded by the Senators. This process was continued until the returns from all the States had been thus verified, when the result was announced by the President of the Senate, and the business of the Session being thus complete, a loud cheer rang through the lofty hall, which was caught up and answered from without, and amid the general acclamation and repeated salvoes of artillery, the Legislators withdrew to their respective chambers.

In this assembly there has rarely been any debate. Its function being only to determine that the prescribed forms of election have been strictly complied with: and as any fatal defect in this respect can scarcely happen, unless by intention, the canvass has generally been terminated in a few hours. Should there be a close contest, and the vote of a State be endangered by informality of procedure, the action of this body might be both protracted and dangerous. The ceremony though brief and simple, without any machinery or decoration, except the little black casket of the Secretary of the Senate, had nevertheless in it something both august and solemn. We could not help feeling that this was the free expression of the will of a great people, as to the person who should, for a limited time, bear rule over them, and which having passed through an intermediate and delegated representation, was finally accredited and made valid here; while, with this feeling, the mind naturally reverted to those periods of government, when such an act could only have occurred at the commencement or end of civil com-



motion, and even then, expressed but the passage of an hereditary authority, altogether irrespective of the will of its citizens or subjects—such were the thoughts doubtless of many present. Thoughts bringing with them feelings of gratitude, earnestness and hope. During the whole process, there was an almost perfect silence in the great hall, scarce broken by now and then the rustle of a dress, or a suppressed whisper. It is said that about five thousand persons were present, of which number the members of the two chambers made five hundred and sixty.

As the light from the high arched windows, in the Eastern end of the apartment, fell strongly upon these official personages, I was prompted irresistibly to indulge my inclination for analysis and generalization, in endeavouring to discover if there existed any distinguishing characteristic or peculiarity, by which the members of the one house might be known from those of the other. That is, if there were a generic distinction between a Senator and a Representative. For though I hold it impossible from lineament or expression of countenance to determine the original strength and quality of men's minds; or, as the great Dramatist says,

"There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face,"

still my belief is not the less strong, that habits of thought and feeling leave always traces in eye and brow, cheek and lip, the meaning of which may be decyphered by a general key. There are instances constant enough, and frequent enough, to attract the notice even of the youngest and most careless observers, where change of habit, of business, or association, has reformed or deformed countenances almost to the extent of Nebuchadnezzar's, in whom impiety and indulgence had widened lip and distended nostril, till the face became the face of a beast and not of a man; or till, in the language of the prophet, "the form of his visage was changed."

On a close scrutiny of these Legislators, I could not detect any prominent difference between the two houses, except that the lower chamber seemed to have

more mobility than the other. There was more fluctuation and change of position, more murmur and gesticulation among them than among their compatriots on the right. In continuing my observations, I noticed that the Senators were in general men of larger stature, or where this was not the case, gave evidence of more healthful and powerful constitutions than their fellows: from which the conclusion is natural that the earlier contests in politics are exacting upon the combatants, requiring endurance as much as talent, and that many enter the race who never reach the goal. Indeed, the excellent of the earth, whether in war, in politics, in science, or in art, have, with few exceptions, been men of a strong and well organized physique, and where this capital has been wanting, it has been supplied by constant, severe and well ordered training. The body must be well broken to spur and bridle before it is fit to carry the mind in long or profitable journeys. The fearful pastimes of William of Orange as a hunter amid the forests, swamps, and dykes of the Netherlands, were not mere wanton indulgences of his natural love of danger, but well co-ordinated exercises of both mind and body, giving to him in after years, and in many a bloody field, that sure seat, quick eye and cool judgment, which either led to conquest or reorganized defeat. The strong and healthful personnel which is recorded of Michael Angelo, Cellini, and which was seen in later days in Scott, Brougham, Humboldt and Arago, are proof conclusive how much success in mental effort depends upon physical co-operation.

But if indicia be wanting by which to distinguish the Legislators of one chamber from those of the other, there is one general characteristic pervading the whole class, which is sufficiently observable and definite. This is derived from the habit of transacting business in a crowd, whether during the session or the recess. They are constantly in the presence of the public. It is rare during any debate that you find ten listeners in the house itself. All the others are either writing or communica-

ting verbally in under tones with each other. They acquire a habit of abstraction rarely attained in any other school, which they carry with them into general society. When therefore you meet in the saloons of Washington, a person who walks through the crowd, without making much or any recognition to those he meets, and who, when he addresses any one, puts his face close to the listener and speaks in low tones with long intervals of silence—the sentences being all short, oracular and coupled with some mesmeric influence upon the hearer, you may be sure that one or both of the personages are members of Congress. The actor who performs this part of the pantomime best being probably a member of the upper house. In ordinary conversation they all speak low and lay their heads together, as if they were breathing thoughts without the use of language. And in this way votes are promised or counted—appointments made, and all the ponderous machinery of legislation moves like Milton's planet, "soft spinning on its axle."

Such is the state of the "mecanique Legislatif" in quiet times, among friends and in fair weather; but when the machinery becomes rusted or clogged, or has been over-wrought, adjustment must be effected and equilibrium restored, either by a tart speech, or may-hap a blow in the lobby or a free fight in front of the Speaker, where, in the arrangement of the house, a ring has been provided for such purposes, followed by apologies oftentimes as indecorous as the offence itself. Our legislators, in such respects, remind one of a group of cattle—herds of a common pasture, who, when in a state of contentment, rub each other affectionately; lay their heads on each other's necks, and seem, while engaged in their ruminations, to be under the influence of an undefined vaccine-magnetism developing all the animal kindness and charity of their natures; but let the keeper present a question of salt or fodder, and there is in an instant movement of hoof and horn while coarse and hollow bellowings express dissatisfaction and anger. Such commotions

do not, it is true, occur very often, for as I said in a former letter, they generally terminate the career of the belligerents. But it has been pretty conclusively shown that their frequency does not diminish in proportion to the age of the republic. Indeed, if the Holy Scriptures, as well as tradition and song, did not constantly refer us to a preliminary age of peace and happiness, and if the first named authority did not plainly promise us a final state of the same character, we should be prone to think as early law-givers and theologians did, that fighting was necessary to the development of a perfect man, and that a healthful contempt of life, such as can be acquired only amidst peril and danger, was necessary to constitute a finished specimen of the race.

The whole order of law-givers may be divided into three classes, which we will designate as debaters, workers and voters; the latter class representing the fighting part of the army, and the others the music and the *etat-major*. The first class, the debaters, are the *genii loci*, and it is from them that all discussions take their shape, colour and movement. I do not include in this class members who make set speeches, or rather spoken essays at the rate of two or three in a session. These are, for the most part, dull, prosy, vapid, and without effect either within the chamber or without. Some of these which I have heard of since my arrival, resemble in their construction a treatise on 'smut in wheat,' which you may remember to have been written some years ago by a well meaning but conceited acquaintance of ours, which began with, "I was born in the town of Minden and county of Montgomery." The debaters on the contrary are not merely orators, and sometimes are not very well acquainted with the subject on which they speak. They are members of dominant personal influence, possessed, at least, of sufficient fluency of speech to express their opinions, and whose course irrespective of their speeches is to be followed implicitly by the adherents of the party to which they belong. They are in fact the music

of the army, "the flutes and soft recorders" which give unison to its motions. For you must know, my dear old lady, (oh me, how much it is to be regretted!) that the days of eloquence, so far as it is a motive force, are past forever. People indeed still flock to hear a great sermon, a topping argument, or a valiant debate—but they go, as they do to the opera or the play, for the music of the voice, or the glorious diction which a high soul, ennobled and inspired by a great subject, can send like a flood through silent listeners whose hearts throb to it like lute-strings in the wind. The attention of the audience on such occasions is selfish and sensual—they seek enjoyment and excitement—not truth. Eloquence like poetry, music and painting is now only a fine art, and has merely a general function. No one living has heard of a vote in any deliberative assembly having been changed by a speech. Such an occurrence would be regarded as a miracle. This is a truth so universally admitted, that in the nineteenth century, after the houses of Parliament of England had been re-built, and it was found that the halls for both Lords and Commons, were not fitted either for speaking or hearing, the Lords refused to have the interior of these halls reformed at the expense of the ornature, thus admitting that exhibition was more important than argument. The eloquence of the Senate in our day is always apologetic or deprecatory, a sequel to well known and preconcerted action, for which reason we always find the best speeches on the losing side. The influential debaters do not enter the

field at all, and then only for amusement and procrastination. Their mystery consists in managing the order of business—in thrusting one subject forward and another back—and their motto is that of ancient Pistol, "*pauca verba.*" Eloquence may have yet some power left in the pulpit or at the bar, and I would not like to say even now that a conversion may never have followed an eloquent sermon; or a jury have been melted by an impassioned plea. But the cases are acknowledged to be rare. Eloquent divines are drawn naturally to the large cities, and this not always from mercenary motives; for, without some extraordinary personal influence of the preacher in such localities, churches would become to be mere places of exhibition, and the worship of God, by all sects and denominations, degenerate into a spectacle or show. The effect of eloquence here, therefore, is to keep the church doors open and insure an audience from gratification if not from Piety. In this view the result is certainly unworthy of the agent. At the bar it has so long been a practice to pick jurors from the worst class of freeholders, that the verdict can always be foretold from the character of the jury-box, and eloquence loses its object or more frequently becomes merely a pander to crime. In both these departments its power is wrested from propriety to ends both unworthy and immoral. Do not sink utterly into the slough of despond, or call me a Cassandra. When I come to the second class of Legislators the prospect may clear up a little. For the present adieu.

J. D. P.

## SCRIPTURE SCENES.

## SUNSET IN GALILEE.

BY FANNY FIELDING.

"Now, when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him: and he laid hands on every one of them and healed them."—  
 Luke iv: 40.

Sunset was kissing Galilee's blue wave,  
 And tinging with prismatic light the hills  
 And mountains which engirt Capernaum.  
 The purple grape blent with the evening's gold,  
 Peering through foliage of arching vines;  
 And 'mongst the olive-groves the shepherd's reed  
 Echoed sweet melody, as by the shores  
 And o'er the hills it wound,—the flocks and herds  
 Recalling to their homes. On the still air  
 Incense went up from myriad chalices—  
 Flowers bowed their heads and proffered offerings,  
 And mellow notes of feathered worshippers,  
 Warbling sweet vesper-hymns, resounded far.  
 The crowded mart—the busy hum of men—  
 The din of chariot wheels—and trampling horse—  
 And rushing multitudes eager for gain,  
 Lay where the golden-tinted battlements  
 Glinted beyond in evening's setting sun.  
 A host—a noiseless host went forth along  
 The open campaign looking to the sea;—  
 The halt—the maimed—the deaf—the dumb—the blind.  
 Maidenhood with her lily cheek, where once  
 The rose had vied in beauty to excel  
 The flashing eye, once proud in its quick light,  
 Now listless sheathed beneath the heavy lid  
 Of dire disease.

Gay youth, and manhood proud,  
 Prostrate beneath the ruthless spoiler's touch;  
 And helpless childhood—doubly helpless now,  
 Forgot the ready smile—the ringing laugh—  
 Its passport to the listener's eager heart,  
 And languid limbs, and withered looks, wan cheeks,  
 And sunken orbs where late the love-light played,  
 Met in this multitude of stricken ones.  
 Aye, little feet that trod through Syriac halls—  
 Each fairy fall wakening maternal love—  
 Paternal pride,—languid and powerless now.

The filmy gaze of some Bartimeus  
 Speaks to the heart;—the dim and sightless orb  
 Through which the soul again and yet again  
 Strives to look forth upon the beauteous world  
 And almost sees, yet does not, heaven's light,  
 And almost sheds, yet fails, the light within,—  
 Like some fair human form in prison bonds,

Seen fluttering through the hard unyielding bars,  
 Fretting itself against its iron cell.  
 There are lips there have ever left to eyes  
 And kindly acts, and sad and sunny smiles,  
 To interpret what they have no power to utter;—  
 Speechless and noiseless, they no loving heart  
 E'er gladden'd with the music of their words.  
 There are ears there that never heard the sound,—  
 Ne'er felt the thrill maternal music made  
 Within some happier brother's breast, as rocked  
 In the same cradle, the same lullaby  
 Floated on fragrant breeze about them both.  
 And some are here whose fleshly tabernacles  
 Are the abode of fiends,—grim—terrible!  
 And these now tear their hair, and now send forth  
 Howls,—hellish—subterranean—like the damned  
 Shout through the courts of hell; and blasphemies,  
 Such as spontaneous spring from demon lips,  
 Rend the soft air with sounds unutterable!  
 Is there no help—Father of mercies! say,  
 To interpose for these, and such as these?

Aye, there stands *ONE*, lowly and meek of mien,—  
 His fair hair parted o'er his radiant brow,  
 A man of sorrows and with grief acquainted.  
 Sweet sympathy, and love, and heavenly mercy  
 Form the pure diadem whose steady light  
 Graces the forehead of the *SON OF GOD*.  
 Benignant here and there his meek eyes gaze—  
 Now turn to Heaven,—and now his sinless lips—  
 His holy hands, speak freedom to th' enthralled—  
 Set prisoners free!

The blind look forth amazed  
 Upon the living glory of the world,  
 No words of witchery from loving tongue  
 E'er to the intercepted sense conveyed  
 The thought of beauty such as this.

The dumb,—  
 Oh! who can tell the rapturous thrill that waked  
 His bosom when the god-like gift of speech  
 From his own lips first stirred the circling air!  
 And he whose insufficient eyes might gaze,  
 And gaze on Nature's handiwork, and never  
 Conception most remote e'er form of Music—  
 What heart could beat in unison with his  
 When Jesus spake the mystic—"BE THOU WHOLE!"  
 Angelic warblings—songs of birds—of men—  
 The sweetest words which earth's fair daughters utter,  
 Were discord to the spirit-jubilant sound.

"Come forth!" spake Christ,—and the demoniac fiends  
 Rent their frail tenements and fled away,  
 And blessed occupants assume those homes  
 And send forth "*GLORY TO THE SON OF GOD!*"

## THE MASTER PIKE.

On the second day of the circuit court week, Turkey Slathers came to town, and managed to keep, as usual, about two-thirds drunk during the rest of the session. One evening, just as we had got through a consultation concerning a land case, in Colonel Ward's office, Turkey rapped at the door, and immediately opened it half-way and thrust his head through the aperture.

"At ole sledge, you fellers, or a leetle game uv draw?" he inquired.

"Neither," answered Ward. "We don't do such things here. Come in, Turkey."

"Oh, no, you don't," rejoined Turkey, as he complied with the invitation—"no, narry time. Proverbly not! I'll bet five dollars to a ninepense that P. K. has got the four Jacks in his pocket now, ready to make the first one needed jest in the nick uv time. Well, that's naitril. A man aint Commonwealth's Attorney for nothin, I reckon."

"Oh, you are a common slanderer, Turkey," I said; for I saw that P. K. did not relish the groundless imputation.

"Narry time, honey! no, sir! It's univarsally allowed that I'm the truthiest man in this section uv country. Fact is, ther aint no chance for bein anythin else; for P. K. thar takes so much more'n his far sheer uv the lyin that lays about loose, uther folks hev to put up with truth, whether or no."

"Look here, sir," cried P. K., bristling up at the imputation; "I would advise you to keep your abusive tongue quiet."

"Don't be crooked, my son," interrupted Turkey; "bekase you aint gwine to gether me. You know that would be parsonally danjerous."

Colonel Ward interposed here, and told Turkey that he would not permit him to insult any of his guests.

"Why, Ed, I wouldn't mislist no one, as you know—speshly P. K., that I've voted for twyste, an's gwine to do it agin—ef nobody else don't offer."

"I've always treated you well, Turkey," said the mollified candidate for re-

election, nosing out a possible vote, "and I can't see why you try to annoy me."

"Now, thar it is;" and Turkey, as he spoke, seated himself before the grate, and stretching his legs in the shape of a V, looked intently at the coal fire before him. "Yes, that's it! I'm allers treadin on some chap's long heels, an don' know it, untwell he squawks. Fact is, I respek you, P. K., I respek enny man that can drink a quart uv red-eye at one swaller, an holes three aces at poker in sich a mysterious way. But that aint what I came yer for. I heern ther wus to be a bustin time to-morrow—all kines uv great wurks. What's broke?"

I explained to him the occasion of the barbecue, that the friends of the Presidential candidates would meet the next day; that speakers would discuss the merits of the men and the "planks of the platforms," and that there would be "a free bait."

"Edzackly," answered Turkey. "Will either uv the men that offers for President be yer?"

"Why, no. Candidates for the Presidency don't take the stump; but they will be fully represented. Besides, there will be a good dinner. Doctor Bryan has made great preparations, and so has Harv. Bailey. Lots of whiskey about, Turkey."

"I reckon I'll stay. But see here, hoss," addressing me specially by that equine title, "air you fond uv geese? Some one tells me you're fond uv sich birds. I wouldn't give a cuss for a heeped waggin-load, for my eatin; but it's 'cordin to the way a man's fotched up. I know'd a French feller wunst that eat frogs—yes, frogs! an they do say the houn eat oshters. Ed, yer tole me one time that folks in ole Verginny eat sheep. I'd jest as leave eat a ole he-cat. Well, they's bin mighty skeerce on Sandy for two year past."

"Cats?"

"No—geese."

"I'm sorry for that, for if it had been cats, we could have spared you about

fifty out of town, and never have missed them."

"Likely. Well, geese won't be skeerse nuvver no more. I caught that ole he-pike that's made sich de-vas-tation among 'em."

I saw that Turkey was about to produce one of his famous Munchausenisms, and so, as they say at euchre, I "assisted."

"Tell us the story, Turkey."

"Ther aint no story about it; but jest sol-lid fax. You see, all along Sandy, from the Wayne county line to fernent the mouth uv Pond, they aint raised a goose for the rise uv three year. Fust plaise, they nuvver could find no aiggs to set—the birds laid in sich outen way plaisses; but they wuz hatched some-war, for a flock uv goslings would make ther aperients occasin'ly, stay about a week, and then scatter, one by one. Folks allowed the minx an mus-rats tuck 'em off; but enny how, they went."

"Yisterday, I was on the roover, jest below Marrowbone, fishin in the deep hole thar for peerch, an had two lines out for cat, hitched to water-birch limbs. Some way or uther the fish wuz skeery, and wouldn't bite. Chaffinses boy Bill, he come up an he sez—

"Turkey, thar's the biggest, bustinest pike in that hole you uvver seed. I tell you, he's the master kind. Daddy gigged him las' spring; the gig it helt its holt, but the fish was so powerful strong, daddy had to let go. The fish kerried off the gig, an swum with the hannel half outen water for over three months, an then it broke out. He's a crowder. He aint a yinch less'n six foot long, an ways as much as our bay colt."

"Well, I didn't edactly swaller all Bill's noration, but I know'd in reasin ther was somethin skeerin the peerch off, an thinks I, I'll lay for you. So I anchors a pole in the middle, an ties three uv the biggest cat-fish hooks together, an fixes quills aroun the line to keep the pike's teeth frum sawin it in too, an then I puts on a big red-horse whootch I ket-ht with a worrum, an I sets it. Soon's I'd done that, I goes to a deep hole fernent the mouth uv Wolf and

thar I fishes for peerch. Bill he wouldn't go long, but 'lowed he'd watch the set pole, for he wanted to see me ketch the master pike.

"I fished an I fished, an the more I fished the more I didn't ketch. Jest as fast as I'd fix the bait on, the gars—I do'n know what gars was made for enny-how, do you?"

"To strip off bait, of course," said Hick White, who lay stretched at full length, on the old green lounge.

"Then I'm dog-goned ef they didn't kerry out ther original attention yisterday, for they tuck off bait a heep faster'n I put it on. At long last, I did ketch somethin—a ugly, mean, no-account gwonno—an I was so mad I pitched him clean over my head into the roover bottom, an I quit in deesgust. I allow'd I'd stop then an thar, an I did. Jest then I heern Bill Chaffins sing out he was thar."

"I run down stream, an I meets Bill on the jump, his eyes as big as sassers, an his tung gwine like a flutter-wheel. I looks over into the hole, an I tell you, the roover jest biled! Sich sloshin you nuvver seed afore. The old pike was hookt, an he wuz a scrowger! He wuz the antickest feller you uvver seed. Fust he'd dive down, an you couldn't see a mite uv the pole; an then he'd come up, an the top uv the pole'd jump outen water more'n a hunderd feet."

"Chaffinses kunnoo was fastent to a birch-root hard by, so I makes her loose, an Bill an I gits in her, an I poles her out. But we couldnt raise the fishin-pole no how. Uvry time the pike'd see us, he'd dodge and shoot, an keep the pole down. At last I takes the set pole, an puts it onder the line; but jest as I'd git it up to the top, the pike he'd querl hisself, and off the line'd slaunch."

"I fooled my time thar for over six hour, as nigh as I could jedge, an I got tired. Bill sed he'd dive down and rise the pole. So he barks hisself, and in he goes. He swum roun a spell, and div down, but he wasn't strong enough to raise agin the fish, so he give that up. I looks down agin, an I couldn't see nothin more uv the fish, an I know'd he'd

pull'd the anchor loose, an kerried off the pole, so I sez to Bill, who was a set-tin in the starn eend, with his knees to his chin, an his fingers to his toes, doubled up like a bull-frog, 'We'll go doun to your house an git somethin to make a drag.' With that I gives the kunnoc a couple uv hard shoves an lands her, an I sez to Bill—

"'Sonny, you go in an ax mammy for the pot-hook an the bed-cord, or a cloze-line.'

"I didn't hear him answer, an I turned roun, an, lo an behole! Bill wuzn't thar.

"I thought first he'd got out, though I didn't see how; but then I sees his ole straw hat a floatin doun the rouver, an then I know'd he'd fell overboard, an I expected he wuz drowned. I felt awful bad about the leetle cuss, an stood there an considered a spell. Dreckly Miss Chaffins she sees me, an she sez—

"'Where's Bill?'

"'Why,' I sez, 'I reckon he's up the bank somewhar. He wuz with me a little while back,' I sez, for I didn't rite-ly know what to say.

"Sez she, 'He's gone up the Dry branch, I reckon, to look arter that stray cow of ourn.'

"'Yes, ma'am,' I sez, 'I heern him say somethin about a cow.'

"Well, Miss Chaffins she sed dinner wuz ready, and wuz welcome, would I set up? an I sot doun; but I didn't eat more'n a poun uv middlin, an a couple uv pones uv bread, for my heart wuz heavy. Ef I'd a hed some red-eye I think I could hev drunk a quart, I wuz in sich low sperrets. But I hedn't narry drap.

"Arter dinner I went out an tuck to fishin agin, for I wuz so deestrackted I didn't know what to do. I flung me line in agin at the deep hole, an suddently I got a leetle the feercest bite that uvver wuz. It tuck hard strugglin to keep my feet, an I was dubertating whether the

line'd break, or I'd git dragged inter the drink, when I sees Bill's daddy, that hed bin over to Warfield, crossin at the shoal, an he sees I wuz in trubbel an rid up. I 'splained things, an he lights, an purposes at wunst a gwine in, whcotch he ded. He swum out an div doun, an when he riz he sez—

"'I got holt uv a pole an line, an he's on it.'

"It wuz the ole dientical pike as hed hookt hisself agin. It wuz a tolerable peert match—the fish a kickin an plungin, an Chaffins he a swarrin an raavin, an I a cavortin an snortin—an I jumps in too, cloze an all, an tuck holt. Between us both we got him out. He wuz a crowder, though, an fit desput, an we wuz ableeg'd to stunt him with rocks, an then we dragged him doun to Chaffins house.

"When we got thar, he look so large aroun the middle that I was curious to see what wuz in him, so I takes a butcher-knife, an jobs it inter him, rippin him clean up, an out jumps Bill."

"What!" we exclaimed, simultaneously.

"Bill Chaffins," continued Turkey, coolly, "what had fell overboard, an bin swallerd hole. Oh, that aint a prim-in to what's comin. Fact is, Bill wuzn't hert a mite!—though he sed it wuz mighty warm in thar. But the mystery about the goslines come to light. We foun two levil bushil uv goose-aiggs inside uv the pike—an the thing was clear enough. You see the geese they'd lay ther aiggs in the water, and this grand raskil he'd swaller 'em hole. The heat uv the anemil'd hatch 'em, an he'd feel kine uv misserbul with them a crawlin in thar, an he'd make 'em leave. In about a week's time he'd git over the skeer, an gobble 'em up in the water, one by one, as they swum. He's done with that business now, I reckon, an fethers'll be a heap plentier next year on Sandy, that's certing."



## Editor's Table.

While the Ladies of the Mount Vernon Association are working with a noble enthusiasm in other States of the Union, we are gratified to hear that their Sisters in Virginia are manifesting an interest in the good cause worthy of the Commonwealth which holds the ashes of Washington. Among the patriotic offerings which have been made to the Vice-Regent of the Old Dominion, it gives us pleasure to mention, for the first time, the gift of seven autograph letters of Washington, addressed to Bryan, Lord Fairfax, which have been treasured for years by Mrs. John W. Minor of Loudoun county, the grand-daughter of his Lordship, but which this lady now generously surrenders to the Mount Vernon Association, to be sold for the benefit of the Fund. The intimate relations which subsisted between the proprietors of Mount Vernon and Greenway Court are well known, and we question whether there now remain any more valuable or interesting memorials of Washington, as a private gentleman, than these letters. We are authorized by the Vice-Regent to invite bids for the entire series, and we would ask of our friends of the daily press of the country to make it widely public that she will receive proposals for their sale. Communications addressed to us on the subject will be honoured with immediate attention. An opportunity of procuring authentic specimens of Washington's familiar correspondence such as these is not likely to occur again, and would not now have been presented but for the peculiar circumstances of the case and the high object for which the sacrifice is tendered. We hope we shall soon be able to announce the sale of the letters for a sum which shall exhibit an imposing addition to the Mount Vernon Treasury.

We do not recollect any occasion in America which has called forth so many and various expressions of gratitude and discerning praise as the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birthday of Robert Burns,

which occurred on the 25th of January. From one end of the land to the other, the voices of the orator and the poet united in rendering honour to the genius of the peasant bard of Ayrshire. In Boston, Hillard and Holmes charmed the hours of innocent festivity; in New York, Bryant and Verplanck and Dr. Francis graced the banquet of wit and wine; in Baltimore, Kennedy and Wallis offered their eloquent tributes to the memory of the master; in Washington City, the wise and great in statesmanship testified to the ruling power of song; in Charleston, King and Petigru and Bryan joined the general chorus of feeling. It will be remembered as the dying request of Burns, deeply pathetic in its humour, that they would not let the "awkward squad" fire over his grave. The spirit of this request was heeded in the homage which was so becomingly rendered to the bard in the late commemoration. It was no "awkward squad" that fired the salute, but the veterans in literature, who have rendered the highest intellectual services to their country, and who have never broken step to the music in the 'march of mind.'

We propose to make a few extracts from the published reports of these celebrations. We shall forbear to draw upon the long Oration of Henry Ward Beecher in New York City, not that we are altogether insensible to its merits, nor yet that the eccentric speaker seized the moment sacred to grateful emotions to obtrude upon his audience his well-known anti-slavery fanaticism, but because there seems to us a want of spontaneity in the effort which may be owing to our knowledge of the fact that he charged One Hundred and Fifty Dollars for it, and because we do not quite relish professional panegyric. Marked by some passages of beauty, it is bizarre, affectedly rugged in parts—in a word, Beecheresque. We greatly prefer the thoughtful and analytical speech of George S. Hillard at the Boston dinner-table. Indeed, we doubt if a more just and sympathising estimate of the life and character of Burns has ever been written in the English language, cer-

tainly not within such limits. We should be glad to republish it *in extenso*, but wanting space, must content ourselves with transferring to our pages the following most admirable sketch of Burns as a poet :

"But it is the poetry of Burns, far more than his character as a man, that brings us here to-night. He was a poet of the first order; but that is not all. Among all the poets endowed with a vision and a faculty so high as his, we recall no one whose genius is of so popular a quality. The lowliness of his birth, in some respects a disadvantage, was herein a help to him; for it gave him a comprehension of the common heart and mind of his countrymen which must have been denied to him had he been born in a highersphere. Take, for instance, his immortal poem, 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' Where can we find another poet with an imagination capable of so idealizing the subject, and yet so familiar with its details as to present a picture as true as it is beautiful. The poetry of Burns hits the heart of man just between wind and water; every line and every word tells. With the inspired eye of genius he looked abroad upon the common life of Scotland; and there found the themes of poetry—and the highest poetry, too—in scenes, in relations, in objects which to the prosaic apprehension seemed compact of hopeless prose. As in works in Florentine mosaic,—in which leaves and flowers are reproduced in precious stones—our pleasure is made up in part from the beauty of the material used, and in part from the familiar character of the forms represented, so in reading the poetry of Burns, we are not only charmed with the genius it displays, but thrilled with a strange electric delight in seeing the ordinary themes of every day life so glorified and transfigured. At his touch, the heather bloom becomes an amethyst and the holly leaf turns into emerald. Every man can comprehend, feel and enjoy the poetry of Burns; for this no other training is needed than the training of life. There are no learned allusions, no recondite lore, no speculations that transcend the range of average experience. To have seen the daisy blow and heard the lark sing—to have clasped the hand of man and kissed the lips of woman—are preparation enough for all that he has written. The sentiments with which the poor man reads him are compounded, perhaps unconsciously, of admiration and gratitude—gratitude to the genius which has poured such ideal light around this common earth—which has empurpled with celestial roses the very turf beneath his feet—which has opened to him, the child of poverty and toil, the fairy world of imagination—which has held to his lips the sparkling elixir, the

divine nepenthe of poetry—which on its mighty wings has soared with him into regions where he could see the waving of angelic robes and hear the music of paradise."

The Charleston orator, David Ramsay, Esq., a descendant of the historian, furnishes us with some reflections on the life as distinguished from the genius of the poet, which may appropriately follow upon Mr. Hillard's brave words. Mr. Ramsay says:

To recount the life of Burns were as inappropriate as to rehearse his inspired words; we know, the world knows, how the Ayrshire peasant became a lord of song. To say this is almost to anticipate a story of neglect and disappointment. It is natural, perhaps inevitable, that intellect is unappreciated by its time; to read the criticisms of really gifted and tasteful friends and advisers, (omitting all others,) to consider the alterations they suggest, or the points they deprecate, is only to excite astonishment. This perception of power is not denied to contemporaries, merely from the familiarity which dwarfs greatness, it is sometimes impossible to praise from want of comprehension. The goal may be so distant that the rise of sentiment or language appears a departure from rectitude, while it is in fact a necessary deflection to reach the mark and not fall short. From whatever cause, or for whatever reasons, an age is always occupied with its own fleeting present; and, as a wayfarer, views the progress of time on the dial plate, while the machinery, whose throb and wear propel the index, is hidden and unnoticed. In 1759, the lords and gentlemen of the "Caledonian Hunt" were taken and accepted as the worthies of that period; yet now their only chance of immortality is in the noble and manly dedication of "Burns' poems." Appreciation may be wanting. It is the part of every life to have disappointment; most signal is the disappointment and neglect observed in the life of any one whose power is but the force of mind. Invention, or the discovery of combinations, is exempt from neglect; its term of influence commences with the knowledge of its uses; but result in the world of letters is generally crowned in the future. The emblematic wreath is hung upon an urn. It little matters that the utterance of genius be unheard. Time, robbing the perishable of existence, but approves that which is enduring. The skilful hand of the master may cease to create beauty; the bard's voice may be hushed with that lyre whose broken chords can vibrate no longer. Master and bard may die, their work can never.

The life that commenced in the middle of the last century was not to outlive preparations for the succeeding and its Titanic struggles. The strange valedictions of departing time are often visible in history. The aged priest, whose eyes were closing on a dispensation, viewed the bursting glories of another, and prayed for peaceful dismissal. The final Consul encountered many Mariuses in the first Imperator. Absolutism stood face to face with the advocate of coming liberty, when Mirabeau and Frederic held argument at Potsdam. History is abundant with like incidents; and not the least remarkable was the prophecy of Burns to the boy whose after life became synonymous with the magic of northern romance. The meeting of Burns and Walter Scott might, perhaps, have been sad presage that his mission was done. Forerunner of a brilliant era, his own task was over. In the noon of manhood he closed a career, like which there is no record in letters. When the inevitable moment was come, some angust appearance of eternity rose before his eyes, glazing to this beautiful world. The soul of the minstrel bowed in reverence. He fell down prostrate, and prone with outstretched arms. In that penitent adoration his spirit put on immortality.

Well said, indeed, and there is much more quite as justly conceived and handsomely expressed in Mr. Ramsay's Oration, but we must pass from the orators to the poets, and first among them is the "Autocrat," Oliver Wendell Holmes, who sang this very melodious measure in Boston.

His birthday.—Nay, we need not speak  
The name each heart is beating,—  
Each glittering eye and flushing cheek  
In light and flame repeating!

We come in one tumultuous tide,—  
One surge of wild emotion.—  
As crowding through the Frith of Clyde  
Rolls in the Western ocean;

As when yon cloudless, quartered moon  
Hangs o'er each storied river,  
The swelling breast of Ayr and Doon  
With sea-green wavelets quiver.

The century shrivels like a scroll—  
The past becomes the present—  
And face to face, and soul to soul  
We greet the monarch-peasant.

While Shenstone strained in feeble flights  
With Corydon and Phillis,—  
While Wolfe was climbing Abraham's  
heights  
To snatch the Bourbon lilies,

Who heard the wailing infant's cry,—  
The babe beneath the sheiling,  
Whose song to-night in every sky  
Will shake earth's starry ceiling,

Whose passion-breathing voice ascends  
And floats like incense o'er us,  
Whose ringing lay of friendship blends  
With Labour's anvil chorus?

We love him, not for sweetest song,  
Though never tone so tender,  
We love him, even in his wrong—  
His wasteful self-surrender.

We praise him not for gifts divine,—  
His muse was born of woman,—  
His manhood breathes in every line,  
Was ever heart more human?

We love him, praise him, just for this;  
In every form and feature,  
Through wealth and want, through wo and  
bliss,  
He saw his fellow-creature!

No soul could sink beneath his love,—  
Not even angel blasted;—  
No mortal power could soar above  
The pride that all outlasted!

Ay! Heaven set one living man  
Beyond the pedant's tether,—  
His virtues, frailties, He may scan,  
Who weighs them altogether!

I fling my pebble on the cairn  
Of him, though dead, undying;  
Sweet Nature's nursing, bonniest bairn,  
Beneath her daisies lying.

The waning suns, the wasting globe,  
Shall spare the minstrel's story—  
The centuries weave his purple robe,  
The mountain-mist of glory!

We might just as well praise the note of the skylark of England as a strain of Dr. Holmes, so we shall permit our readers to enjoy the foregoing without comment. Nor shall do anything more than introduce the following (which we have a reason of our own for reprinting) from the columns of that excellent journal, the Baltimore American, where it appeared in an editorial article on the 25th of January—

One hundred years ago to-day,  
Poor Burns was born—the master  
Who lived and wrote and passed away  
In triumph and disaster.  
A little life of work and wrong,  
And painful incompleteness,  
Yet mellowed and made glad with song  
Of most surpassing sweetness.

His birth was humble—not for him  
 The benefits of station,  
 Rude nature, 'mid her mountains grim,  
 Supplied his education;  
 No costly culture might allow  
 The boy's resources narrow—  
 And so they sent him to the plough  
 Who could not go to Harrow.

But lofty lineage, reaching far  
 To earth's fresh, early morning,  
 Had he, whose brow Wit's diamond star  
 Shone brightest when adorning.  
 Above his cradle Clio smiled,  
 And bards of ages hoary,  
 The Skalds themselves owned Burns their  
 child—  
 A proud ancestral glory.

His fondest wish, his constant prayer  
 Was for his native Highlands,  
 No spot so dear to him as Ayr,  
 In all the British Islands;  
 He sang of Scotia's dusky heath,  
 Her lochs and valleys hazy,  
 And wove a lasting laurel-wreath  
 Of one wee bonnie daisy.

And yet all lands and men were held  
 Within his love's wide ocean,  
 Whose waves beat music, as they swelled,  
 To his own lyric motion;  
 The genial sunshine of his soul,  
 From its celestial azure,  
 Warmed human hearts from pole to pole  
 With sympathetic pleasure.

Whate'er was human, that he knew  
 (As once was said in Latin)  
 To be akin, and loved it, too,  
 In calico or satin;  
 And so his pathos and his mirth,  
 The sportive and the tender—  
 Reign round the Cotter's homely hearth,  
 And in the halls of splendour.

He sinned—but who his guilt shall weigh  
 In earthly balance rightly?  
 What man among us all can say  
 A word of censure lightly,  
 Or with his wildest freaks divine  
 What agonies were mingled,  
 That turned to lees the golden wine  
 Which through his tissues tingled?

Oh! manliest bard by poets praised,  
 Oh gentlest, truest nature!  
 Who your own fellow-mortal raised  
 To manhood's proper stature—  
 We honour in your life the most,  
 Not gifts of mind resplendent,  
 But the proud claim you dared to boast  
 Of being independent!

Another hundred years shall sweep  
 To Lethe's sullen waters  
 All things whereat men laugh or weep,  
 Earth's conquests, sorrows, slaughters;

But rescued from the silent shore  
 Of that oblivious river,  
 His fame shall brighten more and more  
 And Burns shall live forever!

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It is not in accordance with the general usage of this magazine to give the names of the authors of prose articles, for the reason that we would have the work strictly impersonal, but as many inquiries have been made of us as to the source whence came the delightful and unpretending little essay "On Reading," with which the twenty-eighth volume was opened, we will say that it was contributed by a lady who has long been known to the public as a graceful poetess—Miss SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY. Some verses from her pen, given anonymously in our Editor's Table, two months ago, were instantly recognised by the newspaper press and were extensively copied, as Longfellow's pieces are in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Miss TALLEY's prose is not less thoughtful and suggestive than her poetry and we are not surprised that her recent essay should have awakened public attention and curiosity.

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We are gratified in being able to announce that the first volume of the *Life of James Madison*, which has been in preparation for some time past, by the Hon. William C. Rives, is now ready for the press, and may by expected to appear early in the Spring, probably from the house of Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. The eminent ability of the author, of which he has given so many and such distinguished proofs in diplomacy and statesmanship, and the correct literary taste and profound scholarship displayed by him in several occasional addresses before our Colleges and Historical Society, warrant us in the confident belief that in the *Life of Madison* he will make a contribution to the literature of the country of enduring value, and win for himself in letters a fame worthy of his Senatorial renown.

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The *Atlantic Monthly* for January, in a notice of "Vernon Grove," which renders only a just meed of praise to that charm-

ing story, claims that the author is a native of New England. This is *lese majesty*, at the very least. It has been remarked of Old England, that so jealous is she of the United States in respect of pre-eminent merit, that whenever some American has achieved anything great in letters or in arms, she has been prompt to establish that he was after all an Englishman by birth. The attempt was made, we believe, to fix Washington's birth-place in England, and it is certain that a controversy arose some years ago about Washington Irving's nationality. Following the example of the mother country, it has been the custom of New England to claim Southern men and women who have rendered some distinguished service in science or literature, especially where, as in the case of the author of "Vernon Grove," the parents of the successful person have been born within her limits. But we must resist New England's demand in this instance. "Vernon Grove" is essentially a Southern book, southern in sentiment and feeling, with nothing of the modern New England school of fiction about it. The accomplished editor of the *Southern Citizen*, in a very graceful critique of the work, remarked upon the entire absence of any allusion in its pages either to scenery, agricultural products, city life, or rural *menage*, by which the local habitation of the Vernons could be geographically ascertained, but while this is true, the *atmosphere* of the story is as indisputably Southern as that which hangs over the *Promessi Sposi*—one cannot doubt, after reading it, that Sybil was a daughter of the sunny region of the United States. However this may be, the fact is beyond question, that the author is a native of South Carolina, uniting in herself the best elements of the Northern and Southern character, since it was her good fortune to look up to parents in whom all the high excellences of the antique New Englander were tempered by the courtesy and grace of Carolinian society. As we feel a sort of proprietary interest in "Vernon Grove," in having given it to the public through the pages of the *Messenger*, we cannot permit the credit of the performance to attach to Massachusetts. It is always to be regarded as an offshoot of that Southern

literature which the *confreres* of the *Atlantic Monthly* have so often been pleased to deride.

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The growing attention paid to French literature in the United States, and the very imperfect knowledge possessed even by many scholars of the genius of Balzac, have suggested to us that a discriminating review of his works would be, in all probability, highly acceptable to the *Messenger's* readers. The opening article of the present number, from an old and valued contributor, is such a review, and if it exceeds the usual proportions of critical disquisition, it is because in justice to the subject the writer could not say what he desired, in a shorter space.

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The death of WILLIAM HICKLING PRES-COTT, of which we received intelligence as the final sheets of this number of our magazine were preparing for the press, is an event which will call forth an expression of the sincerest sorrow wherever learning is valued among men. To say that this eminent man was a shining ornament to his country, would be to repeat the commonplace which is so universally employed when a popular author is removed from earth, but Mr. PRES-COTT's fame, while it gilded the literature of America, belonged to all the world, and some of the most cordial tributes to his memory will be written in foreign languages. We have so recently had occasion to record our high estimate of his powers as a historian, in noticing the third volume of the *Life of Philip the Second*, that we need not here say anything of the writer, whose silver style is the admiration of all who have studied English composition as an art. We desire simply to give utterance to the sentiment of profound regret we feel at the loss of such a man, and to join our feeble testimony with that which will be rendered in other parts of the Union, to his exalted ability and unblemished character. The South mingles her tears with the North over his bier.

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## Notices of New Works.

**THE HISTORY of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century called METHODISM, Considered in its Different Denominational Forms, and its relations to British and American Protestantism.** By ABEL STEVENS, LL. D. Volume I. *From the Origin of Methodism to the Death of Whitefield.* New York: Published by Carlton & Porter. [From the Publishers.

The rise and astonishing progress of that form of religious government and practice, known as Methodism, embraced within the last century and a half of the world's history, presents one of those great facts which challenge the attention of the philosophic mind and command the respect of the most unevangelical thinkers. A movement, humble in its beginnings and regarded as nothing more than fanaticism by the careless and unreflecting, in a few years deeply agitated the moral and social being of Great Britain and America, and, having furnished mankind, in the lives of its originators, with some of the highest types of eloquence and piety seen upon earth since the days of Augustine and Chrysostom, established a religious polity whose foundations lie deep and broad in the hearts of two great nations. The author of the able and elaborate work, the first volume of which is now before us, has treated the comprehensive theme to which it is devoted, in the most catholic spirit, regarding Methodism from no narrow and sectarian point of view, but rather seeking to show its historical significance as connected with British and American development. As an exposition of cause and effect in the events of a past age, therefore, the work has a high value, apart from the interest which it must possess for the immediate followers of Wesley, nor is it without many passages which bring into happy relief the social peculiarities of the period under review. Dr. Stevens tells us of the spiritual condition of England a hundred years ago, illustrating the narrative with many literary and personal references, as being very far below the apostolic standard. Formalism ruled the church, a practically atheistic life was exhibited by the aristocracy, the clergy themselves taught only a cold natural theology, while infidelity thinly disguised had seized upon the great masses of the people. It was just at this critical moment, that Methodism breaking out within the pale of the Established Church itself, began to reinvigorate the inert and apathetic Christianity of England, and, brought across the Atlantic by the Wesleys and Whitefields, erected its earliest chapels in

the American Colonies, where these bold field preachers, with the earnestness of deep conviction and the simple eloquence of strong feeling, harangued the dwellers in the wilderness from Georgia to Massachusetts. It is impossible to trace the career of these men, in the pages of Dr. Stevens, full of trials and hardships, touching upon the heartless routine of fashion on the one hand, and the rough experience of popular displeasure on the other, now bringing them under the polished sarcasms of Chesterfield and Horace Walpole and now exposing them to the violent usage of the uncultured mob, a career involving almost every variety of suffering which Saint Paul recounts of his own labours, in perils of waters, of robbers, among their own countrymen, among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness—we say it is impossible to follow them on their ministry, across stormy seas and untamed continents, without conceiving a respect for them such as we feel for few of the great representative men of time. They might not inspire Mr. Carlyle with a great admiration, for they were at the wrong end of the world's rattle, their mission was to save and not to kill, to serve with kindness rather than to rule by fear. But they stand out prominently among the true heroes of the Eighteenth Century, and the faithful historian of that period, whatever may be his own peculiar opinions, must so recognize them. Let us avail ourselves of some passages in Dr. Stevens' volume, to look at these founders of Methodism more closely, and as a special interest belongs to the childhood of greatness, we beg to introduce first this most agreeable picture of John Wesley's boyish home:

"The glimpses which we get from cotemporary records of the interior life at the rectory of Epworth, give us the image of an almost perfect Christian household. If some of its aspects appear at times too grave, or even severe, they are relieved by frequent evidence of those home affections and gayeties with which the beneficent instincts of human nature are sure to resist, in a numerous circle of children, the religious austerities of riper years. The Epworth rectory presents, in fine, the picture of a domestic church, a family school, and a genuine old English household. Before the first fire the building was a humble structure of wood and plaster, roofed with thatch, and venerable with a hundred years. It boasted one parlor, an ample hall, a but-

tery, three large upper chambers, besides some smaller apartments, and a study, where the studious rector spent most of his time in 'beating rhymes,' and preparing his sermons, leaving the rest of the house and almost all in-door affairs, as well as the management of the temporalities of the glebe and tithes, to his more capable wife, and fondly comforting himself against the pinching embarrassments of poverty with the consolation, as he expresses it in a letter to the Archbishop of York, 'that he who is born a poet, must, I am afraid, live and die so, that is, poor.' John Wesley expresses admiration at the serenity with which his mother transacted business, wrote letters, and conversed, surrounded by her thirteen children. All the children bore 'nicknames' in the home circle, and the familiar pseudonyms play fondly through the abundant family correspondence which remains. Clarke assures us that 'they had the common fame of being the most loving family in the County of Lincoln.' The mother especially was the centre of the household affections. John, after leaving home, writes to her at a time when her health was precarious, with pathetic endearment, and expresses the hope that he may die before her, in order not to have the anguish of witnessing her end. 'You did well,' she afterward writes him, 'to correct that fond desire of dying before me, since you do not know what work God may have for you to do before you leave this world. It is what I have often desired of the children, that they would not weep at my parting, and so make death more uncomfortable than it would otherwise be to me.' The home where such sentiments prevailed could not have been an austere one.

"The children all shared this filial tenderness for the mother. Martha (afterwards Mrs. Hall) clung to her with a sort of idolatry. She would never willingly be from her side, says Clarke; and the only fault alleged against the parent was her fond partiality for this affectionate child. Several of the nineteen children died young, but, according to the allusion of John Wesley, already quoted, thirteen were living at one time. Some of them were remarkable for beauty, others for wit and intelligence. Samuel, the eldest son, was poetic from his childhood, and has left some of the finest hymns of the Methodist psalmody. Susanna (afterwards Mrs. Ellison) is described as 'very facetious and a little romantic;' Mary, though somewhat deformed, as 'having an exquisitely beautiful face—a legible index to a mind almost angelic,' and 'one of the most exalted of human characters, full of humility and goodness;' Mehetabel (Mrs. Wright) as able, in her eighth year, to read the Greek language, and as 'gay, sprightly, full of mirth, good-

humor, and wit, and attracting many suitors,' and in later life an elegant woman, 'with great refinement of manners, and the traces of beauty in her countenance.' She had also an uncommon poetic talent. The few letters of Keziah that remain show vivacity and vigorous sense. Charles and John gave distinct promise, even in the nursery, of their coming greatness. The natural temper of the latter, in youth, is described as 'gay, with a turn for wit and humor.' The former was 'exceedingly sprightly and active, and so remarkable for courage and skill in juvenile encounters, that he afterward obtained, at Westminster, the title of 'Captain of the School.' Still later, he laments that he lost his first year at Oxford in diversions. Martha, who lived to be the last survivor of the original Wesley family, though habitually sober, if not sad, amid the pastimes of the household circle, had an innate horror of melancholy subjects. Her memory was remarkable, and was abundantly stored with the results of her studies, especially in history and poetry. Her good sense and intelligence delighted Johnson in discussions of theology and moral philosophy. Of wit, she used to say, that she was the only one of the family who did not possess it.

"Though method prevailed throughout the household, its almost mechanical rigor was relaxed at suitable intervals, in which the nursery, with its large juvenile community, became an arena of hilarious recreations, of 'high glee and frolic.' Games of skill and of chance even, were among the family pastimes, such as John Wesley afterward prohibited among the Methodists. While the rectory was rattling with the 'mysterious noises,' so famous in the family history, we find the courageous daughters 'playing at the game of cards.'"

The scholastic and collegiate courses of Wesley at the celebrated Charter House School, in London, and at Lincoln College, Oxford, are spoken of by Dr. Stevens as indicating the future character and mission of the man. He already manifested an active faith and a warm religious zeal, and prosecuted his studies in logic and Greek with constant reference to his preparation for the gospel ministry. We cannot dwell upon this portion of John Wesley's life, but before passing to his pulpit exertions, we must quote a short passage strikingly suggestive of the slight incidents by which the grandest events are sometimes determined. In 1720, when John Wesley went to Oxford, Dr. Stevens informs us that

—"his brother and chief coadjutor in founding Methodism, Charles Wesley, had also left Epworth for Westminster school. Born December 18, 1708, he was the junior of John by more than five years. At West-

minster he was under the tuition of his brother, Samuel Wesley, who was usher in the school. While there an incident occurred *which might have changed considerably the history not only of Methodism, but of the British Empire.* Garret Wesley, of Ireland, who seems not to have been related to the family, proposed to adopt him and settle upon him an estate. The Rector of Epworth must have favored the offer, for money was forwarded yearly from Ireland to London for the expenses of the son. The latter, however, finally declined the proposition of his benefactor, and thus, as his brother John remarked, made a 'fair escape' from fortune. Richard Colley, afterwards known as Richard Colley Wesley, was adopted in his stead. This gentleman passed through several public offices, and by the time that the Wesleys were abroad founding Methodism, had entered Parliament. Under George II. he became Baron Mornington. He was the grandfather of the Marquis of Wellesley, Governor General of India, and of the Duke of Wellington, the conqueror of Napoleon. *Had the wish of Garret Wesley been accomplished, the name of the Duke of Wellington and the hymns of Charles Wesley, might not to-day be known wherever the English language is spoken."*

After John Wesley's collegiate course had been finished, he visited America, and made a tour on the Continent, where he mingled with the Moravians of Bohemia. At this time, his convictions of divine truth were by no means settled; and it was not until near the close of the year 1738, when he commenced preaching the Word in London, that he entered upon that earnest and self-sacrificing routine of labour which inaugurated a new era in the annals of the modern Church. For a while he still remained in orders under his ecclesiastical superiors, but impelled to a more active and irregular warfare upon sin than in his judgment could be carried on within the Establishment, he began to exhort in the open air, following the example of Whitefield, whose powerful oratory had begun to move the rugged natures of the Kingswood colliers, and ever thereafter he kept up a guerilla conflict with the Powers of Darkness, at cross roads, in workshops, upon the commons, wherever he could collect an audience to hear his exhortations. Among other personages of note with whom he was brought in contact in these efforts, was the well-known Beau Nash—the monarch of Bath—at which celebrated watering-place the dandy and divine encountered each other. Dr. Stevens says—

"The incident is interesting, as being the first of those public interruptions of his ministry which were soon to degenerate

into mobs, and agitate most of England and Ireland. The fashionable pretender hoped to confound the preacher and amuse the town, but was confounded himself. Wesley says there was great public expectation of what was to be done, and he was entreated not to preach, for serious consequences might happen. The report gained him a large audience, among whom were many of the rich and fashionable. He addressed himself pointedly to high and low, rich and poor. Many of them seemed surprised, and were sinking fast into seriousness, when their champion appeared, and, coming close to the preacher, asked by what authority he did these things? By the authority of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by the now Archbishop of Canterbury, when he laid hands upon me and said, Take thou authority to preach the Gospel, was the reply. This is contrary to act of Parliament, this is a conventicle, rejoined Nash. Sir, said Wesley, the conventicles mentioned in that act, as the preamble shows, are seditious meetings; but this is not such; here is no shadow of sedition; therefore it is not contrary to that act. I say it is, replied Nash; and, besides, your preaching frightens people out of their wits. Sir, asked Wesley, did you ever hear me preach? No. How, then, can you judge of what you never heard? Sir, by common report. Common report is not enough; give me leave, Sir, to ask, is not your name Nash? My name is Nash. Sir, continued, Wesley, I dare not judge of you by common report. The irony was too pertinent to fail of effect. Nash paused awhile, but having recovered himself, said, I desire to know what these people come here for? One of 'the people,' replied: Sir, leave him to me; let an old woman answer him: you, Mr. Nash, take care of your body; we take care of our souls, and for the food of our souls we come here. His courage quailed before the sense and wit of the common people, and, without another word, he retreated in haste. As Wesley returned, the street was full of people hurrying to and fro, and speaking emphatic words. But when any of them asked, Which is he? and he replied, I am he, they were awed into silent respect."

It was not long after this that the itinerant preacher began to be the object of popular violence, but the purity of purpose and earnestness of persuasion which characterized him, subdued the rage of the multitude.

"Mobs began to assail the travelling evangelists, but they often 'melted away like water, and were as men that had no strength,' before Wesley's appeals. The rabble met him in throngs as he descended



from the coach at the door of the Foundry, preventing his entrance; but on taking his stand in the street and preaching to them of 'righteousness and judgment to come,' they became a quiet and attentive congregation, and dismissed him with many blessings. Many more, he says, who came into the Foundry as lions, in a short time became as lambs, the tears trickling down the cheeks of those who at first most loudly contradicted and blasphemed. A few days later a riotous multitude entered the building, and attempted to drown his voice by their outcries. But soon 'the hammer of the Word brake the rocks in pieces; all quietly heard the glad tidings of salvation.' On the following Sunday when he came home he found an innumerable mob around the door, who raised a simultaneous shout the moment they saw him. He sent his friends into the house, and then walking into the midst of the crowd, proclaimed 'the name of the Lord, gracious and merciful, and repenting him of the evil.' They stood staring one at another. 'I told them,' he says, 'they could not flee from the face of this great God, and therefore besought them that we might all join together in crying to Him for mercy.' To this they readily agreed. His peculiar power was irresistible; he prayed amid the awe-struck multitude, and then went undisturbed to the little company within."

The career of Whitefield is described by our historian with a love of the subject no less remarkable, and in a style no less happy, than are exhibited in his account of Wesley. We have room but for a single passage, which brings the life of the apostle to its affecting and triumphant close. After narrating his labours in New York during the summer of 1770, the writer says:

"From New York he went to Boston, and wrote in one of his letters that never was the Word received with greater eagerness than now, and that all opposition seemed to cease. He passed on to Newbury where he was attacked with sudden illness; but recovering, he resumed his route to Portsmouth, N. H. During six days he preached there and in the vicinity every day. Returning, he addressed a vast assembly in the open air at Exeter. His emotions carried him away, and he prolonged his discourse through two hours. It was an effort of stupendous eloquence—*his last field triumph*; the last of that series of mighty sermons which had been resounding like trumpet blasts thirty-four years over England and America.

"He departed the same day for Newburyport, where it was expected he would preach on the morrow. While at supper the pavement in front of the house, and even its hall, were crowded with people

impatient to hear a few words from his eloquent lips; but he was exhausted, and rising from the table, said to one of the clergymen who were with him, 'Brother, you must speak to these dear people; I cannot say a word.' Taking a candle he hastened toward his bed-room, but before reaching it he was arrested by the suggestion of his own generous heart that he ought not thus to desert the anxious crowd, hungering for the bread of life from his hands. He paused on the stairs to address them. He had preached his last sermon; this was to be his last exhortation. It would seem that some pensive misgiving, some vague presentiment touched his soul with the saddening apprehension that the moments were too precious to be lost in rest; he lingered on the stairway, while the crowd gazed up at him with tearful eyes, as Elisha at the ascending prophet. His voice, never, perhaps, surpassed in its music and pathos, *flooded on until the candle which he held in his hand burned away and went out in its socket!* The next morning he was not, for God had taken him!"

With the death of Whitefield this volume of the History of Methodism terminates. The extracts we have given from it will enable the reader to see that it is both interesting and valuable. Three more volumes remain to complete the work, in which the History of the British and American branches of the Methodist denomination will be brought down to the present day. If Dr. Stevens executes the rest of his important task with the clearness and catholicity he has already displayed, the religious and the literary world will be under equal obligations to him.

THE LAND AND THE BOOK; *Or Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery, of the Holy Land.* By W. M. THOMPSON, D. D. Two Vols. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1859. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The Holy Land is an inexhaustible subject for book-making. Every year sees large additions made to the literature of travel by tourists in Palestine, but there has been no work published since Lamartine more interesting than Dr. Thompson's. The author is a missionary whose reverential feelings are vividly excited by the august memories of the localities he visits, and though, now and then, the style falls below the standard of a correct taste, we are content to overlook the fault in consideration of the good sense, the simplicity, the fervent spirit and excellent intentions of the author. We have two objec-

tions to urge against the work—first, the title is an affectation; and secondly, the illustrations are too numerous and common. The maps are really valuable, but we could very well dispense with the engravings which represent the most ordinary objects differing in no respect in the Holy Land from those of our own country, the sparrows, centipedes, trees, &c., &c., and which appear to have been introduced for no other purpose than to expand the volumes and make them sell.

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WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? A Novel.  
By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON. New York:  
Harper & Brothers. [From A. Morris,  
97 Main Street.

The song has ceased, the long enchantment is over, the tale more delightful than any told by Arabian princess has been brought to an end; and we are asked to say *how* we liked it and *why* we liked it, to criticise coldly the music which has charmed us, discover the spell of the beguiling story, unfold the manner of the delicious deception. It is an embarrassing question for the critic presented by this novel—"What will he do with it?" To praise the book is easy, for what are we not justified in saying of compliment concerning a narrative of imaginary joys and sorrows which runs on, for the most part, as naturally as if it were but a transcript of actual experience, and which often overflows with tenderness and breaks into with beauty, while underneath the strong currents of passion move resistlessly to the close? Never, perhaps, has the genius of Bulwer been so variously and brilliantly illustrated as in these pages. We see him here as the great constructive artist, as the profound analyst of human motive, as the sympathetic interpreter of nature, as the acute observer of every-day life, as the accomplished rhetorician dazzling us with the diamond gleam of style and yet winning the ear by a diction as simple as it is touching, and, above and beyond all this, as the man recognising his kindred with all that belongs to humanity. We can think of no element which does not enter into the book in its highest degree, unless it be that of fun. Bulwer's wit is not of that sharp, nimble, crackling sort which was exhibited by Douglas Jerrold, and which corruscates in the writings of Thackeray, and his humour is not spontaneous like Goldsmith's, nor as sudden and irresistible as that of Dickens. Perhaps the mottoes or captions to the chapters in "What Will He Do With It?" by turns so complete in themselves, and so suggestive, furnish us with the best specimens of his wit, while the vagrant philosophy of Gentleman

Waife at times brightens with the kindest sunshine of his humour.

And yet there is something to be urged against Bulwer, even in the latest and best of his novels, which the grateful yet discriminating admirer of his genius may bring forward, it seems to us, with reason. In "The Caxtons," "My Novel" and "What Will He Do With It?" the most striking of all the points of resemblance is the effort made (successfully, we admit,) to interest us in the character of men who have passed middle-age. Boys have had their day in fiction, and we are not disposed to complain that a thoughtful and matured nature should be substituted in the rôle of hero, for those downy-lipped and inconsiderate young scapegraces who outrage all sense of propriety and make the best of husbands at the end of the volume. But Sir Edward Bulwer's heroes of forty-five or fifty are impostors in this, that they are drawn not merely as the most accomplished and fascinating of beaux esprits—men who have seen the world, who can sing the *gelebt und geliebt* of poor Thekla, and know the emptiness of all things; but as absolutely the ablest and greatest men of their age, on whose actions hang the destinies of millions, and yet that they never do anything to establish the justice of the portraiture. There is Guy Darrell in this last story. Sir Edward draws him *con amore*. The great lawyer is evidently designed by him as the central figure in this elaborate painting of English Society. We are told that he is the stateliest intellect in the three kingdoms. Is there a crisis in Parliament? Guy Darrell is wanted. Does the country totter? Guy Darrell's the man for the Queen's money. Does every eye in a vast assemblage turn upon some one passing by—*Qui va là?* Guy Darrell. So that the recluse of Fawley, the retired Parliamentarian, must be a great man, and no mistake about it. And yet he never *does* anything at all commensurate with the character given him. He talks well, but not better, though more grandiloquently, than Vance or Alban Morley, and not near so well, we think, as dear old Waife. The finest exhibition of his moral strength is in the midnight scene where Jasper comes to murder him, and yet it would be very possible for one to have thus triumphed over brute force and yet not be able to bring the ship of state safely through peril with the skilful hand of "the pilot that weathered the storm." The truth is that Darrell is altogether surpassed in achievement by several of the subordinate personages in this novel. Waife's voluntary assumption of guilt in the felony of his son; George, the parson's victory over the lawyer's pride and his earlier conquest over his impediment of speech; even the

gentle Sophy's determination, after the interview with Fairthorn, to bid Lionel farewell forever, each, in its way, rises to a height of action above anything really accomplished by Darrell.

There is, also, an objectionable feature to us in these latest novels of Bulwer, which is to be seen in a more marked degree, in his books of twenty years ago, and which we could wish he had left out of them. We refer to a certain melodramatic air, a kind of burnt-cork and foot-light sublimity imparted to them by the introduction of some extraordinary agent who suddenly appears, just in the nick of time, like Jack out of a box, or the *Deus ex machina*, but utterly unlike any personage of real life, to do that which could not indeed be done, exactly as it is done, without him, but which after all, perhaps, is hardly worth doing. The readers of Bulwer will recollect the abduction of Fanny Trevanion in "The Caxtons" as partaking more of the melodrama than of legitimate fiction; they cannot have forgotten in "My Novel" the startling and trap-door-like apparition of the COUNT DI PESCHIERA, in small capitals and with a note of admiration, just at the moment when, (owing to the involvements of the plot with a view to this very effect) nobody else would answer the purpose than that Italian nobleman; and they will be reminded of these scenes by the closing *coup de theatre*, in "What Will He Do With It?" by which Vance appears to tell us exactly those things about Sophy which we did not wish to know, and to extricate her from a most ingeniously woven tissue of complications which it was quite unnecessary to have thrown around her either to heighten our interest in her fortunes, or to enforce the moral of the story. Why should not Sophy have been Darrell's grand-daughter? Why all the machinery of Gabrielle Desmarests and the French *bonne*, except for the indulgence of a love of extravaganza which should be left to Charles Reade? Possibly combining with this may have been the aristocratic sentiment of not desiring the dignity of Darrell to be lowered. Yet is not such a sentiment equally unworthy of Bulwer?

But we confess we greatly distrust ourselves in criticising works which have afforded us so much delight as the novel now before us. When we recal all the pathos of love and of landscape, the poetry, the mirth, the manliness, the eloquence, with which it has blessed us, when we think of the lake and the osiers, the cottage with its endeared and affectionate occupants, and the thousand touches of beauty in the delineation of scenery and character with which it is lighted up, we are more than half inclined to say that it is the best novel we ever read after all.

LETTERS FROM HIGH LATITUDES; being some account of a Voyage in the Schooner Yacht "FOAM," 55 O. M., to Ireland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen, in 1856. BY LORD DUFFERIN. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Lord Dufferin is a sailor brave who sniped far over the Atlantic wave, and found his most congenial home in stormy seas on board the Foam, which proudly cleft the billows surging, and went as far as cold Spitzbergen, while not a thought of toil or suffering had he, the jolly tar, Lord Dufferin.

But to change the style, for we have run into doggerel without knowing it, let us say that a more bracing book we have not read for months than this account of a perilous voyage to the far North, made in a frail little yacht in which a landsman would hardly have dared to cross the Irish Channel. It inspires us with a great respect for Lord Dufferin's manliness to see him braving the dangers of the polar waters, and there is something which challenges our admiration in the spirit with which young English gentlemen shake off the lethargy of the Club Houses in Pall Mall and go away into distant and dangerous regions in search of adventure. There may be foolhardiness in some of their expeditions, and Lord Dufferin gives us an illustration of it in his bold determination to reach Jan Mayen, but the wildest excursion, to stir the blood and call into exercise the physical powers of the man, is better than the listless London life of billiards and the ballet which the Heavyswells are content to lead. The literary execution of these letters is admirable. Lord Dufferin is a wit, a scholar, and a poet. His prose style sparkles like the icy ocean through which he plunged with the sunshine dancing above it, and his verses are irradiated with a *borealis* light which suggests the source of their inspiration. An extract or two will help our readers in forming a notion of the book, and the first we shall give them is descriptive of yachting in the North Sea—

"As, two years before, I had spent a week in trying to beat through the Roost of Sumburgh under double-reefed trysails, I was at home in the weather; and guessing we were in for it, sent down the topmasts, stowed the boats on board, landed the foresail, rove the ridge-ropes, and reefed all down. By midnight it blew a gale, which continued without intermission until the day we sighted Ireland; sometimes increasing to a hurricane, but broken now and then by sudden lulls, which used to leave us for a couple of hours at a time tumbling about on the top of the great Atlantic rollers—or Spanish waves, as they are called—until I thought the ship would roll the

masts out of her. Why they should be called Spanish waves, no one seems to know; but I had always heard the seas were heavier here than in any other part of the world, and certainly they did not belie their character. The little ship behaved beautifully, and many a vessel twice her size would have been less comfortable. Indeed, few people can have any notion of the coziness of a yacht's cabin under such circumstances. After having remained for several hours on deck, in the presence of the tempest—peering through the darkness at those black liquid walls of water, mounting above you in ceaseless agitation, or tumbling over in cataracts of gleaming foam—the wind roaring through the rigging—timbers cracking as if the ship would break its heart—the spray and rain beating in your face—everything around in tumult—suddenly to descend into the quiet of a snug, well-lighted, little cabin, with the firelight dancing on the white rosebud chintz, the well-furnished bookshelves, and all the innumerable knick-knacks that decorate its walls—little Edith's portrait looking so serene—everything as bright and fresh as a lady's boudoir to May Fair—the certainty of being a good three hundred miles from any troublesome shore—all combine to inspire a feeling of comfort and security difficult to describe."

Lord Dufferin's ideas of safety in a tempest are droll to us landlubbers and remind us of Jack in one of Dibdin's songs who congratulates himself on being afloat in a gale and pities the poor fellows on shore.

The Island of Jan Mayen visited by his lordship, is a place rarely touched at by navigators and surrounded by vast fields of floating ice even at mid-summer. The going and returning was equally hazardous, but the following fine picture of it from his pen will show that he thought himself amply compensated for the risks he ran, and will further exhibit his powers of description:

"Up to this time we had seen nothing of the island, yet I knew we must be within a very few miles of it; and now, to make things quite pleasant, there descended upon us a thicker fog than I should have thought the atmosphere capable of sustaining; it seemed to hang in solid festoons from the masts and spars. To say that you could not see your hand, ceased almost to be any longer figurative; even the ice was hid—except those fragments immediately adjacent, whose ghastly brilliancy the mist itself could not quite extinguish, as they glimmered round the vessel like a circle of luminous phantoms. The perfect stillness of the sea and sky added very much to the solemnity of the scene; almost every breath of wind had

fallen, scarcely a ripple tinkled against the copper sheathing, as the solitary little schooner glided along at the rate of half a knot or so an hour, and the only sound we heard was a distant wash of waters, but whether on a great shore, or along a belt of solid ice, it was impossible to say. In such weather—as the original discoverers of Jan Mayen said under similar circumstances—'it was easier to hear land than to see it.' Thus, hour after hour passed by and brought no change. Fitz and Sigurd—who had begun quite to disbelieve in the existence of the island—went to bed, while I remained pacing up and down the deck, anxiously questioning each quarter of the gray canopy that enveloped us. At last, about four in the morning, I fancied some change was going to take place; the heavy wreaths of vapour seemed to be imperceptibly separating, and in a few minutes more the solid roof of gray suddenly split asunder, and I beheld through the gap—thousands of feet overhead, as if suspended in the crystal sky—a cone of illuminated snow.

"You can imagine my delight. It was really that of an anchorite catching a glimpse of the seventh heaven. There at last was the long-sought-for mountain, actually tumbling down upon our heads. Columbus could not have been more pleased when—after nights of watching—he saw the first fires of a new hemisphere dance upon the water; nor, indeed, scarcely less disappointed at their sudden disappearance than I was, when—after having gone below to wake Sigurd, and tell him we had seen bona fide terra firma—I found, on returning upon deck, that the roof of mist had closed again, and shut out all trace of the transient vision. However, I got a clutch of the island, and no slight matter should make me let go my hold. In the meantime, there was nothing for it but to wait patiently until the curtain lifted; and no child ever stared more eagerly at a green drop-scene, in expectation of 'the realm of dazzling splendour' promised in the bill, than I did at the motionless gray folds that hung round us. At last the hour of liberation came; a purer light seemed gradually to penetrate the atmosphere, brown turned to gray, and gray to white, and white to transparent blue, until the lost horizon entirely reappeared, except where in one direction an impenetrable vale of haze still hung suspended from the zenith to the sea. Behind that vale I knew must lie Jan Mayen.

"A few minutes more, and slowly, silently, in a manner you could take no count of, its dusky helm first deepened to a violet tinge, then gradually lifting, displayed a long line of coast—in reality but the roots of Beeremberg—dyed of the

darkest purple; while, obedient to a common impulse, the clouds that wrap its summit gently disengaged themselves, and left the mountain standing in all the magnificence of his 6,870 feet, girdled by a single zone of pearly vapour, from underneath whose floating folds seven enormous glaciers rolled down into the sea! Nature seemed to have turned scene-shifter, so artfully were the phases of this glorious spectacle successively developed."

THE SCOURING OF THE WHITE HORSE; Or, the Long Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk. By the Author of "Tom Brown's School Days." Illustrated by RICHARD DOYLE. 12mo., pp. 324. Boston Ticknor and Fields. 1859. [From James Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

Very odd title for a book, said your respectful critic, most observant reader, as "we," the critic, opened this handsomely printed volume—what can it mean? Do you ask the same question? Nothing connected with stable discipline or veterinary practice, we can assure you. The "White Horse" is an old stager who requires periodical "scourings," but he never lived in the flesh, or dashed off a quadrupedal hexameter, quaking the campus, like the steed celebrated by P. Virgilins Maro, Esq. The "White Horse" of whose "Scouring" an account is here given, belongs to the chalk formation, and is nothing more nor less than an equine effigy wrought out of a Berkshire hillside, by cutting away the turf and exposing the cretaceous earth beneath, in form and shape of a cadaverous racer at full speed, if we may trust the characteristic pencilling which Doyle has drawn of it. Now, it is traditional that about a thousand years ago, the great King Alfred obtained upon this spot a signal victory over the Danes, and that in commemoration thereof he caused this figure of the Cheval Blanc to be carved upon the battle-field, probably as typical of the great fact that he had ridden rough shod over his enemies. Whether the mythos be well founded or not, it is certainly true that for many centuries it has been the custom of the good people of the neighbourhood to gather together and "scour" the legendary beast by removing the vegetation which had begun to encroach upon his flanks, at which gatherings certain sports and contests of the ancient time, such as foot-races, cudgel-playing, etc., etc., have been celebrated with great spirit. And it is also true that a demonstration of this character was made as late as the year 1857, out of which the author of "Tom Brown's

School-Boy Days" has compiled a very entertaining volume.

The narrative is thrown into the form of fiction, in this, that it is supposed to be written by a young London Clerk, who, having been invited to the "Scouring," leaves the Gray's Inn Lane chimney pots behind him, goes off to Berkshire, witnesses and takes a hand in the games, and falls in love with a certain pretty "Miss Lucy," of whom we hope it is the author's intention to let us hear more one of these days. The book is chiefly valuable for having collected into a body the local traditions of the country, but it owes its great charm to the freshness imparted to its pages by the introduction of a class of people rarely seen in novels, the ruddy-cheeked maidens and broad-chested squires who never touch upon the circles of aristocratic society. They are very pleasant acquaintances, and though ignored by the Court Gazette, it is said that many of them can trace back their lineage to the Conquest, and thus establish a claim to antiquity of descent that very few lords and ladies can boast. We commend the book none the less heartily to our readers, because of an incompleteness in the love-story which will necessitate probably the purchase of a subsequent volume wherein Dick and Lucy shall absorb the whole attention.

POEMS. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1859. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The poems contained in this exquisitely prighted volume embody the personal experience of many years, yet there is little inequality in them, the latest being characterized by the same qualities of mind and heart which were seen in the earliest. It is wholly impossible in reading them to disconnect the poet from the woman, and to forget the intervening domestic life, so painfully obtruded before the public, of the gifted but eccentric Fanny Kemble. Indeed it would appear to be her desire that we should see the wilful creature in every one of them, so diaphanous is the veil thrown over the images of her passion and suffering. But the poems themselves are extraordinary, revealing a nature, strong, wayward, undisciplined, warmed by no ray from above, struggling with destiny and at times wholly given up to despair, and yet sensitively alive to beauty and to the "sweet, sad music of humanity." Weak and ill-regulated minds should not commune with such a spirit, but for such as can discern between the false and the true, the poems of Mrs. Kemble's offer much that is attractive and even profitable. The

lines "On a Symphony of Beethoven" will abundantly justify what we have said of Mrs. Kemble, and would seem, under another name, to be a criticism of these very poems. Hear them:

ON A SYMPHONY OF BEETHOVEN.

Terrible music, whose strange utterance  
Seemed like the spell of some dread conscious trance;  
Motionless misery, impotent despair,  
With beckoning visions of things dear and fair;  
Restless desire, sharp poignant agonies;  
Soft, thrilling, melting, tender memories;  
Struggle and tempest, and around it all,  
The heavy muffling folds of some black pall  
Stifling it slowly; a wild wail for life,  
Sinking in darkness—a short passionate strife  
With hideous fate, crushing the soul to earth;  
Sweet snatches of some melancholy mirth;  
A creeping fear, a shuddering dismay,  
Like the cold dawning of some fatal day;  
Dim faces growing pale in distant lands;  
Departing feet, and slowly severing hands;  
Voices of love, speaking the words of hate,  
The mockery of a blessing come too late;  
Loveless and hopeless life, with memory,  
This curse that music seemed to speak to me.

In a kindlier mood is conceived the fine Sonnet on Shakspeare, which shows the sympathy of the great actress with the master-mind:

TO SHAKSPEARE.

If from the height of that celestial sphere  
Where now thou dwell'st, spirit powerful and sweet!  
Thou yet canst love the race that sojourn here,  
How must thou joy with pleasure not unmeet  
For thy exalted state, to know how dear  
Thy memory is held throughout the earth  
Beyo d the favored land that gave thee birth.  
Even in thy seat in Heaven, thou may'st receive  
Thanks, praise, and love, and wonder ever new,  
From human hearts who in thy verse perceive  
All that humanity calls good and true;  
Nor dost thou for each mortal blemish grieve,  
They from thy glorious works have fallen away,  
As from thy soul its outward form of clay.

With these extracts, we lay down the

volume, sorrowing only that a muse at once so daring and so delicate, so moved by stormy feeling and wrapt in ethereal fancies, should utter her oracles from the tripod of the Pythoness rather than sing them to the harp of St. Cecilia.

THE LAST DAYS OF JESUS; or *The Appearance of our Lord during the Forty Days between the Resurrection and Ascension.* By T. V. MOORE, D.D., Richmond, Va. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication. [From the Author.

This modest volume is one of rare and original merit, and will be read with pleasure by Christians everywhere. Dr. Moore has interpreted many hidden significances in the record of our Saviour's second life on earth, and furnished the material for much profitable reflection to the thoughtful student of the New Testament. The style of the book, like that of Dr. Moore's sermons, is unpretending, yet clear and sometimes eloquent, and, while it is evident that he is thinking much more of what he is about to say than of the manner of saying it, the commentary is a model of Scriptural exegesis. Without the ambition of authorship, and desirous only of accomplishing a good work, Dr. Moore is every day making himself a reputation which will long survive him, and linger in the visible church on earth like a fragrant memory.

THE BANKS OF NEW YORK: *Their Dealers; The Clearing House and the Panic of 1857; With a Financial Chart.* By J. S. GIBBONS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

A book of great humour and pleasantry, notwithstanding its somewhat forbidding title, in which the reader, who is not deterred thereby from purchasing it, will find many novel hints of the *modus operandi* of Wall Street, affording him a deep insight into the whole philosophy of kiting and a creditable acquaintance with the financial zoology of Bulls and Bears. Mr. Gibbons is thoroughly "posted up" as they say on 'change, with his subject, and understands Banks as well as Professor Agassiz does turtles, and he has been assisted in the preparation of the volume by an exceedingly clever artist, whose drawings, though they add nothing to the intrinsic value of the treatise, are yet highly diverting and *vraisemblant*. We think there are few persons who would not derive two or three hours of amusement from "The Banks of New York."

A CRITICAL DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, AND BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS, *Living and Deceased. From the Earliest Accounts to the middle of the Nineteenth Century.* Containing Thirty Thousand Biographies and Literary Notices, with Forty Indexes of Subjects. By S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE. Volume I. 8vo. pp. 1005. Philadelphia. Childs & Peterson, 602 Arch Street. [From the author.

A *magnum opus*, indeed, as may be seen from the title, which we have given in full. We question whether any single work has ever been published calling for a larger industry or more pains-taking research in its preparation. When we consider the extended field of Mr. Allibone's labours; the appalling number of volumes and pamphlets which he was compelled to examine; the vast array of obscure authors, whose writings, never remarkable for power or brilliancy, sank rapidly beneath the waves of time, yet whom it was obligatory on the compiler to rescue from entire oblivion; when, in addition to all this, we reflect upon the constantly augmenting demands upon his notice by living authors who have produced scores of works while he has been engaged in getting this first volume ready for the press, we cannot but marvel at the patience and perseverance by which so noble a result has been accomplished. It was justly thought a wonderful example of persistent application before unequalled, when Mrs. Cowden Clarke gave to the literary public her "Complete Concordance of Shakespeare," but in that case the labour was purely mechanical, the materials were few and easily managed, and the completion of the work was only a question of eyesight and time. Mr. Allibone's materials were scattered through many libraries and lay widely separate in Titanesque encyclopædias and insignificant brochures, and the satisfactory performance of the duties he had assumed demanded the exercise of rare mental qualities as well as the exhibition of that industry wherein the bee is man's equal and the ant his superior. Perspicuity of style, the faculty of comparison, good taste in selection and arrangement, and the power of analysis, all these were required at Mr. Allibone's hands, and all these, we may safely say, are apparent in his pages. It would be a serious injustice to that gentleman to render him only the praise due to indefatigable enterprise, and pass *sub silentio* his well-considered criticisms and valuable monographs on some of the greatest names in all literature. Let us then mention with especial commendation the articles on Burke, Bunyan, James Fenimore Cooper, the poet Cowper, De Foe, Benjamin Franklin, Goldsmith, Jeffrey and Junius, as pre-

senting estimates of these authors equally distinguished by justice and compactness.

It would be idle to expect entire accuracy in a work so immense as this, nor could it have been hoped that sins of omission would be avoided, and so we observe, in examining this volume, several matters of either sort which we bring to the attention of the author simply that he may make the proper correction, feeling assured that it is the desire both of himself and the publishers that this Dictionary of English Literature should be as nearly perfect as possible. Of course, they will understand that we have been able to give the volume only a cursory examination. First for errors typographical.

Chatterton died in 1770, not in 1780, as stated on page 371.

The proper orthography of the eminent Scotchman who was believed by some to be Junius, was Lachlan McLean, on the authority of Sir David Brewster. On page 1002, it is given as "Laughlin Macleary," and on page 1004 as "Lachlan McLane." Omissions.

In the article on Charlotte Brontë, there is no mention made of "The Professor."

The Westover MSS. of William Byrd are not noticed.

Among the Virginia authors who are included, we do not find Jos. G. Baldwin, St. Leger L. Carter, John E. Edwards, James Barron Hope, and Edward William Johnston.

We need not disavow any spirit of hypercriticism in citing these matters for correction. The Dictionary claims to be all-embracing, and wherever there is an error or an omission, it should be remedied.

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THE AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA: *A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge.* Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume IV. (Brownson—Chartres) 8vo. pp. 766. ix. New York: D. Appleton & Co. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

The fourth volume of the new Cyclopædia has been on our library shelves for some weeks and the frequency with which we have had to consult its pages meanwhile has enabled us to speak with more confidence of the merits of the work than we have spoken hitherto. The favourable judgment pronounced by us on the preceding volumes we can therefore reiterate with greater emphasis, and we feel that it would be doing injustice to the compilers and publishers not to say that we consider it one of the very best compendiums of popular information ever issued from

the American press. We claim to be sufficiently on the alert for narrow-minded jealousy and partial judgments, in such publications, where Southern men and Southern honour are concerned, and we can truly declare that, so far as the Editors have proceeded with their labours, the fullest justice has been awarded to our own section of the Union. We have recently been constrained to express our views, at some length and very decidedly, with reference to Mr. Dana's treatment of Southern authors in the preparation of another imposing work—The Household Book of Poetry—and it therefore becomes us to acknowledge with the stronger praise his catholic spirit manifested in the *Cyclopædia*.

Of the contents of the fourth volume so multifarious and exhaustive of the alphabetical range over which they run, we know not which department is the most valuable. Much of the material is quite new, as for example, the papers relating to the Mexican War, embracing the battles of Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec, and the full biographies of Buchanan, Calhoun and Cass. We have also in the foreign memoirs many original sketches of distinguished characters, living and dead, such as Buckle, Count Buol, Charles Buller, Chaix D'Est Ange, &c. In theological exposition, we have an able article on Calvin, and in military art half a dozen pages on Cannon. In geography there are several admirable items—the careful and interesting description of Charleston is said to be from the competent hand of W. Gilmore Simms. Altogether we may reasonably conclude from the excellence of the fourth volume that the *Cyclopædia* is no longer an experiment, but a splendid success.

Our acknowledgments are due to William Prescott Smith, Esq., the efficient Master of Transportation on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, for a copy of the Thirty-Second Annual Report of the President and Directors to the Stockholders of the Company. Mr. Smith is known to the reading public for his admirable volume on the great Railway Celebrations of 1857, and a considerable portion of this Report has been prepared by him. Though abounding in statistics, we have found it interesting, for the style is luminous and the figures very striking. After a careful perusal of the document, we have come to the conclusion that it demands a greater degree of administrative talent to fill Mr. Smith's office than it does to be Governor of Rhode Island; and that we would just as soon undertake to command the Para-

guay Expedition as to arrange the Master of Transportation's Time Tables. The B. & O. R. R. is a great institution, and it has an excellent officer in Mr. Smith, who understands how to represent it on convivial occasions as well as in his apartment at the Camden Station, and who is as much at home in a coterie of artists and authors as among engine-drivers and brakemen.

We continue to receive, through Mr. James Woodhouse, the Richmond agent for the publishers, the American reprints of the *Foreign Reviews* and Blackwood's Magazine from Messrs. Leonard Scott & Company of New York. The character of these works is so well known that commendation of them is supererogatory. The only one which does not always challenge our respect even while combatting our opinions, is the *Westminster*, and yet in this we find occasionally something of excellence. It were idle to expect that these organs of English sentiment should conform to our Cisatlantic ideas, so that we are not disposed to quarrel with them, except when we fall upon some such narrow and intolerant article as that in the *Edinburgh* for the October quarter, 1858, on the Slave Trade. In general, we read them with equanimity and a large share of satisfaction. Blackwood has recently surpassed itself in brilliancy and geniality. Besides the delightful novel by Bulwer just completed, there has appeared during the past twelve months a series of papers by some new and charming contributor, under the quaint titles of "A Plea for Shams," "How to Boil Peas," &c., &c., which would indicate the coming of a new Elia. We cordially commend the American reprints to our readers. All are to be obtained for Ten Dollars.

Among our exchanges, there is none whose visits are more agreeable than the *Christian Examiner*, the semi-monthly magazine of the Unitarian Church published in Boston. Of course the peculiar religious tenets of the work are without the pale of the *Messenger's* recognition, and we neither condemn nor approve them, but the articles are invariably marked by ability and literary finish. At times it contains matter which we consider objectionable as regards slavery, but its views are never offensively set forward, while the artistic and literary criticisms of the work may rank with the best that appear either in England or America. The number for January, 1859, is an excellent specimen of its general merits. The price of subscription is Four Dollars a year. Address Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.



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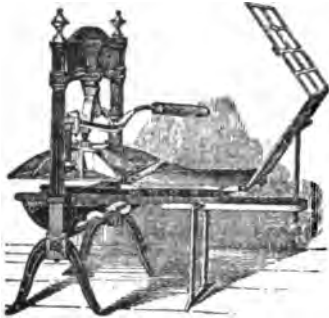
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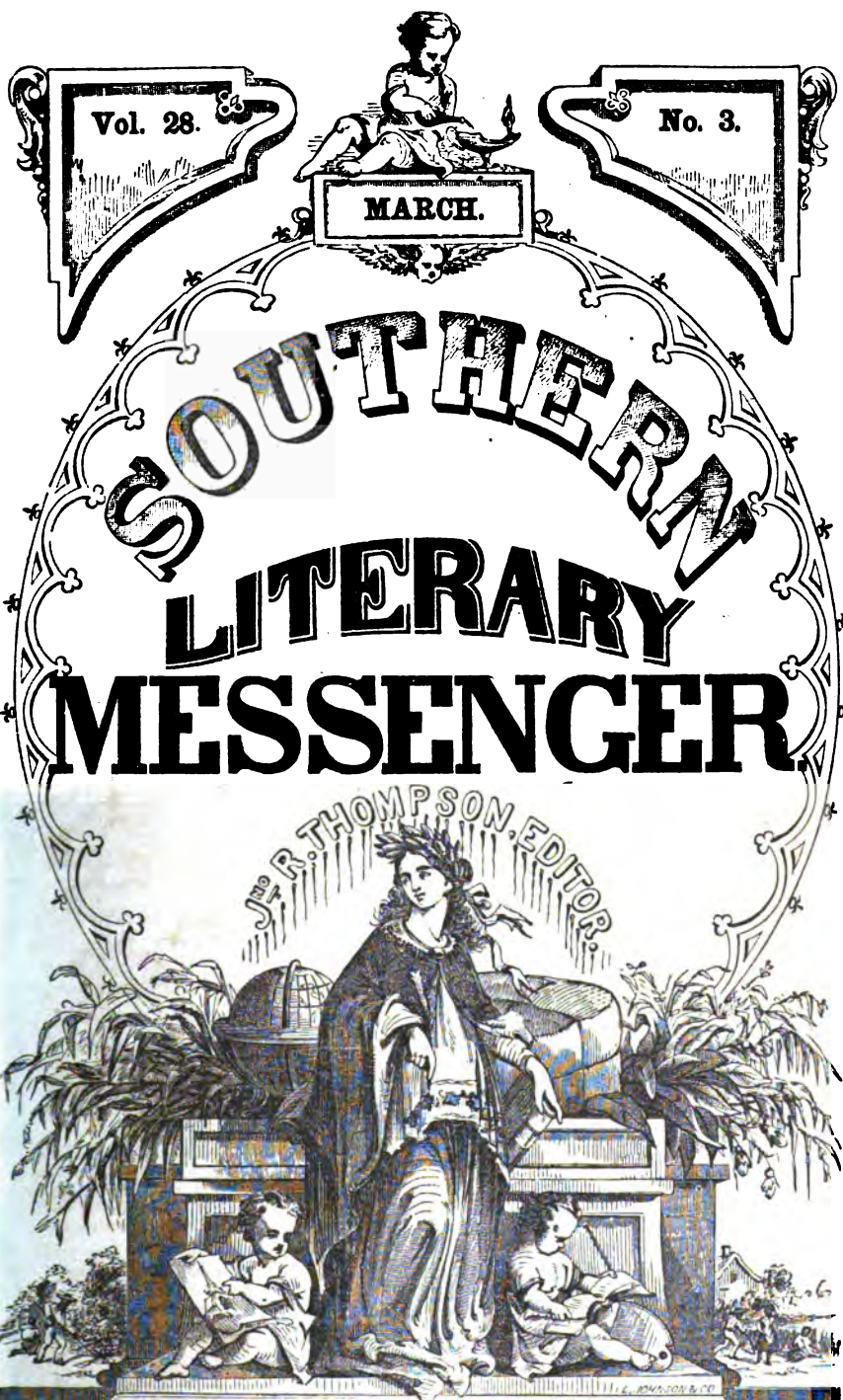
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# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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RICHMOND, MARCH, 1859.

## RELIGIOUS NOVELS.\*

We have selected the work whose title is given below, upon which to found some remarks, a part of which will have reference to individual peculiarities of the book, but another, and as we deem, a more important part, to characteristics representative of a large class of religious literature. Before going farther, we will be permitted to make some observations, designed to guard as far as possible against misconstruction of our motives in writing what will follow.

In Blackwood's Magazine, for June 1858, there is what appears to us an admirable article on "Religious Memoirs," from which a few sentences may be taken as a not inappropriate preface to our present purpose. "These pious volumes," says the writer, "are, for the most part, as excellent in intention as they are important in subject. Their piety alone might induce us to pass over without comment the imperfections of this class of writing; but we cannot suppose that it is any real advantage to the religious community to put up with these publications out of tenderness for the sentiment of godliness which is presumed to pervade them. This has been, perhaps, done too much already. We have been afraid to incur the reproach of a want of spiritual appreciation, and a general dislike to religious writings, and so have been obliged to

swallow the endless repetition, and flat and unnatural representations of life, conveyed to us in books which nothing but their piety could have entitled to a moment's consideration. This is rather hard upon the unfortunate critic: he reads, because he respects the religious feeling of the writer; he condemns, because human nature cannot stand the manner of the performance; and he is immediately set down as a profane person, who cannot be supposed to appreciate the true beauty of holiness. Perhaps this hard dealing is one of the reasons why the common mass of religious literature is so destitute of ordinary literary qualities—for men who love the matter have been afraid to incur the odium of criticising the manner of those productions, and the censorship has been left to hands indifferent, and passed by with a sneer or a laugh, according to the temper of the moment."

We have extracted these sentences, not because we consider them as in every point applicable to the book whose title is given below, or to the class of books—religious novels—of which it is a representative; but chiefly as fitly presenting the difficulty which has almost deprived of the healthful influence of sound criticism such writings as, in the form of fiction or biography, attempt to delineate the religious life. By every truly pious

---

\* *True to the Last; or, Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea.* By A. S. Roe. New York: Derby & Jackson, 1858.

man it will be received as a sound canon of criticism, having all the force of a fundamental axiom, that no one can properly judge the plan or structure of any literary work, having practical piety for its theme, unless he has a clear perception of the importance and a deep reverence for the power of religion. But one who has this indispensable pre-requisite for the critic's office in this department of literature, must feel so strong a sympathy for the motives of the writer, whose sincere design seems to be to recommend religion to others, as to make him very reluctant to incur the hazard of seeming to oppose the design, when he means only to condemn the mode of its execution. Within their own societies, there is comparatively little danger of such an offence to the pious, when the religious teacher attempts to correct what is deemed an error in the manner or the matter by which christian duty is enjoined. Outside of these bounds, however, where the general public can observe the points of debate, there is much greater jealousy of such censure. And, indeed, it is most natural that it should be so. The presentation of earnest piety to this outside observation, either in the actual present life of the religious man, or as represented in books, has so generally excited scorn or hostility as to make any other reception of it almost a matter of surprise. Whoever, therefore, takes the attitude of opposition to any form or detail of this actual life, or this representation, is apt to be considered as designing to aid the scorner and the enemy. Thus far, the feeling which keeps the religious man from undertaking what he only can adequately perform, is chiefly personal—being a shrinking from the possibility that he may be considered an alien and an enemy to those with whose feelings and principles he does in fact deeply sympathize. It has another aspect however, in which self is not so prominent. He fears that, however cautiously he may measure his words, the actual effect of his criticism may be injurious to sincere religious feelings, which have been derived from the characters or the books which are the subjects of this censure.

"If I say, I will speak thus; behold I should offend against the generation of thy children," is a thought which should and does make him hesitate.

But whatever are the difficulties in the way, we cannot but think with the writer in *Blackwood*, that there does exist such a necessity for criticism, at least upon the writings designed to illustrate the religious life, as should overcome the difficulties. The hands of those who are concerned for the integrity and beauty of the building should interpose, to separate with careful discrimination the wood, hay and stubble, from the gold, silver and precious stones in this structure of practical piety, even though they should thereby offend the well-meaning but injudicious builders; and though such separation may make it necessary to re-arrange for the edifice, some parts of the really valuable materials. Our further remarks will be directed by this purpose; and if we fail, it shall be because the ability is not so good as the intention.

There are minor points of objections to the book before us, which we will first notice. These chiefly affect its character as a literary performance, or its correctness and delicacy in matters of taste and feeling; and would not have been deemed of sufficient consequence to call for the reader's attention, had they not been dignified in importance, by being found in a work undertaking to set forth an attractive exhibition of religious life, and in the conduct of those who are presented to us as the Christian lady and the Christian gentleman. As it is, we will give these points but a slight and passing notice, while presenting a rapid, and necessarily imperfect summary of the first part of the story.

The book opens abruptly with a quite effective piece of narrative, in which the two leading characters are introduced as boy and girl, and as parties in an adventure by which the sympathies of the readers are at once and strongly excited, in their favour. Emma Thompson and her cousin Louise Lovelace are standing, with the mother of the former, on the margin of a creek, the waters of which communicate with a broader inlet and

thence with Long Island Sound. Finding there a small boat, with one end resting on the bank, by Mrs. Thompson's permission they enter it. Unfortunately, none of the party had perceived that the boat was only kept in position by the weight of the end which rested on the sand; and as the girls spring hastily in, it is dislodged from its position, and with the ebbing tide, floats down the creek towards the broader inlet. No effective assistance can be obtained, and Mrs. Thompson is almost in despair, when Henry Thornton, a youth of about fifteen, who, from a point higher up the creek, had witnessed the progress of the danger, comes to the rescue. Throwing off a part of his clothing, he hastens, with floundering effort, through the broad marsh which borders the creek, and when come into deeper water presses forward by swimming. With great difficulty, and at the hazard of his life, he reaches the boat and is helped in by the girls, who had become greatly alarmed. After resting a while, his efforts are hastened by a rising storm; and using their one oar (for they had lost the other in the mud of the marsh) he finally succeeds in bringing the boat back to the point whence it started. Henry Thornton is thus immediately enthroned in the sympathies of the reader as the hero of the book. By a more gradual process, Louise Lovelace attains her elevation as the heroine. Emma Thompson, the other occupant of the drifting boat, though at first an equally prominent claimant to the reader's regard, soon subsides into quite a subordinate position of interest.

The author then comes forward as master (or mistress?) of ceremonies, and gives the reader a more formal introduction to Henry Thornton. He is a young man of delicate sensibilities, refined feelings and literary tastes. His father had been sometime dead, and his mother had married a farmer of that neighbourhood, named Langstaff, a widower with several sons, who soon after the marriage reveals himself in his true character, which is altogether sordid and base. This indiscreet marriage had made Henry and his mother the inmates of a most unconge-

nial family circle, and had subjected them to all the hardness of rough work and home tyranny. The wretched wife, who is entirely unsupported by the sympathy of her husband, gradually sinks under her burthen of toil and care. At her death, her son is left without resource. He will not continue to live with the harsh step-father, who, by unloving selfishness and cruel disregard of her health, had brought his mother to an untimely grave. The property which she had possessed at her second marriage, Mr. Langstaff had appropriated to his own use, without regard to the claims of his step-son upon his justice and humanity. Henry must therefore make his start in life without property or money, except only his clothing, and a few dollars given to him in such small sums as her slender means could afford. We are thus brought, by a simple and natural arrangement of events, and with much true pathos in the narrative, to perceive the meaning of the alternate title adopted for the book. Henry has been forced from the inhospitable shore on which duty alone could have detained him until now; and is "alone on the wide, wide sea" of life.

The design of our hero is, after attending his mother's burial, to start on foot for the city of New York. He must first take leave of the Thompson family, however; all the members of which had by their kindness, found a place in his grateful affection. Louise Lovelace has become the object of affection still stronger, though as yet he is not fully aware of its strength. The parting scene is gone through with, almost silently, but with much feeling on his part, and with many expressions of interest on theirs—except only, that Louise seemed under some sudden reserve, approaching to coldness of manner. This parting over, Henry sets forth, first to be present at the burial, and then to take his sad and lonely way to the big city, in which he knows not a single soul who may befriend him. Before going very far, however, he is met by Louise; who, by at once ordering out her horse and riding rapidly by another way, has gotten beyond him, and the

checking her horse into a gentle pace, has turned back upon his road, hoping thus to avoid the startling effect which would have been produced by galloping after him from behind. Neither Louise nor the author for her seems to perceive that the device must be a very transparent one to Henry, who had so short a while before, left quietly standing in Mr. Thompson's parlour this same young lady now meeting him from the opposite direction. In fact, Henry is a good deal startled at the apparition, but he still has his wits sufficiently about him to help her from the horse when she asks him to do so; and after fastening the animal within a copse of cedars, to lead Louise out of the highway to a spot more retired from observation; when, selecting a rock for the purpose, he begs her to be seated, and then entreats her to let him know how he can help her. As the author had before expressed it, "Louise had resolved there should be no disguise on her part. Between Henry and herself there should be no more reserve." This determination she now proceeds very effectually to carry out. She begs him to pardon her for the coldness of her manner when they parted, and assures him that she did not then act as she felt. She had taken the bold step of thus seeking an interview, to let him know that she was sensible of the wrong done—to ask his forgiveness, and to beg him to be to her a brother, and to allow her a sister's place. But she had another motive in seeking a meeting with him: she wanted to tell him some things which she must commit to some body on whose friendship she could rely. She then informs him that he had received wrong impressions as to her relationship to the Thompsons, and with a burst of rather broad-spoken grief lets him know that a dark cloud of doubt rested over her birth. "I have wealth, Henry; but, oh! you do not know how utterly worthless it is to me! You feel sad, I know, Henry, that you are left without father or mother. You are now on a sad journey, going to prepare a place for the body of your last parent. But, oh! Henry, if I could be in your place, how gladly would I give up all the

property I may ever call my own! I would willingly exchange places with the meanest servant in the land, and work hard to the end of my days, could I thereby roll off the dark cloud that hides from me those who gave me birth. *My* father may have been the man who was hung a year ago! And *my* mother I may see, perhaps, in the poor wretch who is hooted at by the boys, and finds a shelter within a barn or beneath a stack of hay! Henry, I am a foundling!"

Omitting a part of the dialogue we again quote from Louise:

"It was not until the last year that I had any clear knowledge of my true situation, and then only by accident. I saw the will (of Captain Lovelace) by which the property I shall have was bequeathed to me. I was called his adopted daughter. That led me to make decided enquiries, and I have learned the whole truth. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are only relatives in name! I feel that I am doomed to misery. I wish to get away: I care not where. Any part of the world will be the same to me." The author afterwards lets us know the Captain Lovelace by whom Louise was adopted, was a gentleman who had accumulated a competency while following the sea, and afterwards increased this competency by judicious speculations, until he had become a man of wealth.

Of course Henry is very much interested, and gives appropriate expression to his interest, while this revelation is making; and of course also he assures Louise that his affection had grown to as great a height as hers. He firmly declines the offer she makes of her purse to help him in his pursuit of fortune; and presses her to revoke her determination that their affection must not seek a closer union than that of brother and sister. "He made an earnest appeal to Louise that she would promise him, if he should succeed in his plans—if he should gain a respectable station in life—she would share life with him." His pleading does not change her determination. She cannot be so unjust to him as to allow him to cherish such a desire—But



"although I can never be to you any nearer than I am now, yet take this little token, and keep in mind that you have one friend, who will ever be ready to stand by you to the very last." As she spoke she took from her finger a ring made of hair, fastened with a gold clasp. "It is my own hair, Henry. And now, good-bye." Henry does not wish to part thus abruptly, but entreats her to let him know how he can be of any assistance to her, and assures her that he will do any thing she requests—meaning (the reader is to presume) that he will help her to carry out her expressed desire to get away from her present home, and hide herself from those who are acquainted with the facts which she has just revealed to him. She believes his assurance, but declines the help. Strange to say, she for the first time seems to perceive that there would be peculiar difficulties in the way of his rendering such assistance. And thus they part. The lover's hope has been forbidden a place in their hearts; but, as it is evident to the reader, it has already effected an entrance, and as becomes equally plain, is thenceforward consciously and fondly cherished by both.

We have related this interview at some length, for two reasons. One is, that it gives us a good place where to despatch in a few words what we have to say about this foundling device. Having been informed of the cloud hanging over the lady's birth, we are fairly started upon the search, by the successful termination of which the love story is to have a happy end; and it is only as the passive object of this kind of interest that the lovely Louise retains our worship as the heroine of the book. It is therefore, as we have said, a fit place to pronounce upon this part of the author's machinery. We are sorry we cannot say at starting that "the plot is a good plot." Every novel reader must know, that when the writer of a story presents us a foundling for a hero or a heroine, he adopts a plan for exciting our interest and curiosity, which has lost all the novelty it ever had, and with its novelty of course much of its effect. Let the writer work

it as he will, he cannot accomplish much, even by the greatest success possible in the case. But in the instance under review, the author has not done the best that might have been done. The material was flimsy and threadbare, but that should not excuse such a careless piece of patch-work as is presented to us. We cannot take the time and space to describe the parties or detail the means by which the infant is stolen away, and kept hidden from the long-continued search of its nearly heart-broken parents. It must suffice for us to say, that the diabolical scheme was insufficient in motive and absurd in plan, and was only executed by going through improbabilities so strong as to look exceedingly like impossibilities. So much for the very transparent mystery of the story.

The other reason for the more particular detail of the parting interview between the lovers is, to show by example what we must pronounce a graver fault in the book before us. It is, that in the few love passages which it contains, the lady gives much more direct and decided expression to her feelings of preference than is either delicate or decorous; in fact, that she gets quite ahead of her lover, who is placed in the false position of being the consenting rather than the pleading party. The consequence is, and must be, that the reader's feeling is decidedly tinged with disgust for the lady and contempt for her lover. The closing scene of this kind, between Henry and Louise, is even more remarkable than the first. At this point in the history, the mystery of Louise's birth has been cleared up, Henry has attained the station and the success in business for which he had been striving, and the book has grown to the required size. Things being thus convenient, both the heroine and the author seem to get impatient at some misconceptions which had hurt the hopes of poor Henry, and made him rather backward in speaking his mind. Fortunately the lady of his love is not troubled with such diffidence. She unhesitatingly takes the initiative; first breaks through the reserve, and then takes and keeps the lead in a courtship which might

model for directness of aim and precision of expression. But, though we did not at first design to do so, it is probably best to give the extract, to substantiate what we have said: prefacing it, however, by a few words to explain the opening speech of Louise. Henry has purchased for Mrs. Thompson the family estate, which, at the death of her husband, had been found so burthened with debt that its sale had become necessary; or rather, the sale had been forced by Mr. Langstaff, one of the chief creditors, who expected, himself, to purchase the farm at a price far below its value. Henry's higher bid triumphantly carried the day against that of his hard-hearted step-father; and after visiting the family whose distress had thus been changed into joy, he has retreated from the expression of their thanks. Retiring to a spot often visited by him in company with Louise, he has become so absorbed in recollections of those happy days as to be quite unconscious of approaching footsteps. The footsteps are the footsteps of Louise. The author would persuade us that she too is so absorbed in thought as to be unconscious of where she is going, until she stops within a few feet of Henry; but the subsequent interview makes us very sceptical about this self-concentration. We now quote:

"Enjoying all alone your generous thoughts?"

"My dear Louise?"

"Henry had started to his feet at the sound of a voice so familiar, but utterly unexpected; and as he took her offered hand, a deep blush suffused his countenance; he had evidently spoken without reflection. And perhaps Louise, for it was she, was not quite prepared to be thus addressed by him, for she too had more colour than would naturally have been caused by the very moderate pace at which she had been walking.

"It would have been in the common course of things if Henry had asked, 'where she had come from?' or [had said] 'that her arrival was very unexpected;' but he did not—he uttered only these three words above recorded, and

then, confounded by his blunder, could think of nothing but what he should say in apology.

"You *will* pardon me; indeed I was very much taken by surprise; for the time too, I was completely lost in reviewing former days, and"—

"Oh Henry, you need make no apology; if you spoke words which did not convey the meaning of your heart, it must have been by accident, and I can overlook it; but if not, I hope you are not ashamed to have your feelings known, at least to me; I have never trifled with you Henry."

"Never—no never!"

"And I have never tried to conceal from you the fact, that I cared for you."

"No, you never have; I thank you a thousand times for it—for all your generous treatment of me."

"I might have taken exception to your somewhat constrained and distant manner towards me of late, but I can now account for that, and perhaps I might have been spared some tears [had I understood it sooner;] but that is past. All I ask now is, am I as you have just said, 'your dear Louise?'"

"Dearer than I can find words to express—and ever have been."

"Here Henry"—and Louise took from her breast a locket, fastened by a golden chain around her neck; she touched a little spring, and one of its golden lids flew open—"read that."

"Mizpah! Oh, have you kept that for so long a time?"

A word of explanation must here be given. Soon after Henry had arrived in New York, and when Louise did not know where he was, she had received under an envelope addressed to her, a sheet of paper which contained the single word "Mizpah." As the Bible reader is aware, the meaning of the word, or rather, perhaps, the hint contained in it, is, "the Lord watch between me and thee, while we are apart." Louise knew very well from whom the missive came, and had therefore made it her peculiar treasure. We resume the dialogue with her answer to the rather simple question asked by

Henry when he saw the token, whether she had kept it until now.

"Yes, and that little word has been a talisman to me more rich with healing virtue than all that eastern fable ever told. That word has been repeated morning and night, and when I thought of you. At length, when widely separated, it became for you and me a prayer, until my heart yielded up its confidence and trust, and on His forgiving love could I lean and find repose."

"Henry was too much overcome to make immediate reply, but, holding still her hand, gazed at her beautiful countenance as she looked up to him with all a woman's trustful love beaming from it. At length he spoke.

"Louise, you do not doubt my true and faithful love?"

"I do not, and never will. And now, dear Henry, in the presence of Him who is my witness for the past and my hope for all the future, I commit myself, and all I have and am, to you."

"Dear, dear Louise!"

"And I do it without one shade of doubt, without one thought but, as you have ever proved yourself, you will be *'true to the last.'*"

This, surely, is a curious mixture. A most business-like purpose to find out whether Henry will have her or no, and then to give herself away without waiting to be asked; strong religious feeling; and "super-servicably sentimental" love-talk,—all finding expression together! Let us not be misunderstood here. Separated from what certainly strikes us as an indelicate and irreverent mingling of motives, and clothed in more simple language, we should, in all seriousness, consider the pious feeling of Louise entirely appropriate to the occasion; than which there could not be one of more importance to her future happiness. But we should not allow the mere expression of proper religious feeling, however genuine it may be, to blind us to the truth that there is, through the whole dialogue, almost an utter absence of that womanly delicacy and reserve which we justly look for in the conduct of the true lady, and still more justly in

that of the Christian lady. Nor must we be deterred from adding that this sort of coarseness of handling certainly indicates a want of true taste and feeling on the part of the author. It cannot be from mere carelessness. If the writer is, as we suspect, a woman, her womanly instincts, if at all fostered by proper training, should have made her shrink from such offences against maidenly modesty on the part of the heroine. If a man, the author can hardly possess very refined feelings; else his honour for the sex would have required in the heroine an excess of reserve rather than of candour. Whether man or woman then, the author, however sincere a Christian, can hardly be considered a fit guide as to the more delicate proprieties of life.

We might, as we had first designed, point out other defects affecting the literary character of the work before us, especially exhibiting certain offensive provincialisms and crudities of language and style; but we forbear. In truth, we begin to fear that our theme may be considered as hardly worth the time and pains bestowed by the writer or the attention required of the reader. It should be remembered, however, that the book, as to most of the objectionable points we have noticed, has very many equals among those issued, issuing and to issue from the Northern press; and if warning is not given and heeded, those whose literary taste and delicacy of feeling are not fully formed and fixed, may be very injuriously affected by such publications. The probability of such injury is only the greater when the main design of the work having such defects is to recommend religion; for the book is then apt to be placed in the hands of the young, without further question, by those who can influence or control their course of reading; thus acquiring greater circulation and effect for all its teachings. The hero of this particular story, too, as we ourselves know, has taken quite a strong hold upon the sympathies of many young readers, first (and this is as it should be) by his amiable and excellent qualities, and afterwards by the more questionable charm of his continued success

in life. We cannot but think, therefore, that if the book stood alone, instead of being one of a large and still increasing class of literature, it might still be worth while to point out the defects we have noticed. The greatest injury, however, to be wrought by this book, and such others as contain the same error, more directly affects its merit as a *religious* novel. At the hazard of running to too great length, we must bestow some pains upon the point now touched, which has been designedly kept apart for separate comment.

We think it not unjust to say, that the tendency of this story is, to give the impression, that consistent religious principle and conduct will secure what is commonly called *success in life*; and that such success is a prominent part of the blessing and guidance promised to those who, like Henry, have resolved to "commit their way unto the Lord." As to what we have further to urge, it is but just to state, that the book upon which we have been commenting, is not more objectionable than many others of the same class. This offense (as we deem it) against right religious principle is committed and repeated almost without exception, through the whole series of religious novels; and we have strong doubt whether this perpetual iteration of error does not show that it is inherent and ineradicable, and that the whole class should be discountenanced by the Christian public. How this may be we are not called upon to decide: but we do feel called upon to protest earnestly against all that has a tendency to recommend this "Poor Richard" philosophy under the guise of religious principle. It is easy to trace, in part at least, the sources whence these mingled streams of religion and policy have come to us; and in tracing them we find much to excuse so prevailing a sentiment of the present day, while at the same time it makes the vindication of the true doctrine more difficult. In the attempt to do something towards this vindication, we trust our readers will find a reason sufficient to justify remarks more grave in subject and manner than would otherwise be appropriate.

We see in the earlier historical records of the Bible, from the time when Abraham was called away from family and friends, to seek another country which the Lord would show him, that there was a continuous and consistent policy of separation pursued towards the people of God. The early patriarchs, while they were still wandering from place to place, pilgrims and strangers, seeking, but not yet allowed a permanent settlement, and still under the influence of the teaching and the strong faith of Abraham, were sufficiently restrained from mixing with the idolatrous people of the land; and during this time, they were blessed and God honored by their outward prosperity. Their removal to the land of Egypt, however, was not effected too soon to have had reason in the corrupting influence of those around them. Being a company of shepherds, all the kindness of that Pharaoh who loved Joseph, could not overcome the prejudices of the Egyptians against associating with them; "for a shepherd is an abomination to the Egyptians." They were therefore given a special possession—the land of Goshen—where to tend their flocks in peace and safety, and themselves to grow up into a numerous people, while still kept in separation. Afterward, during the time of their wretched slavery, under the Pharaohs who knew not Joseph, they doubtless became dispersed more and more in supplying the demands of labour for their hard masters. This dispersion among an exceedingly idolatrous people, and the impossibility of sufficient moral and religious education, in their circumstances of oppression, had rendered them very susceptible of corrupt influences. Ignorance and superstition was rapidly gaining full dominion over them, and unless some remedy were found, they would soon become as "full of idols" as the Egyptians themselves. It had already become imperatively necessary that they should be called together into separate organization, and again brought under the influence of the strongest religious sanctions. "Let my people go; that they may serve me in the wilderness,"

was therefore a message full of wisdom and mercy in other respects than as requiring their relief from oppressive rule. It was necessary for the restoration of a pure worship, that the message should be obeyed; and had it been duly regarded, the Egyptians would not have been so terribly smitten as they afterwards were by the mighty hand of God. The promise that the people should return we may also presume would have been fulfilled, and another time and mode taken to carry them to the land of Canaan; though doubtless when they come back to Egypt it would have been required that they should again have the separate enjoyment of the land of Goshen.

Throughout the scenes of this deliverance of the children of Israel, and in their after wanderings, until they obtained possession of the land of promise, the presence and power of Jehovah were continually displayed by mighty signs and wonders. The Israelites themselves were in a state of training, especially designed to free them from the idolatrous feeling and practices into which they had gradually been corrupted. Jehovah must therefore claim their fear and reverence by exhibitions of power not only more than human, but of vaster effect than any which the heathen around them attributed to their gods. After they had acquired possession of their land, when the lesson had been fully taught to them and to all the neighbouring nations, that the power of Jehovah was supreme, the magnificent scale of these signs and wonders was contracted, and miracles were more seldom wrought and for fewer witnesses. The other means of separation which had been effectually used—especially their isolated situation—could no longer operate. But the strong tendency of the people to idolatry required that the separation should be maintained as jealously as ever; and for this, a system of ceremonial observances, having the sanction of divine law, became far more effectual than the more imposing, but necessarily temporary means employed before.

The distinct exhibition of temporal blessings as marking God's favour to his

people, and afflictions, as showing his anger, was also retained as an important part of the same policy. The people with whom he was dealing could be but gradually lifted out of their low and sensuous, or (to use a New Testament word) *carual* notions. Their ideas of earthly happiness were, it is true, undergoing a refining process, and their aspirations were not unfrequently directed beyond this life, to a heavenly home. But we believe it is still true that, for the body of the nation at least, prosperity or adversity—unless specially interpreted otherwise—indicated the favour or the frown of Jehovah. The proof of this, as well as the evidence that the light of revelation was gradually becoming clearer, we think we find very plainly set forth in the writings of the prophets, from the days of Job to those of the later Psalmists. The main lesson in the history of Job, as we conceive, is directed to this very point, and is effectual, even to this day, in preserving the afflicted religious man from sinking under the despairing thought, that God is watching over him for evil. But the occasion of this very lesson is, the firm conviction expressed by the three old friends of Job—evidently pious men, too—that his afflictions showed the wrath of God and proved Job himself a hypocrite. In the seventy-third Psalm the same prevailing impression is shown and the same corrective applied. The writer of that Psalm gives us a clear view into his own thoughts. He tells us in the beginning, that he had well nigh fallen into grievous error—"My feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped." For when he saw the wicked prospering in their way, having all that heart could wish, thus continuing through life, and even "having no bands in their death," but dying with composure and decency, he was envious against them, and even doubtful about the goodness and justice of God. The truly religious seemed to receive very different and more unfavourable treatment; and turning his words into an expression of the feelings of these afflicted ones, the Psalmist adds: "And they say, How

doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High? Behold these are the ungodly who prosper in the world; they increase in riches. Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency. For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning." The Psalmist is greatly perplexed, and the subject becomes too painful for him. Only when he goes into the sanctuary of God and betakes himself to prayer can he understand the case. His thoughts, then, evidently take him to a scene of future rewards and punishments, where these seemingly unequal arrangements of Providence will all be set right; and in these thoughts he finds relief.

But though there are, in the Old Testament, these safeguards against entirely misinterpreting the providence of God, the clear light of revelation on the subject is to be looked for in the New. The rule there is, that having food and raiment we should therewith be content. The Christian has the promise of these as long as he has need of them—that is, as long as his greater good does not require that he should suffer privation even as to these. Further than this the Christian has no *claim* upon the promise. The world, and the things of the world, must have a very subordinate place in his regard, for "life and immortality are brought to light in the Gospel," and are set before him as his proper reward; in the training for which the promised guidance and blessing is found. In the older days this life and immortality were but dimly perceived, and consequently men often stumbled at the difficulty of understanding that God by adversity was weaning them from an inordinate attachment to this world and preparing them for a better. But there is no occasion of such stumbling in him who lives in these days of clearer light. He ought to be able to understand why it is, that "whom the Lord *loveth* he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth;" such discipline being better to them than increase of goods or honour. "Prosperity," says Bacon, "is the blessing of the Old Testament; ad-

versity is the blessing of the New, which carryeth the greater benediction and the clearer evidence of God's favour." The great philosopher is very bold, but has he not full warrant for his words?

It is time, however, for us to return from what may be deemed not sufficiently connected with our proper subject. To make our moral more pointed, then, we would say, that the book which has been under review, and very many others, its fellows, appear to be going backward, in the mode adopted to recommend religion, to an age of greater darkness and far inferior religious privilege. As before intimated, it certainly does very much palliate the error that a very common, though we think a very unreflecting use of the first part of our sacred writings, leads directly to this doctrine—that worldly prosperity is generally the evidence of the favour of God and the means of his blessing. But it is surely lowering our standard of hope to look for our promised blessings in such prosperity. He who is persuaded thus to interpret the promises must fall into grave error. He must either enroll among the pious numbers who give no other evidence of piety than their prosperity; or, like the Psalmist, he must come to doubt the love and truth of God. We believe, indeed, that the blessing of prosperity is generally conferred on a Christian people, and in this the true Christians of the nation are, in some degree, participants. But comparing those of the same nation together, it may be said with confidence that *it is not true* that the most pious are the most prosperous, in any such sense as implies the acquisition of wealth and station. Those who affirm it and think they are helping religion thereby are, as we believe, very greatly in error. They are lowering both the standard and the sanctions of piety; and are preparing doubt and trouble of heart for those who are influenced to think with them. Again and again, therefore, do we protest against such a doctrine.

There is one other characteristic of our story which we had designed noticing—the sudden and almost invariable effect

of every word uttered by Henry Thornton on the subject of religion. We are very sure that the tendency of this is, to make a wrong impression upon the minds of such readers of this book as have not tried to exercise this influence. The words "who hath believed our report?" Henry could never have had occasion to utter; but these or similar words are often in the mind of every man who endeavours to urge the claims

of Christianity. We will pursue the subject no farther, however, having already much transcended the limits of our original design.

At closing, as at beginning, we express the hope that nothing in this article can in any way injure the cause of religion. In all that we have written, the design has been to guard against such injury, though the judgment and ability may not have answered the design.

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### TO ONE I LOVED.

I thank thee for that cold salute and for that glance of scorn,  
It nerves my fainting heart to wear the mask it long has worn;  
One glance of kindness from that eye might wake the rebel flame  
Which burned so fiercely in my breast for one I cannot blame.

Though thou hast thrown a shade of gloom o'er every scene of life,  
And torn my heart with every pang of hopeless passion's strife,  
I blame thee not—I cannot blame what once I loved so well,  
Though well I know 'twere folly now on earlier hopes to dwell.

I would thou knewest—but well I know that this can never be—  
The depth of pure affection which my heart hast borne to thee,  
How fondly I have treasured up each careless word of thine,  
And dwelt upon thy very smile as on a thing divine.

But thou hast changed—that early dream from memory thou canst blot  
By that stern glance of cold contempt, I know thou lovest me not;  
I will not murmur at the wrong which thou hast done to me,  
And I may even learn to bear contempt and scorn from thee.

For I have won the fickle air of levity and pride  
And strove behind this idle mask a breaking heart to hide.  
Thou deemest me—I know thou dost—a cold and heartless thing,  
Even while the very smile I wear but serves my soul to wring.

Farewell, farewell, through different paths of life our journey lies,  
May thine be lighted by the smile of bright and loving eyes;  
May one thou lovest, more blest than I, watch o'er thy bed of pain,  
And soothe thy soul to that calm peace I scarce can know again.

M.

## OLD WILLIAM AND MARY.

The destruction by fire of the venerable college of William and Mary is one of those events which deserve more than a passing comment in the daily journals. More was lost to us than the property represented by the building and its contents—a part of the history of the Commonwealth seems to have been removed—in many points of view the occurrence is a public and irreparable calamity.

The institution was worthy to be venerated, both for its celebrated associations and its great age. The project of establishing such a seminary of learning originated as early as the year 1619—a wonderful epoch, when the minds of men were expanded, aroused and prompted to a splendid activity and energy by the settlement of the new world, the productions of Shakespeare, and his great associates—and by the triumphant march of the Reformation over the *débris* and rubbish of an overthrown falsehood and mental slavery. It was at this congenial era, when the minds and hearts of the great Englishmen of the time were set upon elevated and worthy ends—the foundation of new countries,—the cultivation of the human mind—and the civilization and Christianizing of far away races—that the enterprise of building a college in the “new-found-land of Virginia” had its origin. James I. issued letters to the Bishops of his kingdom, by virtue of which they collected fifteen hundred pounds—and on the motion of Sir Edward Sandys, President of the Company, it was ordered that ten thousand acres of land should be laid off for the projected undertaking—a hundred men to be sent out as tenants. Out of the rents, which were estimated at five hundred pounds a year, the college was to be built and the Faculty paid their salaries. George Thorpe, of the King’s Privy Council, came over to Virginia to superintend the college—and in 1621, the sum of one hundred and twenty-five pounds, together with five thousand acres of land, was obtained for the purpose of endowing, “at Charles City,” a collegiate school, termed *The East India School*, where

scholars were to be prepared for admittance into the main college, then intended to be erected “at Henrico.” The terrible Indian massacre of March 22nd, 1622, gave a death-blow to the entire project for that time. Three hundred of the colonists fell victims to the savages—among them Mr. Thorpe, and a considerable number of the tenants of the college lands. The site of Henrico was abandoned—or rather the entire enterprise was given up: and nothing more was heard of the college in Virginia until the reign of William and Mary.

On the 19th February, 1693, in the fourth year of their reign, the united sovereigns chartered an institution “to be denominated forever, the College of William and Mary, in Virginia.” This charter was granted on the petition of the House of Burgesses of the colony of Virginia, “to the end that the Church of Virginia might be furnished with a Seminary of Ministers of the Gospel, and that the youth might be piously educated in good letters and manners, and that the Christian faith might be propagated among the Western Indians to the glory of Almighty God.” The institution was destined by its founders to be “a place of Universal Study, or perpetual College of Divinity, Philosophy, Languages, and the good arts and sciences.” To the Visitors and Governors of the college were entrusted the fullest powers of regulating its interests and concerns generally—the Visitors always, however, to elect a Chancellor every seven years; a discreet person, like “the Rev. Father in God, Henry, by divine permission Bishop of London,” appointed by the charter. For the endowment of the college, William and Mary contributed one thousand nine hundred and eighty-five pounds, fourteen shillings and ten pence, to be raised from the quit rents of the colony—together with one penny per pound on all tobacco exported from Virginia to Maryland—ten thousand acres of land on Blackwater Swamp—ten thousand acres in Pamunkey Neck, between the Forks of York river—and lastly, the office of Sur-



veyor General, "with all its fees, issues, profits, advantages, conveniencies, liberties, places, privileges and pre-eminence whatsoever."

The first building, designed to be a square one, was finished in 1700—but five years afterwards was destroyed by fire. "The Governor," we are told, "and all the gentlemen that were in town, came up to the lamentable spectacle, many of them getting out of their beds. But the fire had got such power before it was discovered, and was so fierce that there was no hope of putting a stop to it, and therefore no attempts were made to that end." The second building was soon afterward commenced—but not finished until 1723—just a hundred years after the entire destruction of the *Henrico* establishment, together with Mr. Thorpe and the tenants, by the Indian massacre.

The college was then fully established, and the corporate rights were formally conveyed to the Faculty and Trustees, who became "The Visitors and Governors of the college of William and Mary in Virginia." The deed, we are told, was drawn by John Randolph "on fourteen beautifully illuminated sheets of parchment"—and fifty guineas was paid that gentleman for his trouble. The college was fairly endowed both by "sundry well-disposed individuals" and by the government—Sir Robert Boyle's executors gave the fee simple of the "Manor of Brafferton"—and the institution commenced its long and successful career of usefulness. The annual value of all the duties laid for the support of the college is stated to have been, previous to the Revolution, about twenty-three hundred pounds. Among the names of the Visitors at this early period, we perceive many which are associated with the good old days, and honourably distinguished in public affairs:—the venerable James Blair; his Excellency Governor Gooch; Robert Carter: William Byrd: Mann Page: Col. Diggs: Peter Beverley: John Robinson: John Grymes: William Randolph, and others. Many public spirited individuals made valuable donations. Lady Gooch presented the Faculty with "a gilt cup"—and the Earl of Burlington sent over

a portrait of his brother, Sir Robert Boyle.

We shall not further trace the history of the college. We have recalled its early fortunes with a sad interest—we might almost say with the sorrowful feeling of one who dwells upon the youthful and palmy days of some dear departed friend, who is lost to us forever, living only in the memory and the heart. Old William and Mary exists no longer save in the fond recollection of many persons—or on some such idle page as this which we trace—imperfect, cold, unworthy of the subject, but aiming to convey an impression, however brief and faint it may be, of a worthy and celebrated feature of our Virginia past.

We need not do more than refer to the particulars of the loss which the commonwealth has sustained. The journals of the day have spoken of the time-hallowed objects which were swept away by the devouring flame. There were old, heavily bound volumes bearing the autographs and coats of arms of celebrated men—of statesmen, historians, men of science, and monarchs. George III. gave a Bible—Louis XVI. a fine copy of Buffon's "*Histoire Naturelle*:"—distinguished Virginians here deposited numerous volumes of rare and curious interest—heirlooms, as it were, but yesterday, of our soil and its occupants—living memorials of the great race of other days. In addition to these, there were, as we have said, many most valuable MSS.—but some of these have been preserved. All else is ashes.

We turn from the melancholy picture of the smoking ruins, to the former life of the institution, full of merriment and gaiety. From the contemplation of its high and palmy days, in far away years, we derive a pleasure mixed with pain—we indulge the "humorous sadness" of the melancholy Jaques. Those days, of the old colonial epoch, at the venerable college, were indeed joyous and picturesque. They were illustrated and adorned by much which our own epoch has discarded—not without justice it may be,—but to the destruction of a large portion of what makes the life of man

attractive and pleasant to the eye. The old institution was the centre and one of the main features of a social organization, unlike any which we find to-day. In the old borough, now so silent and sad, which rarely wakes up to a consciousness of its existence in the hurrying and bustling world of to-day—in Williamsburg, at that far away time, all the charms and pleasures of a splendid social régime, were concentrated and brought to their highest development. His Excellency, the royal Governor, reigned at the Palace in vice-regal glory—the streets were alive with chariots drawn by their four or six glossy horses, and driven by the plethoric black coachman in gold lace and livery—the Raleigh Tavern was the resort of the gaily-dressed “bucks” of the colony—at the frequent “assemblies” were gathered together all the beauty and provoking loveliness of a people famous even then for the exquisite attractions of its ladies. In the Apollo Room of the Raleigh—at the Palace of his Excellency—at the old Capitol—here were held those balls of which we still hear stories handed down from generation to generation, and filled with a strange memorial interest. At these assemblies figured gaily, in all the strength of youth and careless gaiety, the gentlemen students of the worshipful college of William and Mary. Wherever there was fun and frolic, there were these youths to be seen—and they made up the great mass of the splendidly-dressed young gallants who whirled in the Virginia reel, or bowed grandly in the stately movement of the *minuet de la cour*. The presence of so many bright and careless faces, laughing, jesting, catching the blossoms of the fleeting hours, as they hurried by, added a singular charm to the seasons of festivity and mirth. The youths delighted in all that appealed to the jubilant heart of early manhood. They figured in magnificent waistcoats all covered with flowers in gold thread, and reaching to their knees—in coats decorated with embroidery, and splendid with chased buttons—in snowy silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes—in queues tied with gaily-coloured ribbon, and a

snow-storm of powder on the hair. Thus decorated, they waited on the little beauties of the hour: made love-sick or witty “copies of verses” in their honour: fell in love, and courted, and were happy or desperate, after the headlong manner of young men in general. When not thinking of, or paying court to, the fair ladies of the place and time, the gentlemen students were indulging in other excitements, not so refined, but equally to their taste. They were running horses, and fighting chickens. In vain did the Faculty fulminate resolves and by-laws, and threats and penalties at the youths. They read them, or listened to them, with dutiful attention—and then went on running their colts and fighting their cocks. Two of these resolves of the irate Faculty have been preserved. It is ordered by the first, “Yt no scholar belonging to any school in the college, of what age, rank, or quality soever, do keep any race horse at ye college, in ye town, or anywhere in ye neighbourhood. Yt they be not any way concerned in making races, or in backing or abetting those made by others, and yt all race horses kept in ye neighbourhood of ye college, and belonging to any of ye scholars, be immediately dispatched and sent off, and never again brought back, and all this under pain of ye severest animadversion and punishment.” It is again ordered, “Yt no scholar belonging to ye college, of what age, rank or quality soever, or wheresoever residing, within or without ye college, do presume to appear *playing or betting at ye billiard*, or other gaming tables, or be any way concerned in keeping or fighting cocks under pain of ye like severe animadversions or punishments.”

Alas!—“ye severe animadversions and punishments” do not seem to have withheld the young men from the vices of betting on horses, “playing at ye billiard,” or fighting game chickens. The resolves declare that whatever the age, rank or quality of the students, these practices are forbidden: but we strongly suspect, and have abundant traditional authority to declare, that when a “main of cocks” was advertised in the *Virginia*

*Gazette* to be fought in the precincts of the venerable institute of learning, the students of "rank and quality," and those not possessed of those somewhat unrepugnant advantages, attended in considerable numbers, and lost or won, on the chickens engaged in the combat. It was a joyous and careless life which they led—as any one may see by referring to the early letters of Mr. Thomas Jefferson, afterwards President of the United States—dated "Devilsbury"—and indulging in jests and witticisms—eminently suggestive of the description of social atmosphere in which the writer lived. Now we read in the merry and jocund pages an account of youthful escapade—with the intimation that several young gentlemen, known now to fame, have fled to escape "castigation:"—then it is a narrative of a visit to some little beauty of the neighbourhood, and the accident which happened to his garters, some new minuets, and his watch-paper, from the dripping of the rain upon them while he slept; a misfortune which he attributes directly to the Evil One:—next it is an allusion to a ball at the Raleigh—"as happy as music and dancing in the Apollo could make it:"—all this, and much more pleasant gossip and description, may be found in the letters of the afterwards celebrated Tom Jefferson, as in other letters of the period, written from Williamsburg. They present what is after all the true *desideratum* of the social commentator or historian—the actual life and personages of the times with which they deal. In these old records—tattered, in faded ink, often moth-eaten and half destroyed—we see a picture of the merry youth of men who became the leaders of revolution,—great judges, statesmen, and physicians. It is assuredly not calculated to diminish our respect for these great names, that in their early manhood they engaged in the thoughtless diversions of thoughtless youth. John Marshall, Peyton Randolph, Thomas Jefferson, and a hundred other celebrated men, were, strange as it may seem, merry boys only, there at Williamsburg—with a fondness for race horses and game chickens, and cards, or

"playing at ye billiard." If we represent them as grave and silent youths—with serious, earnest souls even then, as some would do—we falsify history. Their mistakes and vices were discarded in time: but they none the less laughed and jested, as youth will in all ages and countries.

We dwell too much upon this picturesque "old time" at the venerable institution. The building was the other day, however, one of the few surviving memorials of a strong age, and a great race of men—an epoch, the character of which shaped and moulded the character of our own time—a race of men who made this soil we stand on free—pledging to that end, for themselves and us, their posterity, their lives, their fortunes, and their most sacred honours. We love all that tells of these men—every spot which speaks of them still, and is informed with the ennobling influences which attached to them and their characters. We never worshipped hero yet, but count the man a churl who hesitates to honour and bow low to a great and noble soul. These men, who passed their early days at old William and Mary, were truly Nature's noblemen—by God's patent, not the King's. They shaped here, in the old gray walls, in no small measure, the energies which gave them strength to conquer in the gladiatorial struggles of the great Revolution and the new Republic. Here their minds were stored with sound information and important truths; and their hearts aroused to noble emulation of the mighty ones who had preceded them. The ancient precincts spoke to them of much loved ancestors who had played upon the obscure and unknown arena of the distant colony, the parts which Hampden and Sydney, and their co-peers, played upon the conspicuous theatre of England. The old college was forever associated in their minds and hearts with these dear and venerable names—it told of them and their actions—it tells us to-day, even in its ruins, of those youths, who have long ago, grown to manhood in their time, played world-famous parts, and descended into the tomb. It is a noble catalogue. Thom-

Jefferson, Theodorick Bland, Peyton Randolph, George Wythe, Carter Braxton, John Page, Edmund Randolph, James Monroe, John Marshall, James Barbour, Wm. B. Giles, Watkins Leigh, Chapman Johnson, John Randolph of Roanoke,—all these, with a hundred others, we might say a thousand who have become famous, drew their early inspiration from the fruitful source of the good old institution of William and Mary. Among those who still survive of the long and illustrious line, let us point alone to the “greatest Captain of the age.”—Winfield Scott belongs to the old institution.

We must bring our discursive and unconnected pages to a termination. We have not been able to make them more worthy of the attention of the reader. The thoughts, and memories which hover around the ruin of the old building, embarrass us, from their number and character. They throng upon us, and fill us, as they have doubtless filled many hundreds of persons, in view of the late calamity, with a longing sadness, a tender melancholy, as it were. Something, we feel, has passed away which can scarcely be replaced. The walls will doubtless rise anew—the college will mount like a new Phoenix from its ashes—and that it may be more useful, more famous, more widely popular than ever, we devoutly pray. But it can never be altogether the same. You may re-build the home of your childhood—you may replace the little wooden dwelling with the honey-suckle round the portico, and the moss on the eaves, by a palace of brown stone or marble filled with splendid decorations. But the new palace does not fill the place of the old cottage. The well-remembered furniture is gone—the arm-chair in which your father sat—the portrait of your mother or your sister—the

old family Bible, where births have been chronicled with joy, and burials with tears which fell down and blotted the sheet—all these have passed away, and the new splendour is almost painful to the eye. It was the hallowed *association* which made all so dear—and that is gone.

But let us not indulge our melancholy reflections too far. We shall endeavour to banish them, and to look upon the venerable institution simply in the light of what it has proved itself to be—a sound teacher of sound learning—and more still, of the most elevated spiritual truth. If newly founded, as we are sure it may be, these high avocations may be pursued by its professors with renewed strength, and greater facilities than before. The progress of time works improvement in all things—and the generation of to-day know more than their fathers—at least in some things. We see no reason why William and Mary may not take a new lease of a more vigorous life. The old town of Williamsburg is eminently adapted to the requisitions of a site for the halls of learning. It is quiet, sedate, untouched by the bustle and excitement of larger places—and offers few facilities to dissipated youths, such as elsewhere might draw them off from their studies. A refined and elegant society—associations with the great names of the past, well calculated to expand and ennoble the heart of youth—a healthy site—these and numerous other advantages point to the old metropolis as a most favourable situation still, for an institute of the highest character and influence.

That the best hopes of its warmest friends may be more than realized in the effort, now being made, to found the old college anew, is the prayer of the present writer.

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## SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED ORATORS.

BY ONE WHO HAS HEARD THEM.

## I.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Whilst reading a morning paper at my hotel in Washington last winter, my eye ran over a notice that John B. Gough, the great Temperance Advocate, would lecture at eight o'clock, P. M., in the New Baptist Church. I at once resolved to hear a man who had filled Europe and America with his fame. Having wearied of the somewhat tedious notes of Congressional oratory, I longed to have my soul laved in those refreshing streams of eloquence which it was said poured irresistibly from the lips of this "Orator of Nature." I was eager to hear a man who, having spent but thirteen days of his life at school—who, possessing no advantages of early mental training—who, having passed the vigour of his youth and the most precious years of his manhood in brutal dissipation, yet possessed the power of delighting and fascinating the most cultivated audiences that ever assembled on this or the other side of the Atlantic.

I had never known a distinguished orator to come up to this reputation, and I desired to see if this remarkable speaker would prove an exception. Half an hour before the advertised time, I with difficulty obtained a seat in the spacious church, which I found filled with a most intellectual and intelligent looking audience. It was evident that the *élite* of the metropolis and the *distinguished* of the nation were there. The President of the United States, members of the Cabinet, Senators, and Representatives, foreign Ministers, and dashing belles were scattered here and there in the crowd. Even gray-haired Judges of the Supreme Court had been attracted by the fame of Gough. Doffing their ermine and abandoning for awhile their search after "authorities," they had come out to feel the magic influence of eloquence. Near me sat one of the most venerable of the bench. I had seen him day after day in court, and

meal after meal at my hotel, but had never known him to sacrifice his judicial dignity so far as to evince the slightest susceptibility to humour. He even then looked as if the "sponge of the law had absorbed all the natural juices of his nature." As Grace Greenwood would say, he seemed an "epitome of precedents, a bundle of technicalities."

I had heard that Gough was a great mimic, that he would make you laugh whether you wished or not. I thought he would now have a test made of his powers, that if he could excite the risibles of my grave neighbour by his anecdotes, or touch his passions by his oratory, he could move any body of men and women that ever assembled to hear a speech. I had determined to make a thermometer of His Honour's face, concluding if the orator raised the mercury to 70° there it would be blood heat with the rest of the audience. At eight o'clock whilst the large crowd was on the *qui vive* to catch a first glimpse of the man whose reputation had drawn them through a winter's storm, ten or twelve men stepped upon the platform. Curiosity was on tiptoe. The "lion" was in the group, but seeing no mane and hearing no roar, it was not so easy to distinguish him from the rest.

Whilst some preliminary conversation was going on, I picked out a tall, well-formed, well-dressed gentleman, with classic head, and features just enough tinged with melancholy to be poetic, as the man who was so wonderfully endowed with the gifts of persuasion, and who was soon to thrill us with his peculiar eloquence. My imagination had pictured a sort of Apollo, and I selected that one of the group who most resembled in "modesty and mien" this handsomest of fabulous deities. But when I saw a little, low, lean man, with long nose and small brow, dark eyes and sad face, (dressed as if the tailor had expected him to grow two sizes larger to fill his suit,) all my high-flown notions and ro-

mantle expectations at once vanished before the stern reality. I was about as much "let down" as the disappointed Englishman, who, having heard of the fame of our great Chief Justice, first saw this Nestor of the bench measuring in the dust with his rival thrower of the Quoit.

The orator's manner in beginning his speech was not calculated to dissipate the prejudices excited by his indifferent looks. Standing out in the centre of the platform, (which was a large one,) he crossed his hands behind his back, and with a husky voice and languid, timid air, began to speak upon the disadvantages of discussing so thread-bare a subject as temperance. He had proceeded some ten or fifteen minutes in a tame, unimpassioned style, when becoming warmed by his subject, and his voice having worn away much of its tendency to hoarseness, he began to move back and forth upon the platform, invoking his head, hands, arms and body in the work of gesticulation, and personifying that kind of oratorical power which the great Athenian called *action*. Suddenly, like "Pallas full-armed from the brain of Jove," he burst forth in one of his grand passages of eloquence which startled and delighted his audience no less by the sublimity of its thoughts, than the gorgeous richness of its colouring. It was no vapid declamation, no school-boy flight. He did not shoot up into the sky with the fearless daring of the eagle without its strong pinions to sustain and direct his careering. But like that noble bird he rose on untiring wing to sport in fearless majesty among the lightnings of heaven or soar towards the sun. When he drew a picture of the human intellect in its highest development and full maturity, when he sketched its tremendous powers and God-like gifts, and followed it with the eye of his imagination as it swept in immense circles the entire universe of thought, and then painted with a "gloomy energy," as none but a master hand could paint, the terrific havoc made with that gigantic mind by the demon of intemperance, the coldest heart in that large crowd

kindled with the fire of his irresistible eloquence, and the dullest ear was "almost with listening ravished."

"His words seemed oracles  
That pierced their bosoms; and each man  
would turn  
And gaze in wonder on his neighbour's  
face,  
That with the like dumb wonder answered  
him,

You could have heard  
The beating of your pulses while he  
spoke."

This exhibition of oratory proved the speaker to possess that "o'er mastering strength of mind" which rouses the sensibilities of a strong nature, and brings a weak one into entire subjection. I felt as did Burke when listening to one of Sheridan's brilliant efforts, he exclaimed, "That is the *true* style; something between poetry and prose, and better than either." The severer taste of the critic might dissent from my decision, as Fox did from that of Burke, but reviewing a speech in your closet is one thing, and hearing it delivered from the lips of the orator, fervid with deep feeling and intense passion, is quite another. In the latter case you have not time or inclination to seek a redundancy of words, or complain of excess of decoration. You prefer rather to follow with "swelling and delicious admiration" the flowing periods of the orator's eloquence—leaving the cold work of criticism to other hands.

Just as Mr. Gough was closing one of his finest passages, I turned to my grave neighbour of the Supreme Court, expecting to be rebuked by the rigidity of his emotionless features for the youthful enthusiasm of my feelings. But imagine my surprise when I found that iron face lit up with a new splendour, and radiant with an unwonted animation. The flame which burned in the speaker's breast had kindle a blaze in his own. Turning to a friend he exclaimed, "That is splendid, sir." I concluded this was no small triumph for the speaker, and felt in it an ample apology for my warmest admiration. The orator having borne us

along the creations of a fancy which seemed inspired indeed, having delighted us with the beautiful and sublime, now began to play upon the humorous vein of his audience. With consummate skill and in a moment's time he had us convulsed with uncontrollable laughter. Such a genuine laugh as followed his first anecdote, I never before heard. Although he has told his anecdotes a hundred times, yet he tells them with the gusto and freshness of a first narrative. He was too much for our legal friend. He not only laughed, but laughed immoderately. "His Honour" was completely metamorphosed by the comic humour of Gough.

For two hours and a quarter this remarkable man held twelve hundred people enchained by his almost superhuman powers. Now they were fascinated by the magic of his eloquence, now they were captivated by the rich fertility of his fancy. At one moment they were moved to tears by the deep pathos of his appeals, at the next they were charmed at the excellence of his wit. Indeed, he had them as completely under his control as the serpent its unsuspecting victim. Gough has mastered the human heart as Ole Bull has mastered the violin, and he plays upon the feelings of the one as the musician does the strings of the other. Ancient fable tells us that if Apollo but touched a stone with his harp it became melodious with the sweetest sounds of that instrument. With like power this orator imparts to the feelings of his hearers the tones of his own. He excites in their bosoms the same emotions that animate his own breast. As Phillips says of Curran, "you weep, you laugh, you wonder at his bidding." There is perhaps no orator alive who can excite so great a number of passions in such quick succession, or who can throw such intensity of feeling into a minute's time. In telling one little story he touched upon almost every chord of the human heart. For the unfortunate but noble woman who has been brought from ease and affluence to misery and poverty by a drunken husband, he excites your love, sympathy and admiration. For the red-

nosed "whiskey-seller," who, not content with sending her husband to a drunkard's grave, persists in ruining her only boy—the last light and hope of her wretched life, he provokes your abhorrence and detestation. Against the "pettifogger," who defends in court "the demon in human shape," who had violently thrust from his door the afflicted mother, because she begged him to spare his child, he stirs up the profoundest feelings of indignation.

He puts into the mouth of the widow an appeal which, for moving eloquence and deep feeling, is not surpassed by the immortal prayer of the Hungarian exile in behalf of his down-trodden country. The pettifogger, flushed with the idea of "a case," is taken off with inimitable effect. His attitudinizing, when rising to address His Honour, the running of his hands through his hair to look intellectual, placing his fingers behind his vest to appear majestic, the buttoning and unbuttoning of his coat to exhibit his form in all its symmetrical proportions, are "done up" in a style peculiarly the orator's own. Such descriptions so prolific in drollery and humour, so withering in satire and rich in narrative, could not fail to amuse and enchain by turns his audience.

The orator assumes respectively each character, and so perfect are his personifications that you almost imagine the actors of the scene before you. Indeed, by a happy art he transfers to the platform before the audience the absent living and the dead, in all the "vivid reality of personal presence." We have seen it stated of some modern orator that so natural and well-drawn were his characters that a Hogarth or Reynolds, had they been present, could have painted his orations life-like upon the canvass. We are sure this is true of Gough's efforts. The creations of his genius seem tangible and material. His speeches are a beautifully varying panorama, passing in review before the audience, constantly increasing in interest and effect to the last and closing scene; whilst his perceptions of the ludicrous and humorous are acute and his mimicry inimi-

Gough's great *forte* lies in his graphic and soul-stirring descriptions of terrific and pathetic scenes. It is in the exhibition of this power that he rises to the highest empyrean of impassioned eloquence. It is then that the electric spark, the "true mesmeric touch" of oratory is felt in all its witchery and fascination. With nervous boldness and impetuous fervency of spirit, an impassioned glow of feeling, and intensity of devotion to his subject, he bears down like a mountain torrent upon his hearers, carrying everything with an irresistible impulse before him. His pictures of the boy snatched from the burning house, whilst an agonized mother and assembled thousands hold their breath in anxious fear; the devoted sister bathing the deep cut scar upon a drunken brother's face; the wan and broken-hearted wife invoking Heaven's blessing upon her once cruel but now reformed husband; the arrival of the survivors of a shipwrecked vessel at the wharf at New York, and the deep stillness and death-like stare of the vast multitude as they look for some loved friend amid the ill-fated crew; the infatuated man who gives himself up to the rapids of Niagara, and moves swiftly and fearfully on to the whirling gulf below,—all these are equal to the best touches of a Dickens or Scott, and are presented with a dramatic power which would have done credit to a Talma. Madame de Stael said, after witnessing one of the master pieces of the distinguished French tragedian, "He is the author himself come again to realize by his looks, his accents and his manners the person he meant to present to your imagination." So it is with Gough. He is the victim of rum standing before you, telling his sad story of misery and woe. Through him the drunkard holds up to the startled view of his audience the truthful mirror of his wretched life. His terror moving descriptions of *delirium tremens*, the more thrilling because the orator spoke from his own fearful experience, made the hearer suffer in sympathy with the unfortunate inebriate. He almost cries aloud in pity for the unfortunate sufferer, as he sees him vainly

attempting to resist the serpents and monsters that a diseased imagination has thickened about and around him. Men have declared themselves haunted in their sleep after listening to this fearfully terrific picture of a drunkard's sufferings.

The success and enthusiasm which have followed Gough in his discussions of a trite and unpopular theme, before overflowing audiences in England and America, attest the high power of his eloquence. As a platform speaker, no man of this generation has achieved more splendid triumphs. Not even Prentiss, the Sheridan of the South, whose brilliant powers of oratory were the wonder of his time, ever attracted so great a multitude of people as this Whitefield of Temperance. The halls in which he speaks are always too small for his audience. Such is the anxiety to hear him, that long before the appointed hour every seat is filled. No wind is too fierce, no weather too bad, to keep back the throng. All orders and ranks, all politics and religions, come out to the feast served up by this wonderful dispenser of eloquence. After leaving Washington he spoke to six thousand auditors in the Maryland Institute, the largest hall in Baltimore, and even then hundreds were unable to get seats, although it was the worst night in March. So delighted were his audience, that they requested him to deliver the same lecture the following night. Not only has he electrified all classes of people in all parts of his own country, but he has made perhaps a deeper impression in foreign lands. In Great Britain, where popular or platform eloquence is ridiculed and derided as suited only to the vulgar taste of Republican masses, his triumph has been tremendous and complete. His tour through "Old England" was rather like the ovations paid by the ancients to a returning hero, for from every point, lords and ladies, patricians and plebeians, the humble tenant and the landed nobleman, rose up to do homage to his genius.

That the reader may know that I have not over estimated the opinion entertained of this American orator by our critical



cousins across the waters, I will quote one or two extracts from the many complimentary notices of him which appeared in the English papers. "To listen to an unpopular theme, Mr. Gough has attracted for seventy different evenings, in the single city of London, crowds of auditors too vast to be accommodated in the most spacious halls in the metropolis. This, too, with a charge of admission." Another influential paper says: "No orator has made so great a sensation among all classes of the people in England for many years past as Mr. Gough. His brilliancy, fervour, humour, energy, his power of imagination, his true poetic feeling without a particle of affectation, his immense power over the hearts of his audience, and the evident sincerity which pervades the whole man, are unsurpassed and in some respects unequalled. He will be most heartily welcomed whenever he re-visits Old England."

An American paper, distinguished for its ability and judgment, thus speaks of Gough after his return from Europe: "During Mr. Gough's British tour, he has spoken on an average once in twenty-four hours; has addressed nearly a million of souls; has attracted the most distinguished and intellectual to his eloquence, and has carried a knowledge of the Temperance movement up into the influential *strata* of English and Scotch society," &c. The reader will perceive from these extracts, (and hundreds more could be given,) that the writer of this sketch is not alone in his appreciation of Mr. Gough's powers as an orator. That none but a man endowed with the highest gifts of persuasion could achieve such marvels of oratory must be admitted by all. No mere declaimer could thus move the multitude as the storm-cloud moves the waters of the sea. No mere charm of delivery, or witchery of voice, no grace of manner, or gift of language could thus impress the public mind and take captive the public heart.

To accomplish so much, an orator must be endowed not only with great natural gifts of intellect, but must possess that power which Goldsmith says "is indispensable to true eloquence"—"of trans-

ferring the passion or sentiment with which he is moved himself into the breast of his hearers." We have already shown him, according to this standard, to be in the highest degree eloquent. His great object is to remove whatever prejudices his audiences may have against Temperance, and direct them against intemperance; or in other words, to convince them of the evils of the latter, and the necessity of correcting them. To this end he directs all his arguments, eloquence, humour, and ridicule. For this purpose he tells, as nobody else can tell, his mirth-provoking anecdotes. To fasten this one leading idea upon their minds, he appeals to all that is tender, or noble, elevated or refined, in human nature. By the directness and fervour of his appeals, and the force and beauty of his illustrations, he excites a personal interest in his subject, which brings home to his hearers a conviction of individual responsibility for the evil he depicts. In the lecture we heard, he spoke of fashionable drinking as one of the most prolific sources of drunkenness, and turning to the ladies, he besought them to frown upon a practice which was making drunkards of their husbands, brothers and sons. Woman, said he, was the star of man's destiny, causing the tide of his fortunes to ebb and flow at her bidding. With an influence so potent for good, he implored her to exert it on the side of Temperance and humanity, and unite with him in hastening the time when the clustering "grapes, hanging in all their purple glory under trellised vines, may never again be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind." Seizing a glass of water he apostrophised, in a style too beautiful and eloquent to be described, this pure liquid as it came fresh and sparkling from Nature's distillery. Never did water seem so lovely and attractive before. Never did it appear so far superior to all other beverages. Such was the impression made by this episode of eloquence and fancy, that scores went away that night resolved to banish the wine glass from their board, and cease forever fashionable drinking. They and all the audience retired to their

homes with feelings of wonder and delight—but the thought most deeply impressed upon their minds, was the *enormous* evil of intemperance. All the graphic descriptions, and sublime images of the orator, all of his vivid scenes of human misery and eagle flights of imagination, were remembered as illustrative only of this one great fact.

The brilliant career of Mr. Gough is the more wonderful, when we remember that he burst upon the public with none of the preparation which before had been deemed indispensable to make or sustain a great reputation. It is well known that the great Athenian orator retired to a cave on the sea shore, where silent and undisturbed he prepared, by the light of a glimmering lamp, those orations which have been the admiration of world. Whilst from the same ancient authority, we learn that the father of Roman eloquence “applied himself with uncommon diligence and industry to oratory.”

The most fervid and impassioned orator of England, we are told by his biographer, passed through the same rigid and minute discipline and study, before he appeared as a candidate for oratorical honours. But it was otherwise with Gough. We learn from his autobiography (which is as thrilling as a romance) that he stepped upon the platform with no preparation whatever. All his schooling had been embraced within a fortnight. Brought up to a trade, he had lost his situation on account of his incessant dissipation; and at the age of twenty-three was wandering about friendless and uncared for, an outcast from society, a victim to that worst of maladies—*delirium tremens*. In this situation he was found by a Washingtonian, who spoke the first word of kindness or sympathy he had

heard for more than a year. He was induced to join the society in Worcester, and being called upon after his initiation to “make some remarks,” he gave in an experience so fearfully eloquent and touchingly pathetic, that he was by common consent pronounced “Nature’s orator.” He was invited to speak in the Town Hall a few nights after, and astonished his second audience even more than the first. His fame began to spread through New England, and soon he was thrilling assembled thousands by the electric touches of his eloquence. Such was the beginning of a renown which now extends over two continents. It may seem incredible, indeed to some impossible, that a man with none of the attainments of the scholar, with but little of the “wealth of universal acquisition,” could sustain himself upon a theme so hackneyed and worn. This fact only proves the astonishing versatility of the speaker’s genius. It proves him to possess that fertility of invention, facility of illustration, and power of imagination, that find in the experiences of every day life and the observations of extensive travel, the works of Nature and the study of man, an inexhaustible mine from which to draw the richest treasures of imagery and thought. Though he may never have unfolded the musty tomes of antiquity, though he may not have studied the maxims of Socrates or read the theory of Plato, he has opened wide the volume of Humanity, and read from its mysterious pages the deepest lessons of wisdom and instruction. It is this familiarity with the nature and philosophy of the human heart, added to great natural powers of eloquence, that has given him such despotic hold upon his audiences, and raised him to a place among the foremost orators of his time.

## A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

## I.

Stern Time has turned another page  
 In his record-book of human age—  
 That chronicle so dark,  
 Where every Act upon Life's stage—  
 Each footstep of our pilgrimage—  
 He left some warning mark.

## II.

Now, from Life's tree another leaf,  
 Bright with joy's hue, or dark with grief,  
 Has fluttered to the ground,  
 Where in a moment, sad and brief,  
 'Twas gathered to his mighty sheaf  
 In the Past's garner bound.

## III.

The year just gone has spent its sands,  
 Another, now, before thee stands  
 Unread, unknown and vast;  
 This too, will glide from youth's strong hands  
 Away to join the misty bands  
 Which gather in the past.

## IV.

And, as it passes may it be  
 From every care and sorrow free!  
 May it be brighter far  
 Than tropic sunset on the sea,  
 Than dreamy moonlight on the lea,  
 Or light of vesper star!

## V.

In its bright west may Hope's fair bow  
 In promise shed a tranquil glow  
 To 'lumine Life's swift tide;  
 And in its calm and happy flow  
 May sorrows melt like falling snow\*  
 Upon the ocean wide.

## VI.

And, as this opening year drifts past,  
 May its last days profusely cast  
 Life's blessings over thee.  
 As when rich Autumn-leaves fall fast  
 The brightest linger to the last,  
 Thus may this New Year be!

J.

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\* "Or like the snow-fall in the river,  
 A moment white—then melts forever."

## SELECTIONS AND EXCERPTS FROM THE LEE PAPERS.

FROM THE LETTERS OF DR. WM. SHIPPEN,  
JR., TO R. H. LEE.

*Philadelphia, 29th March, 1770.*

DEAR SIR:

I always was of opinion our brother, the Doctor, missed it in leaving Virginia, and am very sorry fees comes in so slowly, for he is very clever. We are much grieved to hear our brother Francis is in so bad a state of health—they say consumptive. For God's sake let him ride all this summer for his life, and leave his lady behind. Pray inform us what is his true condition.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Philadelphia, 25th Aug. 1770.*

DEAR BROTHER:

'Tis said this way that the Virginians have imported as much as ever, nor can they make any association that will be of any efficacy from the nature of their commerce and the number of Scotch Factories, &c. I hope your late resolutions will convince to the contrary. I am afraid the traitorous New Yorkers will ruin and enslave us. I enclose Junius' excellent letter and a good one from Albany to York. Our Farmer is lately married to Miss Norris, an agreeable lady with about 60,000, and is now one of the richest men in America; has been lost to the cause of Liberty ever since his letters were well received; I mean he has never exerted himself since, which argues—but 'tis treason to say any thing against the *Farmer*. I love him and his good qualities, but am not blind to his weaknesses and foibles. I have never quite forgiven his stealing the Liberty song from Dr. Lee, which he did very vainly and palpably; 'twas a small matter, but discovered his greediness for applause. I shall deliver your message when he comes to town. All this *sub rosa*. Dr. Lee's conduct is singular and whimsical:—he is a good Physician. Few have genius to make a figure in two important characters;—'tis true Garrick can laugh as well as he can

cry; but is he not a *rara avis*? I sincerely wish him success and every happiness, for I love him.

We are much disappointed in not seeing you here with your son or sons on your way to Dr. Witherspoon's. Your sister will be very happy when that time comes, and prays it may be very soon. I am persuaded there is not such a school on the Continent.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Philadelphia, 14th Aug. 1773.*

DEAR BROTHER:

Yours by Capt. Coburn and the piece of cotton came safe to hand, and gave much satisfaction;—tis very neat;—you have many thanks. \* \* \*

Our brother is shining before the Livery of Loudon in much applauded speeches, in favor of Mr. Sayre as Sheriff of Loudon, and by his eloquence gained a great majority of hands in favor of Stephen Sayre and Alderman Plummer. What strange, impudent Americans! Do you remember Sayre? He was in Virginia some years ago soliciting tobacco commissions, and did not behave well,—was in partnership with Dr. Bardt & Co.

Arthur gained great applause, says an English paper of 19th June.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*General Hospital, Phila. }  
Feb. 16th, 1777. }*

MY DEAR SIR:

I am happy in being able to thank you for the pain you felt on my account, when you believed I had settled my long reckoning. We are flattered here with a report of your returning to Philadelphia, where, by all accounts, living is much better, though enormously extravagant. Gen. Washington has directed me to have all the Continental army inoculated immediately, which you may imagine will keep my attention busy. Do send all Virginians on, armed or unarmed, to

Philadelphia, where I have provided proper quarters, and where they can be attended more properly than in country places, and under my own eye. Every day skirmishes happen, and always to our advantage, in Jersey. By a young gentleman of credit, who came from Brunswick last Wednesday, we learn a Packet is arrived and brings an account of a war being declared between France and England. \* \* \* \* \*

W. SHIPPEN, JR.

N. B.—Has the General sent my plan for your approbation? Some one should be adopted immediately, as preparations must be made for the next campaign. Do write me soon.

—  
FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Raritan, 15th April 1779.*

MY DEAR SIR:

I am very sorry to hear you intend to leave the Congress so soon, and am much afraid you have your fears and doubts of the prevalence of virtue and liberty. What a pity after such a struggle, such powerful and honest exertions on your part! Don't desert us now; we must at length succeed. 'Tis not surely time yet for Riches and Despotism to triumph; let our Liberty and Independence first be established:—after that I trust there will be many Brutus's to stab any Julius Cæsar, before they have destroyed the liberties of their country. If you will go, God bless you and prosper all your undertakings for the public weal,—for wherever you go I am sure you will endeavor.

All our love and compliments to Mrs. Lee and your sweet children. Write us and believe us,

Y'rs very affectionately,  
W. SHIPPEN, JR.

—  
FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Philadelphia, Aug. 28th, 1780.*

MY DEAR SIR:

I have the pleasure to congratulate you on the safe arrival of your brother and two sons at Boston in the Alliance. Major Frazier of Virginia, who came with them

to Boston, is arrived here in a Boston schooner in 9 days. I have seen him. He says they had a fine passage of 7 weeks, left L'Orient the 8th July;—no second division of French men had sailed; we expect letters from Mr. Lee to-morrow by the Post. Frazier thinks they will come on immediately. Suppose you come here and meet them; you will certainly be of great use.

Major Frazier speaks highly of both your sons, but very highly of one of them.

Mr. Izard and I talk of going to Headquarters on Wednesday to meet them. I shall give all the assistance in my power to bring them on. I wish they had arrived here; however, thank God, they are safely arrived.

Yours affectionately,  
W. SHIPPEN, JR.

—  
FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Fredericktown, Md., 25th March 1781.*

MY DEAR SIR:

A false report of Tom's being ill has brought me to this place. He is well. Mr. Booth's housekeeper and *sine qua non* is dead—his school in great disorder—all the boys gone and going home.

Nancy married last week to Col. Livingston, brother to the Chancellor; I hope it will prove a happy connexion. Appearances are very favorable. She goes for the North River next Wednesday, after a ball the minister gives her on Monday.

I am at a loss what to do with Tom, but am fully determined, I think, to pay you a visit with him before I seriously set down to business.

Izard and Mrs. Shippen are afraid A. Lee has wounded his right thumb and finger, or some Virginia dame has wounded his heart; not a line from him. The Tickets are not marked, all are taken out in your name. Pray let Cassius have a chance. What think you of a Dutch war? The Potts family all greet you and yours. Adieu; God bless you.

Yours affectionately and sincerely,  
W. SHIPPEN, JR.

N. B.—Have you taken Arnold and Cornwallis?

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Pha.*, Oct. 4th, 1781.

MY DEAR SIR:

I must write by Mrs. Izard, if it were only to ask you how you all do, and congratulate you on the liberation of Virginia from George's plundering crew. Where must Cornwallis fall? \* \* \* \*

W. SHIPPEN, JR.

FROM WM. SHIPPEN, SR., TO R. H. LEE.

*Philadelphia*, June 22d, 1779.

DEAR SIR:—This day I am favoured with yours of the 13th inst., in which I hoped to find a confirmation of our very good news from the Southward. I am pleased with the effectual measures taken by your State to raise so much by taxation. It shows a spirit worthy of imitation. You will see by the enclosed papers how the reformation plan, begun in this city before you left us, is spreading through this and several other States. I hope it will produce great good. I wish I could give a good prospect of some valuable conclusion on our finances; but so long as the power of evading, perplexing and delaying the most patriotic propositions is allowed to a certain few, we shall do nothing timely that is fit and proper to be done. We have spent two finance days already without passing one resolution to purpose,—and for this reason only, if I am not too suspicious, that certain words, containing, or that may be construed to contain, what may answer the designs of a particular junto, cannot be carried. I find your absence does not entirely free you from a squib now and then—such as, “if that gentleman was or had been as well known in Virginia as I know him, he would not have been continued a Delegate so long.” By the enclosed resolutions you will see how very little has been done; no stop has been put to the Commissions of Quarter Master and Commissary, &c., than which nothing has or possibly can occasion the depreciation of our money more rapidly. Only think of a two-penny Jack, who never, in his life, was capable of any

business he had been engaged in, of making a shilling more than maintained his family, and that but in a very so-so manner, shall now be making 40 or 50,000 per annum, and that by lowering the value of our money, and raising the prices of every article that he purchases,—a truth acknowledged by all, and yet the mischief suffered to go on and increase, as though some were afraid to stop it least they themselves may be injured in their connexions. W. Paca has moved several times to have a report respecting J. Mitchell considered, which he had delivered into Congress long ago, and at last when it was agreed to be taken up in order to determine upon it, Mr. Secretary turned over all the papers in the box, and could not find the report, and so went upon other business.

The only apology which I shall make for filling up my paper with politics of small things is, that I have none great and important—but be assured upon the first hint you give me, that such trifles are tiresome, I will desist until I have more interesting matters to communicate; in the interim, believe me to be, with proper salutations to your lady and family,

Yours sincerely,

W. SHIPPEN.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Philadelphia*, March 20th, 1780.

DEAR SIR:—I received your favour of 19th February, enclosing a note for Thomas Payne, Clerk of our Assembly, which I delivered. We hear from Carolina that the troops, to the amount of 8000 are arrived and lauded; some on John's Island, some on James' Island, and some elsewhere, a number of their ships, much shattered, some 3 foundered, all their horses lost. That 164 gun ship and 2 or 3 smaller appeared off the harbour. Sullivan says, “that if they delay their motions two or three weeks, he hopes to be prepared for them; that he has expected the Virginia troops 18 months, not arrived the 24th Feb.” Mr. Laurens was to sail for Statia the

next day. The vessel which John Adams sailed in arrived at Corunna in 18 days. I wish I could inform you of the prospect of an honourable peace, but I guess the fluctuating state of our finances will encourage our obstinate foes to struggle hard to prolong the war. By the enclosed imperfect sketch of our present systems, passed yesterday, you will see how unequal we are to the work; the credit of our money is so low that it is absolutely necessary to attempt something.

If I have the pleasure to see your sons in Philadelphia, on their way to Virginia, I shall observe your directions. I have written you several times by the Post, and directed agreeably to your advice, but I don't find you have received any of my letters. Enclosed is a letter from Dr. Scudder. Young Madison, one of your Delegates, came into Congress yesterday. W. SHIPPEN.

—  
FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

January 10th, 1782.

DEAR SIR:—I took up my pen with intention to congratulate your honour upon your election to the Chair, but when I reflect upon your honouring the Chair at least as much, I am somewhat puzzled whether to congratulate you, or the Congress upon the occasion. But as I am now informed, you are to become a beau in your new dress, I may safely, and with propriety, present congratulations upon one or other of them. As I sincerely wish you all the satisfaction and joy that can arise from either or both, I therefore conclude with wishing you a happy new year, and assure you that I am your very ready friend, and most humble servant. W. SHIPPEN.

P. S.—I am sorry to inform you that our guardian President, J. Reed, is in a dangerous situation—though nothing immediately threatening.

—  
FROM THE COMMITTEE OF N. YORK TO  
THAT OF BOSTON.

*New York, May, 23d, 1774.*

GENTLEMEN:

The alarming measures of the British

Parliament relative to your ancient and respectable town, which has so long been the seat of Freedom, fills the inhabitants of this city with inexpressible concern. As a sister Colony suffering in defence of the rights of America, we consider your injuries as a common cause, to the redress of which it is equally our duty and our interest to contribute. But what ought to be done in a situation so truly critical, while it employs the anxious thoughts of every generous mind, is very hard to be determined. Our citizens have thought it necessary to appoint a large Committee consisting of fifty-one persons to correspond with our sister Colonies on this and every other matter of Public moment; and at 10 o'clock this forenoon, we were first assembled. Your letter enclosing the vote of the town of Boston, and the letter of your Committee of Correspondence were immediately taken into consideration. While we think you justly entitled to the thanks of your sister Colonies, for asking their advice in a case of such extensive consequences, we lament our inability to relieve your anxieties by a decisive opinion. The cause is general and concerns a whole Continent, who are equally interested with you and us;—and we foresee that no remedy can be of avail, unless it proceeds from the joint act and approbation of all; from a virtuous and spirited union much may be expected; while the feeble efforts of a few will only be attended with mischiefs and disappointment to themselves and triumphs to the adversaries of our liberties. Upon these reasons we conclude that a Congress of deputies, from the Colonies in general, is of the utmost moment; that it ought to be assembled without delay and some unanimous Resolutions formed in the fatal emergency, not only respecting your deplorable circumstances, but for the security of our common rights. Such being our sentiments, it must be premature to pronounce any judgment on the expedients which you have suggested. We beg, however, that you will do us the justice to believe that we shall continue to act with a firm and becoming regard to American Freedom, and to co-operate

with our sister Colonies in every measure which shall be thought salutary and conducive to the public good.

We have nothing to add, but that we sincerely condole with you in your unexampled distresses; and to request your speedy opinion of the proposed Congress, that if it should meet with your approbation, we may exert our utmost endeavours to carry it into execution.

By order of the Committee of Correspondence. The foregoing is a true copy.

ISAAC SEARS.

*To the Committee of Correspondence for the town of Boston.*

—

SAMUEL WARD OF RHODE ISLAND, TO R. H. LEE.

*Westerly, 14th Dec., 1774.*

DEAR SIR:

As it is of the greatest importance that every Colony should have the earliest notice of the hostile intentions of Administration, I have enclosed you Copies of Lord Dartmouth's Letter and the order received with it. Our General Assembly immediately ordered Copies of them to be sent to Mr. Cushing to be communicated to the Provincial Congress. They then ordered the Cannon at Fort George (which was not tenable) to be sent to Providence, where they will be safe and ready for service; 200lbs of Powder, a proportionate quantity of Lead and Flints, and several pieces of brass Cannon for the Artillery Companies, were ordered to be purchased. A Major General (an officer never before chosen in the Colony) was appointed, several independent companies of light Infantry, Fusileers, Hunters, &c., were formed; the Militia was ordered to be disciplined and the Commanding Officers empowered to march the troops to the assistance of any sister Colony. The Spirit and ardour with which this was done, gave me ineffable pleasure, and I heartily wish that the other Colonies may proceed in the same spirited manner, for I fear the last appeal to Heaven must

now be made, and if we are unprepared we must be undone. The idea of taking up arms against Great Britain is shocking, but if we must become slaves or fly to arms, I shall not hesitate one moment which to choose; for all the horrors of civil war and even Death itself in every shape is infinitely preferable to Slavery, which in one word comprehends every species of Distress, Misery, Infamy and Ruin.

I have enclosed the Resolve of our Assembly upon the report of their Delegates; the polite notice taken of all the gentlemen of the Congress I hope will be acceptable; you may rely upon a most punctual adherence to the Association in this Colony.

The other Copy contains the appointment and Instructions of the new Delegates. The power of appointing time and place for holding a Congress, I thought absolutely necessary; for the Small Pox and many other things may make it inconvenient to sit at Philadelphia. The power of adjourning is equally necessary, for it will take much time to choose new members, and in the interim the public may suffer the greatest mischief, and the trifling expense of meeting is the only objection.

It was supposed by some gentlemen, that if our grievances were redressed this winter there would be no necessity of another Congress; I am of a different opinion. Many new regulations of Commerce, Manufactures, &c., may be adopted for the general good of the Colonies, and should the Ministry be inclined to make any new attempts upon us, our being united and on our guard, would be the most probable means of preventing them. For these reasons I proposed an annual Congress. Upon the whole our Powers are full, and I wish all the Delegates may have such, that being free from all restraints, we may deliberate with freedom, Resolve wisely and execute with firmness whatever the necessities of our Country may require.\*

The distresses of the town of Boston increase greatly. Many who have till

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\* Well done, little Rhoda!



lately supported themselves, are now forced to apply to the Public; eighteen or twenty petitions are sometimes received in a day. May the generous donations of the Colonies continue, until God in mercy relieves them.

Be kind enough to present my most respectful compliments to your worthy colleague, to your good lady and family, and ever remember me as one who is,

with the greatest esteem and regard,

Dear Sir,

y'r most ob't humble servant,

SAM. WARD.

Be kind enough to communicate the order from home to the Southern Colonies.

—  
DR. RUSH TO R. H. LEE.

*Philadelphia, Jan. 15th, 1777.*

DEAR SIR:

An account is just now come to town that General Mercer (after continuing in the forenoon of Saturday to appear perfectly free of danger) was taken with a fainting fit in the evening of the same day, and died in a few minutes after it. How is the mighty fallen! Alas! for his family—his friends—and his country! But let us dry our eyes. Let America exult in him, for he was hers. Let human nature triumph in him, for he was a *man*.

Yours sincerely,

B. RUSH.

—  
JAS. SEARLE TO R. H. LEE.

*Philadelphia, 10th July, 1779.*

DEAR SIR.

I was highly gratified with the receipt of your obliging letter of the 27th of last month.

To deserve the esteem of all good men is the supreme object of my soul. Judge then, Sir, what my feelings must be, when my conduct is approved by Col. Lee, a gentleman to whom (as a grateful American) I look up with veneration and high respect for the many, the important services he has done my country.

I think it a great misfortune, that at this critical moment we are deprived of your advice and assistance in our councils. We feel our loss in you the more, as we are also deprived of that great Statesman and honest man, Mr. Adams, who has left us struggling with a set of men, some of whom, on my conscience I believe, mean not the good of America. As to the important point under debate when you left us, the F——, the honest men have hitherto kept its opposers at bay, and I am not without hopes its friends will finally succeed in supporting it.

I have great satisfaction in acquainting you that the *Dean* and the *Boston* sailed from our Capes the 5th of this month, fully and well manned, with orders to scour your Bay of the little *Picaroons*, and I persuade myself you will have heard of them before this can reach you.

The Confederacy is now at Chester, having met with some damage to her main trussle-trees by lightning; I hope however she will be at sea in a few days, unless Monsieur —— should stop her; but I am of opinion this will not be the case, as he does not seem so very anxious to be gone as he was, and he is mending his health daily.

We are hourly expecting the *Alliance*, as we hear she was ready to sail, having on board a great number of our poor fellows who had been prisoners in England.

The Marine Committee have just forwarded a list of materials and stores for the 74 gun Ship and Eight new Frigates hereafter to be built. We have reason to hope these things will be sent us from France, by order of his most Christian Majesty, together with a very large supply for our Army, of every necessary for Fifty thousand men, from a Brass Cannon to a Shoebuckle.

The Minister informed us that he had reason to believe all these things would be sent us immediately, if applied for by Congress, to be paid for when peace was established, in the manner most convenient and agreeable to us. It is in consequence of this information that the ap-

plication is made, and I have no doubt of the success of it.

Pray do me the honour, good Sir, to continue your kind correspondence, as often as your more important concerns will permit you. When you have an opportunity of seeing your excellent Brother, Col. F. L. Lee, pray assure him of my sincere regard and veneration.

I am very truly, Dear Sir, your devoted friend and servant,

JAMES SEARLE.

RALPH. IZARD TO R. H. LEE.

*Philadelphia, 15th Oct., 1790.*

SIR:

I am just returned to this City from an excursion of some weeks, and am favoured with your letter of 26th August. The Parliamentary Registers were committed to the care of Mr. A. Lee in France. He is arrived in Ph'a and I dare say will forward them to you soon. I am perfectly of your opinion that the political salvation of America depends upon the recalling of Dr. Franklin. This opinion I have made publicly known; whether any good effect will be produced by it, a little time will discover. Soon after my arrival here I wrote to Congress and informed them that I was ready to give them any information in my power respecting their affairs in Europe. Mr. McKean, Mr. Lovell and Mr. Madison were appointed a Committee to confer with me. The report contained simply an approbation of my conduct without mentioning any thing respecting Dr. Franklin. This was done on account of your Bro's arrival being daily expected, and therefore I did not press for any addition to the Report. He intends applying soon to Congress for a hearing, and I hope that the changes which have been made in that Body within the last two years, will appear not to be for the worse.

Since my return to America, I have been two or three weeks at Head Quarters. A more deplorable situation than that of the Army can hardly be conceived;—without clothes and pay, and

frequently without victuals. While I was in Camp they were sometimes three days without tasting a morsel of meat. By the beginning of January the greatest part of them will return to their homes, and if Sir Henry Clinton should prove an officer of enterprise, some fatal blow may be struck. It is to me most astonishing that America should so long suffer the war to be carried on by so foolish and ruinous a system, as that of enlisting soldiers for six months. Congress is now employed is digesting a plan for getting an army for the war; but I fear some difficulties may arise from the want of money. If it is the intention of America to continue the war, it is absolutely necessary that she should receive a subsidy from France. Mr. Neckar's system of Economy will make it very difficult to obtain one: but I am of opinion that it is the duty of Congress to insist upon it, and to represent to the Court of France the danger of their being forced by the people at large into an accomodation with Great Britain, should it be refused. Dr. Franklin's connections and Flatterers would deter him from enforcing such a requisition with proper spirit, nor is it clear to me that such a spirit exists in the body who ought to instruct him on that subject.

Gov. Rutledge writes from Hillsborough, that the Enemy had advanced as far as Charlotte, and that no Virginians had joined our Army. Your State, which at the beginning of the contest seemed to be the most animated, appears to have changed her sentiments in a very extraordinary manner. The number of partizans which Mr. Deane has found there, makes it very probable that the Emissaries of Great Britain have not been ineffectually employed. I have frequently heard that you have made use of every exertion in your power to recall your Countrymen to a sense of their duty. You will, I hope, continue your endeavours, and at length prevail. Your present Delegates in Congress appear to me to be very worthy men. I wish we might expect that you would be added to them, instead of Mr. Merriwether Smith. Accept my thanks for your kind invita-

tion. It is not impossible but I may, during the course of the winter, travel to the Southward, and I shall certainly not enter Va. without paying my compliments to you. I am, Sir, with great regard and affection,

Your most ob't humble servant,

RALP. LEARD.

P. S.—A vessel is just arrived from St. Eustatia. Her news is that the Southampton Frigate had arrived at St. Kitts. She and the Ramillies of 74 guns, sailed from England as a convoy to a considerable fleet of merchantmen, and off Cape Finistere met the Spanish fleet, which took fifty of them, among which were five or six East Indiamen. The letters from St. Eustatia mention this as a fact, which may be relied on. If so it will put the Spaniards into great Spirits, and will probably produce some good effects.

—

HENRY LAURENS TO R. H. LEE.

*George Town, South Carolina, }  
10th March, 1780. }*

MY DEAR SIR :

I mean to pay my present respects to you by the hands of the honourable Thos. Bee, Esq., our Lieutenant Governor, who has accepted of our appointment by his country to Congress, where, if an honest, disinterested, sensible man can be useful, America will profit by his presence. This gentleman has been from early life in public service, always on the side of his country, is a man of business and fit for business. I have invited him with Mrs. Bee and the Lady's sister, Miss Smith, to wash their feet and eat bread one night at Chantilly, and am confident that neither Mrs. Lee nor you will regret the presumption. This is saying enough to display my Ideas.

Mr. Bee will inform you fully of the state of affairs in this quarter, and how exceedingly mortified I am by the many disappointments I have experienced of embarking earlier for Europe than the 10th March, 1780. A prospect now pre-

sents of beginning my voyage in five or six days from this port,—but how? In an unarmed pilot boat for the West Indies, in view of horrid expenses without money or credit (public,) and without certain essential Documents for which I had waited not less than 14 days in Philadelphia, near the centre of gravity. I have known an instance of steady, faithful attention to public duty being a good foundation for calumny and abuse; this may not happen again in the present century. Can I believe that within 20 years there will be collected such another group of Judges as you and I have known? Be this as it may, unjust censure will not affect me half so much as I am hurt now, by the effects of mere casualty on one side and neglect of business on another, when I myself am in no respect blameable—hurt because it has not been in my power to attempt my duty with that celerity which I wished for, although I may still serve my country as effectually as if I had been in France three months ago. For when I come there, unless the documents alluded to shall meet me, I shall exhibit an awkward figure.

Mr. Bee has read the narrative, vindication, and many relative papers, and has often conversed with Mr. Lloyd. Hence I presume he is qualified for making further investigations in a business of great public importance. The further he proceeds, the more will he be confirmed in his present sentiments, and I wish him to be fully informed of the most minute pro and con before he gives a definitive sentence. He has too long set in the seat of Judgment, to be suspected of doing this till the proper moment.

Accept, dear sir, my best wishes for yourself, Mrs. Lee, and the young family. Tell Mr. Parker, the Col. and his two Bros. were well in Charles town seven days since. They have excellent barracks in the house of a late Custom house Officer, which I trust they will defend against the attempts of his master.

I must now retire and weep for the distresses of my country; although there are grounds for believing it will success-

fully resist the present formidable effort of the enemy, it is nevertheless in deplorable circumstances. Women and children scattered and wandering, a sickly season approaching, disaffected brethren committing murders and every violence, negroes absconding—the Enemy arming them—Commerce arrested, Agriculture greatly interrupted,—a scene which melts such a heart as mine; but soft as it is, and ready to give up the fragment of an estate for the benefit of my suffering fellow-citizens, I find it too stubborn to admit even a suggestion of submitting to any terms dictated by our Persecutors. Should they make an impression upon Charles town the conquest will cost them much blood and may work their ruin. And yonder are the mountains—but where are our Virginia friends? Will they not hasten their steps to the relief of a Virgin sister? Eighteen months have some of them been creeping 400 miles;—come they within a week and I think we shall be safe.

Once more I pray God to bless you, and I beg you will be assured I continue, with very sincere esteem and affection,

Dear Sir,  
Your obedient and most humble servant,  
HENRY LAURENS.

—  
FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Philadelphia*, 1st August, 1783.

DEAR SIR:

Had I at any time since my arrival here been possessed of a scrap of good news, I should have attempted to allay your hungering and thirsting. In the 31 days which I have been sauntering away about the City and Congress Chamber, I have heard nothing pleasing to the mind, seen nothing but melancholy accomplishments of the last year's predictions; such circumstances as I could wish to communicate in a shady retreat, but cannot venture to display upon paper.

The body Politic is sick,—sick indeed: The servants of the House are more and more riotous, and unless relief be imme-

diately administered by wise exertions of the better branches of the family, a dissolution or violent convulsion will infallibly be the consequence. What a picture is this! and yet believe me, my dear sir, it is not too highly coloured. What an unhappy man must he be who is entering upon service in such a family! When at some times I have taken up the pen, intending to pay my respects to my worthy friend at Chantilly, a damp cloud has overspread me, and I have laid the pen down again. The last post morning, maugre all reluctance, I had determined to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letter of the 10th ultimo. Gov. Rutledge came in and demanded my attendance in a conversation respecting the recovery of our Southern States. The subject was interesting and detained me till the hour of writing was past. I confess I felt a kind of gladness from being provided with so good an excuse, and almost wish for as good a one in the present moment, but I altogether wish for the assistance of yourself and some other men of abilities in our great council. We have at present, as far as I am able to pronounce, an honest composition, but chiefly made up of new hands, who, from a want of knowledge of things past, are more liable to err in judgment by confining their views to the appearance of the thing immediately before them. Instances in point have frequently occurred within my 30 days' experience. This is an evil, but perhaps not the greatest. The wheels of the machine are clogged, the proper means for renewing their motion are wanting,—and every State and every man is praying to Jupiter. He has provided them with shoulders and will work no miracles for such Lubbers. This pen itches to add—we have no money, no credit on this side, and are running fast, if not wantonly, in debt on the other, but I will restrain it.

The French fleet under Monsieur de Ternay is blocked up at Rhode Island, by a superior squadron commanded by Admirals Graves and Arbuthnot, who now lie between that first and an expected second division, and we are told Sir Henry Clinton is embarking 9000 troops

in the Sound, intending an attack upon our allies on the Island. The Chevalier L—— assures me, the 2d division is competent to defence. I wish it may be so. Messrs. Ternay and Rochambeau hold themselves to be secure from Insult. American troops are gathering fast to join them.

The Commander in chief has, in this critical moment, transmitted to those officers his definitive plan of operations, says the die is cast and he rests upon the States for saving our arms from dishonour and disgrace by making the necessary provisions. He is not responsible on this point.

The Quarter-Master-General, at a most critical period, has signified an inclination to resign—this morning will probably produce an acceptance, but not without traits of displeasure. The present conduct of that gentleman seems to give much dissatisfaction within doors. What can have tempted him to treat Congress with sneer and sarcasm? He applied to them the odious epithet, 'Administration,' and is so fond of the conceit as to repeat and reiterate his wit.

The General Officers in the same unlucky moment remonstrate for means which will enable them to dress and keep tables upon a par with officers of their rank in the army of our Ally. A friend of yours says, Aye, the demand is reasonable. A warrant moreover, should be issued, for furnishing them with equipages, good breeding and education equally with the French nobility, and Officers "to be accountable." These are cursed troublesome Affairs in a cursed troublesome conjuncture of knotted points. Major General McDougal, I am told, is waiting an answer; but we have not yet determined, that Congress shall be enabled to live in splendour equal to that of the Minister of France; nor that the American minister at Versailles shall cut as superb a figure as the Venetian Ambassador. 'Tis to be hoped the General Officers will not insist upon taking, by force, the right hand of fellowship. What shall we conclude of the designs of gentlemen who demand what they

know cannot be granted? O virtue! O Patriotism! whither are ye fled?

Undoubtedly Mr. Lovell has written to you respecting Mr. A. Lee and Mr. Izard; therefore I shall say nothing.

The laws lately enacted in your State appear all to be salutary, and I hope the good views of the Legislature will be fully accomplished. I think it most probable the men raised in Va. will be destined for Southern service. A committee will report on that head to-morrow. After all the want of money and the want of virtue—which comprehends the want of everything—present to my mind an unfavourable prospect. Gov. Rutledge attends the committee alluded to, and will proceed to the army under Gen. Gates, when the business in hand is completed.

I have been waiting here upwards of three weeks, in perfect readiness for embarkation, Congress having resolved that it is highly necessary I should proceed to Holland; I am not of their opinion, but will nevertheless go whenever their Lordships of the Admiralty shall have equipped a little Packet Boat, which Mr. Laurens would have turned his back upon. The business might have been done in three days, but, say they, we want money; we want—the wheels are clogged; possibly I may be called upon to-morrow,—perhaps not these ten days. The suspense is painful, and if my presence is at all wanted yonder the delay must be extremely detrimental to the public interest.

Enclosed with this you will receive two of Dunlap's Papers, to which I beg leave to refer. I also beg you to present my best compliments to Mrs. Lee and the families at Chantilly and Menokin. Should I go from hence without paying my duty to Col. F. Lee, I will certainly allow large interest in transmissions from Europe.

With every good wish and with the highest esteem and regard, I conclude,

My Dear Sir,  
Your affectionate and obedient humble serv't,

HENRY LAURENS.

FROM NICHOLAS BROWN AND OTHERS OF R.  
I. TO R. H. LEE.

*Providence, May 1st, 1789.*

SIR:

Though we have not the honour of a personal acquaintance with you, we cannot doubt, from your well known political Abilities, but it must be your wish that the Union of the ONCE UNITED STATES should be as general as possible, and that no one of them (though of small importance compared with others) should remain disconnected from the General Body.

The State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations is bounded about 70 miles by Massachusetts and 60 miles by Connecticut. Her harbours are as commodious for shipping of the largest size as any in the world, and are as easy of access.

Thus situated, how much is it in her power to impede the Impost Revenue laid by Congress, by preventing a collection of it? Or what could hinder her from supplying New England with all her Foreign Goods clear or free of the continental duty?

We suppose about two-thirds of the freemen of this State are opposed to the New Constitution; the General Assembly are against it in the same proportion. However, the Seaport Towns are Federal and desirous of joining the General Government, viz: Newport, Providence, Bristol, Warren and Greenwich. They propose, if the General Assembly who meet at New Port next week, do not call a State Convention, agreeably to the mode prescribed by the Continental Convention in Sept., 1787, to petition the Congress now assembled at New York to take them under their protection, and include them in the Union with such representation as may be thought just and equitable.

As many of the Federalists of this State will not join in an application to

Congress, until they are assured by some of the most respectable and influential members of each House that they will be received and protected, we, sir, in the most pressing manner do request your serious consideration of our unhappy situation in this State, and also pray you to confer with such gentlemen in Congress as you judge proper, and afterwards to give us that advice for our government you and they may deem most eligible.

The Commercial connection that has subsisted between the State you represent and this was considerable. More than 1000 Hhds. of Tobacco annually, with an equal proportion of your other exports, have been shipped to Europe and elsewhere from your State by the merchants of this and in their vessels. We flatter ourselves, under the kind influence of the General Government (should we join it) and the reciprocity of mutual advantageous Regulations between your State and this, our future connection will be more extensive and more beneficial than the past.

We sincerely hope that you and our other worthy friends in Congress may, with their advice and assistance, soon extricate us from the wretched situation [to which] the mistaken Policy of our Rulers has reduced us. Being convinced that our Paper Currency, now attended by the Laws of Par for just Specie debts though depreciated to 18 for one, must be entirely annihilated on our joining the general Government and the Inhabitants of this State again become a thriving and happy people.

From our knowledge of your established character, we are satisfied you will pardon the liberty we have taken, assuring you we remain, honoured Sir,

With the most unfeigned respect,  
Your most obedient and most humble servants,

NICHOLAS BROWN.  
BROWN & FRANCIS.

## GOOD-NIGHT.

My dear, good-night! the moon is down,  
The stars have brighter grown above,  
There's quiet in the dusky town,  
And all things slumber, save my love.  
Good-night! good-night! and in thy dreams  
Go wander in a pleasant clime,  
By greenest meadows, singing streams,  
And seasons all one summer time—  
Good-night, my dear, good-night!

My love, good-night! let slumber steep  
In poppy-juice those melting eyes,  
Till morn shall wake thee from thy sleep,  
And bid my spirit's dawn arise.  
Good-night! good-night! and as to rest  
Upon thy couch thou liest down,  
One throb for me pervade thy breast,  
And then let sleep thy senses drown.  
Good-night, my love—good night!

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

## THE ANCIENT BALLADS OF PERCY AND DOUGLAS, AND CHEVY-CHASE.

Shortly after the publication of Bishop Percy's "*Reliques of Ancient Romance Poetry*," Dr. Johnson, when surrounded by a select coterie of literary friends, embraced the occasion to express his contempt of the "*Old Ballads*." This might have been expected of an author who, in the *Lives of the Poets*, had ignored the existence of all who wrote in "*immortal rhyme*" anterior to Cowley; for he had thereby assumed that the more modern writers were the only ones whose names and whose works deserved his notice, or were worthy of the remembrance of posterity. In thus inflicting a wound upon the literature and the glory of his country, the fancied autocrat reflected the common sentiment of his time. For more than a century the polished and mechanical style, introduced from the French, had supplanted the pure and rugged English, which from Chaucer to Spenser,—a cycle of two hundred years,—had rolled onward in a stream of sim-

ple and bold, and yet not inharmonious grandeur. Not only were these, the two greatest of England's sons of song next to Shakespeare and Milton, buried in the froth and glitter of brilliant inanity which everywhere prevailed, but many others, of scarce inferior merit, were consigned to an oblivion from which there has been no waking even to this day. It was when this foreign school of poetry had reached its culminating point when Dryden and Pope, its noblest exemplars, were still fresh in the memories of readers of every class and of every degree of intelligence, that Dr. Percy's "*Reliques*" appeared. Hitherto those grand "*Old Ballads*," which anciently had stirred the hearts alike of prince, of baron, and of peasant, had lain in mute neglect on the shelves of libraries that were never read, or reposed undisturbed, in the archives of some utilitarian, who, like the relentless Omar, gave them no value beyond the convenience of kin-

ling an occasional fire with their precious leaves. Now, however, that the taste and labours of the good Bishop, had brought them both into the sunshine, mankind wondered at the magnitude of the treasures which had been discovered. Harsh and uncouth as was often-times the dialect in which they were clothed, yet never before was comprehended the vast depth and compass of the genuine old English language,—its power to express passions, its capacity for melting pathos, its adaptation to rapid nervous action, and above all, its ability to blend the loveliest tints of the beautiful and the ideal. It was not long, therefore, before these Old Ballads became a part of the great world of letters. A feeling somewhat akin to self-reproach for the unmerited neglect of ages, seems to have ensued. Explorers in this new field sprung up both in England and Scotland. Volume after volume of ancient ballads, replete with black letter lore, has been issued in our day, and the “cry is, still they come.” Ninety-four years have scarce passed since Dr. Percy’s unpretending publication first appeared; but such has been the fervour they have inspired that a new, a distinct, and a beautiful literature, embodying the spirit of this century, has been added to the parent stock by some of the best and sweetest writers in the language. Scott and Wordsworth, and Mickle, and Coleridge, and Tennyson, and many others, have gathered laurels as green as any that they wear, in cultivating the ballad minstrelsy.

It may be safely asserted, too, that a decided change became observable in the taste of the reading public as soon as the Old Ballads were properly understood. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, assumed their appropriate places, not only as the founders of new ideas, new words, and new combinations of both; but as the true British classics, the models by which others were to be judged, the archetypes which none could and all should endeavour to follow. This result was neither unnatural nor surprising. Men having learned that there was vigour of thought and beauty of

language to be found in a plain and rugged style, as well as the studied diction and rounded periods to which they had been accustomed, were not wanting in incentive to turn to those writers who had been the principal instruments in maintaining the purity of their vernacular tongue, and in kindling a taste for letters. Having proceeded so far, magnificent prospects opened to their view. They then learned that in profundity, in originality, in forcible illustration, in brevity and perspicuity of expression, and in glowing and splendid imagery, the most polished of the moderns was immeasurably inferior to their predecessors. A remarkable fact in literature thus develops itself. The study of the Old Ballads led to the study of the old authors,—and the study of the old authors in return increased the zest with which the Old Ballads were perused; for their impress was deeply graven on all the works of the ancient period. Shakespeare, particularly, had a fondness and appreciation of the chivalric spirit, the cutting satire, the nervous energy, and the plaintive and mournful wailings that abound in the metrical romances. Indeed, he has not only referred to them frequently in common with others, but he has taken liberties that are scarcely pardonable. Some of his plays, as *Lear* and *Titus Andronicus*, are borrowed from ballads bearing those names. His character of Shylock is taken from the ballad called “Gernutus the Jew of Venice;” and he is likewise indebted to similar sources for some of his scenes, for much of his imagery, and for many of his songs. These last, which lie scattered throughout both his comedies and tragedies, are appropriated without the slightest appearance of scruple or acknowledgment.

Nor did the influence for good of the revival of the Old Ballads end here. An interest was awakened and inquiry excited into the times they celebrate. The vices, manners, customs, and civilization of “Merrie England,” during a period of near two hundred years, from the days of Richard the II. down to the closing years of the reign of Eliz-



abeth, were exposed to the scrutiny of posterity. The habits and modes of life of the minstrels who sang or recited the ballads, the fancies or legends, or historic truths, on which they are supposed to be founded, the characteristics of those barons bold, who, surrounded by their gallant retainers, defied the power of kings; the fortunes of those noble dames or forlorn damsels who encouraged their lords to battle, or pined in solitary imprisonment; the auditors who listened, the amusements in which they indulged, and the very castles which resounded with the wild and wierd music which attended their festivities and their lamentations, have been subjected to minute research, to active criticism, and to learned disquisition. Hence at this day perhaps there is no period of English history, which has been more fully illustrated, or is more accurately understood by those who delight in the antique or curious in literature.

Of the merits of the different ballads found in Dr. Percy's collection, there is much inequality. There is a very marked distinction observable between those which appear to be from the North and those from the South of England. Owing to the contiguity of the former to the disputed territory known as the *Borders*, where incessant feuds, frequent predatory excursions and martial combats prevailed for centuries, "the North Countrie" became famous for its warlike chieftains, its chivalric spirit, and its deeds of desperate and daring valour. These circumstances gave a colouring to the ballads which recounted them, and though less smooth and flowing than similar productions composed in the Southern dialect, they are greatly superior in the main elements which constitute good poetry.

Of all the English ballads, the one which has probably excited the highest admiration and attained the most extensive celebrity, is the first in Dr. Percy's series, "*Percy and Douglas*," and its more modern version, "*Chevy-Chase*." It certainly combines many of the requisites of the finest poetry. It is clear, simple, pointed, vehement, delicate and

dramatic. Its words are those which convey ideas, and its ideas are those which swell out into life-like pictures. Its narration moves along as if it had the force of a mountain river; its aim has the precision and the distinctness of those "swane feathered" arrows it so prettily describes; its transitions from scene to scene and from one gallant warrior to another are as natural and as artless as a child's; its pauses, its action, its defiance, its parleys,—and, finally, the battle and its terrible results, are as striking and as beautiful as a highly tragic muse can make them. These beauties arrested the attention and obtained the criticism of Sir Philip Sidney, who combined in his own person all that was chivalric in the field and elegant in letters. In the "*Defence of Poesie*," he says: "Certainly I must confess my own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of *Percie and Douglas* that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crouder, with a rougher voice than rude style,—which being so evil appareled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of *Pindar*?"

The great antiquity of this ballad is thus placed beyond cavil, since it has been nearly three hundred years since Sidney wrote those memorable words. It is almost certain from its rugged style, quaint versification, antique orthography, and use of obsolete words, that it belongs to a period not very far advanced into the fifteenth century. Its authorship is ascribed by Hearne, and after him by Bishop Percy to Richard Sheale, on the authority of a manuscript copy with his name subjoined. But at what period or in what part of England he lived, what was his avocation, or where and under what circumstances he composed this sole relict of his pen, and indeed sole memorial of his existence, are matters about which there exists the profoundest ignorance. It may be well questioned whether he is its author. It may rather be the work of various mind—A knowledge of the art of writing

clericalism) was then almost entirely limited to the clergy; and the art of printing unknown. It was therefore circulated, in all probability, from person to person by memory alone, or transmitted from one generation to another by the dim lights of tradition. The very metre shows that it was intended for recitation or song. Before it was committed to manuscript it is reasonable to suppose it must have undergone important changes, additions, interpolations, corruptions. If any evidence is wanting beyond what the ballad ascribed to Sheale affords that it is a sort of Mosaic production, it is shown by the fact that another version, under the title of "Huntis of Chevet," is mentioned in a book called the "Complaints of Scotland," published as early as 1540. It was originally called in England "Hunting a' the Cheviat," then Percie and Douglas, and afterwards Chevy-Chase; all of which mutations in so simple a matter as its name evince it had received the impress of many different persons.

But still stronger reasons remain. The period which the poet selects for the mutiny of the hostile and rival chieftains among the "hills of Cheviot," is laid in some of the stanzas, when a James filled the Scottish and Henry the IV. the English throne. History informs us that no James had worn the imperial crown until the fourth Henry had been in his grave some years. Again: the poet makes the battle of Humbledon to spring from the anger of Henry for the slaughter of Percy and his brave followers, when in fact that battle was fought in the year 1402, being more than twenty years before James the I. succeeded his father Robert III. as king of Scotland. But a still greater anachronism exists in the verse which reads

"Old men that know the ground full well,  
Call it the battle of Otterburn."

Now this famous battle on the Borders occurred fourteen years before that of Humbledon, six years before the first James was born, and when Henry of Bolingbroke was only nineteen, and had

neither the prospect nor the hope of being able to usurp the throne of Richard. The scene of the battle as described by the poet, is among the hunting grounds of the Earl of Douglas, in the territories of Scotland, and the battle field of Otterburn is on English soil. He also laments the death of the heroic Percy by the hand of Montgomery,—when, in truth, although it was a common saying, that no Percy ever died in his bed, not one of that noble race was slain in a conflict with the Scots. At Otterburn, Harry Percy (Hotspur) was taken prisoner and was in a short time ransomed.

It is worthy of remark, that nearly all these anachronisms occur in the last forty lines of the ballad,—a strong circumstance in support of our hypothesis that the existing version has been corrupted. Those lines embrace ten stanzas. They may have been added from time to time to suit the taste of the particular minstrel who was attempting their recitation, or to adapt it to that of his auditors. Or they may have been the product of an inspiration which seized the person who first committed them to paper. No matter by whom or when composed, they display a limited genius and a vast ignorance. They mar the consistency of the story, have no necessary connection with it, and may be stricken from it without in the least disturbing the narrative or detracting from the power and beauty of the poem.

If we are correct in supposing that the original ballad was not intended to celebrate the battle of Otterburn it becomes interesting to pursue the further inquiry—to what conflict in Border life does it relate? The only battle known to have taken place among the Cheviot hills, in which a Percy and a Douglas were the rival leaders occurred in 1436. According to modern orthography it is called Pepperden. If this was, as has been maintained by some excellent authorities, the engagement which the poet really intended to depict, it explains and removes some of the inconsistencies to which we have adverted. It lay on the Scottish side of the line which runs over the Cheviot hills, thus dividing the two

nations; and a James and a Henry (VI.) were respectively on the Scottish and English thrones. But it does not explain the double allusion to Otterburn, and the direct mention of Henry the IV., much less does it obviate the expression in reference to the battle of Humbledon, which it will be remembered was fought thirty-four years previous to that of Pepperden. Hence it is apparent that so long as the last forty lines are retained as the true reading of the text, there are still insuperable objections to Pepperden as well as to Otterburn, as the conflict which was intended to be described. By, however, regarding them as corrupt, and striking them out as unworthy the place they occupy, much of the embarrassment ends; for the battle of Pepperden was fought when "Jamie our Scottish King" was on the throne, and therefore Douglas might with propriety refer to him in his parley with Percy. But here other difficulties spring up. The death of Percy did not take place at Pepperden any more than at Otterburn. He fell at St. Albans, in the memorable fight between the houses of York and Lancaster in 1455. Sir Hugh Montgomery, who is particularly mentioned as the slayer of Percy, and then as having been slain himself, did actually lose his life at Otterburn. In that fierce encounter, it is also certain that the Earl of Moray was mortally wounded, and the Earl of Douglas perished, fighting gallantly. Nor were the English victorious at Pepperden,—nor was that engagement attended by those tragic results, the destruction of both armies, save a miserable remnant of each, which the poet so graphically describes. Hence the conclusion seems almost irresistible that he intended neither Otterburn nor Pepperden.

Some light, however, may be thrown upon these intricacies by a reference to another old ballad, the second in Dr. Percy's collection, entitled the "Battle of Otterburn." The learned Bishop intimates the opinion, that this ballad must have been written subsequent to the year 1449. Though somewhat inclined to doubt the cogency of the reason which he assigns, we shall not pause to contro-

vert it. It is not improbable at least, whether he is correct or not, that several of the stanzas in the present version of Percy and Douglas have been bodily appropriated from that, whilst those which formerly supplied the places that those stanzas now occupy have been wholly lost. But this is mere conjecture, for it must ever remain unsettled which ballad has precedence in point of antiquity, which the prototype and which the plagiarism. Both evidently belong to the same rude age; both are composed in the harsh old Northern dialect; both have the metrical arrangement; both distinguish as their heroes a Percy and a Douglas; both adopt the Homeric plan of using the names and extolling the prowess of particular leaders; both declare the English arms victorious, and both draw the same picture of the disastrous result. But the coincidence and resemblances are even more striking when some of the verses are compared. For instance, in Percy and Douglas, the meeting of the rival chieftains on the battle field, hot and furious in the pursuit of each other, is thus described:

"At last the Douglas and the Percy met,  
Like captains of might and main,—  
They swapte together till they both smat  
With swords that were of fine millan."

In the "Battle of Otterburn" it is written thus:

"The Percy and the Douglas met,  
That either of other was fain,  
They schwapped together while that they  
smat  
With swords of fine Collayne."

There are other verses in which the variations are equally slight, and particularly in the parley, extending through quite a number of lines, between Percy and Douglas, preceding and pending the combat. With the exception of one or two points in orthography, the identity is perfect in the following stanzas. In Percy and Douglas it reads:

"Sir Charles a Murrè in that place  
That never a foot would fly;

Sir Hewe Maxwell a Lord he was,  
With Douglas did he die."

In the "Battle of Otterburn" thus:

"Sir Charles Moray in that place  
That never a foot would fly,  
Sir Hugh Maxwell a Lord he was,  
With the Douglas did he die."

As these two ballads have so much, and such various similarity, as their co-existence is unquestionable, and as they were no doubt often times recited by the same minstrels and the same auditors, it is not wonderful that they have become thus blended. It is now perhaps too late to undertake the task of separating them, and of restoring the correct reading to each; but an emendation should be made by dropping all of the last ten stanzas of Percy and Douglas, except the two concluding ones.

Having determined, at least to our own satisfaction, that the author of Percy and Douglas has been, from the causes enumerated, misconceived, it remains to ascertain, as far as may be, what event or conflict he really intended to immortalize. Upon this point history is silent, yet that the circumstances so imposingly arrayed in the ballad are not wholly imaginary, is not difficult to believe. On either side of the Borders was a tract of country which had long been disputed territory. It was covered by hills and forests, abounded in deer, was thinly inhabited, and was a hunting ground common to both nations on their respective sides of the dividing line. The Earls of Douglas and the Earls of Percy were the most powerful of the chieftains residing contiguous thereto. A hereditary hostility had grown up between these noble families which nothing could appease. Struggles, challenges, and combats were not unusual between the chiefs and their retainers. Each regarded every attempt of the other to cross the line as an injury and an insult. In a warlike age even slighter causes might kindle their mutual resentments into a flame. Upon some such provocation as that mentioned in the ballad, a battle in which a desperate struggle for victory was main-

tained on both sides, with bloody results, probably did take place,—though it has escaped the vigilance of historians. But even as a fancy sketch, it deserves all the praises which have been bestowed upon it. It gives us an animated picture of the olden time; of the fierce defiance and generous courage of the rival barons; of the number of their steel-clad warriors, and their almost princely power; of the hostile and martial feelings of their respective adherents; of the restless and aggressive spirit of the Percy, and the jealous and prompt defiance of the Douglas.

It has also the rare beauty of a rigid impartiality. The bravery of the hostile forces, and the gallantry of their leaders, are portrayed in terms which display each to the best advantage. The beautiful tribute to the chivalry and valour of Percy and Douglas, and the mutual defiance and admiration they are made to exhibit, as the conflict advances, shed a lustre upon both, and is alike creditable to the poet and his heroes.

The bard, when he conceived this ballad, evidently had a high appreciation of the actors who were destined to figure in his drama. He has filled our idea of those noble chieftains. He expected, no doubt, that this offspring of his genius would be recited and sung on each side of the Borders, and by and among the friends and retainers of those restless rivals. He was flattered with the idea that the Douglas in his invincible castle of the Hermitage, and the Percy amid the towers of Warkworth would listen to his words. He wished to bring no blush of shame to either, but rather the flush of pride to both. There was heart and poetry in such an idea.

The origin of the more modern ballad of Chevy-Chase is involved in even more obscurity than that of the original. Its author is unknown. When it was composed, or when and how it was introduced to public attention, are likewise involved in impenetrable mystery. It is quite certain that Sir Philip Sydney had not seen it when he spoke of the "old song of Percie and Douglas;" nor had Ben Jonson, probably, when he

used to say, that "he had rather be the author of Chevy-Chase than all his works." From the easy flow of its rhythm, the graceful and simple style, the sustained elevation by which it is distinguished, and the employment of words, in vogue, in the comparatively polished times of the first James of England, it has been supposed, probably with truth, that it was written in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. It was at least well known when Butler, some forty or fifty years later, published his *Hudibras*.

One of the handsomest tributes which the admiration of posterity has elicited in praise of this ballad, is from the pen of Addison, in Nos. 70 and 74 of the *Spectator*. In his day, when the prevailing taste was imbued with the ornate and pompous modes of writing both poetry and prose, and when very little value was placed upon simplicity and directness, it required a keen appreciation of the beautiful to perceive and a high independence of thought to proclaim the merits of this ballad. He calls it the old ballad of Chevy-Chase. It is rather singular that one so well informed in all that then pertained to English literature, and who was himself one of its greatest ornaments, should have been ignorant of the Percy and Douglas. This is not so remarkable, however, as that Dryden should assert that "Shakespeare was the first who invented that kind of writing called blank verse." Had Addison been aware of the existence of the "Old Song," he would have spared his fault-finding of the criticism of the gallant Sidney as to the rude style and evil apparel of this antiquated song; for there are several parts in it where not only the thought but the language is majestic and the numbers sonorous. The ballad which Addison so justly and classically praises has no claim to originality. It is, in fact, with immaterial variations the old song dressed up in the more harmonious and pliable language of an improved age. And yet it admits of discussion

whether the improvement in this respect has not adulterated the vigour of thought and mirror-like perspicuity which distinguish the original. For instance, in Percy and Douglas we have:

"For Witherington my heart is wo  
That ever he slain should be,  
For when both legs were smiten in two,  
Yet he knelt and fought on his knee."

This bold idea is thus diluted in Chevy-Chase:

"For Witherington we needs must wail  
As one in doleful dumps,  
For when his legs were smiten off  
He fought upon his stumps."

This stanza did not escape the caustic ridicule of *Hudibras*, for which reason Addison apprehends that his "buffoon readers will not be able to take the beauty of it," and hence he "dare not so much as quote it." We confess that we, like those buffoon readers, cannot admire or even see the "beauty" to which he alludes. But whether they deserve the satire of *Hudibras* or the praises of Addison it would appear they are borrowed. They owe their origin to the following inscription on the tomb of a Scottish heroine, who was killed at the battle of Ancrim Moor 1545:

"Upon the English louns  
She laid many thumps,—  
And when her legs were cutted off  
She fought upon the stumps."

We conclude our notice of "this favourite ballad of the common people of England," in the words of Addison. "An ordinary song or ballad that is the delight of the common people cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader will appear beautiful to the most refined."

## OUR PRECIOUS DARLING.

## I.

## MAY VIVIAN.

It was in the summer of 18—— that I first met one, the story of whose sad young life, comes back to me now, after the lapse of many sorrowful and weary years. Her bright image is painted on my fancy—her winning young face and all her ways are treasured in my heart. A lovelier face and form than May Vivian's could not have been found *then*, and where is her equal now? Times are changed indeed, and never do I feel this more deeply than when looking back through the dim vista of years to the days of my early youth;—to the days of my girlish love for May Vivian.

When I first saw her, the roses of sixteen summers had fallen on her brow. She was travelling through our region of the State, with her sister, who was the young wife of my uncle Brian, of the "Grange." I, with my uncle Francis, had been to the springs, and we met in a northern city. Of course my two uncles were delighted at meeting, and immediately went off together, and thus I, a girl of sixteen, in this, my first sojourn among strangers, was left to make acquaintance with my new aunt, (whom I had never even *seen* before,) and her young sister, who was accompanying her on her bridal tour. Then and there, at first sight I loved May Vivian. Her youthful beauty made a deep and lasting impression upon my mind. Oh friend! I see her now, as she stood beside her sister and leaned lovingly on her shoulder, her long, brown curls mingling with the lighter ringlets of my little aunt. Her large, soft, bonny blue eyes were fixed on me with a timid look, as if she would say, "Let me love you." Oh, how lovely she was! My heart warmed towards her, and I took May Vivian into my heart of hearts.

We were soon the best friends imaginable. I learned that she was going home with her sister to "the Grange," where she would remain until October, when she would return to her own home

in the town of E——. I, too, *was* to spend August and September at my uncle Brian's, and to go to E—— for the winter. What plans we made, what a merry talk we had, that bright and memorable evening! May told me of some of those dearest to her, whom I would meet at her home; and often saying what a glorious time she was certain I would have, she exclaimed—

"Now Lily, tell me something about *your* young cousins, at least those that I shall see during my visit to the mountains—I know you have any number, for brother Brian has told me of some of them."

"Oh! May," I answered, "I am glad you put me in mind of them. I have *one* cousin whom I *know* you will like. You cannot help it when you see him. He is the handsomest, dearest, *best* fellow in the world, and when you *do* see him, why, all I've got to say is, take care of your heart if you possess such a commodity, for Edgar Travis, though only eighteen, is acknowledged by all the damsels about our uplands, to be very charming."

"And is he *really* so exceedingly handsome?" asked May.

"Wait 'till you *see* him, and then, if you *can*, ask me the same question, with that same bewitchingly doubtful air. Ah! little May, your heart will be in danger. The boy is a sad flirt."

May drew up her slender little figure—a queen might have envied the stately air of that dainty head, as she replied,—

"Let him flirt, Lily. He will find *little* May not far behind him in the art. As to my heart, dinna fear! But for a little beating now and then, I should be very much inclined to think I have none!"

"Well, May, *nous verrons*," I answered gaily, and my uncles entering, the conversation became general.

The next morning we parted to meet in three weeks at the dear Grange, which had been the home of my ancestors for two centuries. How I love the grand

old place! Every noble tree on its beautiful lawn is dear to my heart. Long years have passed since I beheld it, but in my memory it lives, and will live 'till I am laid beneath the sod.

## II.

### THE GRANGE.

I will not enter into the details of the wedding festivities which followed the arrival of my aunt Belle, at the old Grange. All the old houses in the neighbourhood, and they were not *few*, were opened to bid her welcome to her new family and home. Such a round of gayety and frolic ensued that May and I vowed, that

"We must *rest*, or we will die!"

We had been at "the Grange" a fortnight, and I had not yet had the pleasure of showing Edgar to May, or May to Edgar, for he was at our grandmama's house, in a distant county. This was his home, and he always spent his vacations there, with the exception of a short visit to "the Grange," and to "Woodside," where I lived, and kept house, for my bachelor uncle Frank.

I was crazy for him to come, for away off, in a secret corner of my brain, I had a charming little romance, coiled up, wherein these two were the chief actors. I knew Edgar could not fail to be attracted by May, and I had strong hopes that my handsome cousin would succeed in storming the citadel and gaining the maiden's heart.

Alas, for me! Alas, for the short-sightedness of human nature!

I knew not what a tide of misery was to overflow that young heart ere it nestled in the bosom of its Father, a poor, wounded lamb!

Oh, my lost darling, I weep bitter, *bitter* tears now, as I have done so often before, when I think of the blight that fell upon your pure young life—the untimely chill that descended on your heart, and withered the bright and fragrant blossoms of affection ere they ripened into fruit.

soms of affection ere they ripened into fruit.

"*Whom the gods love, die young.*" The fairest, the noblest, the bravest hearted—those so pure and innocent, those who come to bless us with their youth and freshness,—those are taken, and we, the old, the useless ones, we, are left to mourn, as Rachel for her children, because "they are not!"

Mary and myself had been to the spring and down on the lawn. It was a calm, beautiful evening; the last of summer. The sunset was glorious, and we stood on the piazza to watch the great orb descend behind the blue mountains.

Away off in the distance was the broad river, and, nearer, the stream that held its course in the glen at the foot of the hill. A holy quiet was spread over all; nothing broke the stillness but the hum of insects, as they floated on the air around us; and the breath of sweet flowers came borne on the breeze. May heaved a deep sigh, and threw herself down on the marble steps.

She looked exquisite. She was very small, and graceful, and as she leaned against the balustrade she seemed to my eyes the very perfection of youth and beauty. Her thin white muslin drapery fell around her in graceful folds, and from them peeped out a tiny foot, encased in a black satin slipper, which looked as though it might have been made for Titania. Her long, loose sleeves fell back, almost to her shoulder, as she lay with one round, white arm thrown over her head, the other hanging leisurely down, the little hand playing with the flowing ends of her azure sash. Her brown curls half shaded her bright cheeks, and her blue eyes were fixed upon the sky, which lent an almost unearthly radiance to her beauty. Her rosy lips were parted as if in wonder at the glory of the dying day, and the little pearls peeped through.

"Oh!" I thought, "If Edgar could *only* see her now!"

Did I possess a fairy god-mother? I heard a step behind me, a joyous, "Well Lily!" and Edgar stood beside me.

"Where *did* you come from?" I cried

but he did not heed me,—May had started up on hearing his greeting, and Edgar was regarding her with a look of intense admiration in his black eyes.

He threw himself back in a theatrical posture, and exclaimed,—

“‘Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us!’ ‘Why Lily, you can call spirits’ *not* ‘from the vastly deep,’ but from a much more airy habitation!’”

He ran gaily down the steps, and taking her hand, said,

“I know you are my cousin, May, and I suppose you know that the present humble personage addressing your ladyship, is Edgar Travis, at your service! And now let me tell you how glad I am to see with my own eyes the little lady of whom my fair cousin Lily has been writing me such poetical and glowing accounts.”

May answered him in his own strain, and they talked away busily, scarcely allowing *me* a word.

As the twilight fell, I went away, into the house, first giving May a sly look, which she answered with a toss of her pretty little head, and a wicked glance of her blue eyes.

“Ah, young people,” said I to myself, as I passed through the hall. “Am I not a true prophet?”

I went to ask aunt Belle how Edgar had come, and when,—for I could get nothing from him on the subject.

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### III.

#### BY-GONE HOURS.

The next four weeks were very joyous ones. The hours flew by, and we knew it not. The bright, beautiful days were so delicious! and we enjoyed them to the fullest extent. May and Edgar were always together, and it was well understood among the rest of us, that in the boating, riding, or walking parties, nobody was to interfere with *them*.

May was very happy. Her silvery laughter made those old walls ring, and her bird-like music was heard all over the

house. The dim, cool parlors were the noon-tide retreats of the host of young cousins that were in the house, but it always happened that our two lovers got off into the boudoir, which was behind the south parlor, and opened into the conservatory. If they were disturbed, in their retreat, they would betake themselves to the flowers, and there they would wander about for hours. May’s brown head, and Edgar’s black curls were seen above the flowering shrubs by those wicked ones of our set, who were of an enquiring turn of mind, and wished to see how lovers behaved themselves.

Thus, my darling passed that, the happiest time of her life, as she said to me afterward. We were all very bright and merry. How could it be otherwise! We lived in the present, and that was all joyful and beautiful in our eyes. The rosy mantle of youth was over all. Oh! lost youth! Oh, happy time! Return in thy perfume, and music, and beauty, and bring with thee the forms we loved so well! They are gone, gone forever, from the homes they gladdened with their presence, and never more will they come back to cheer our mourning hearts! But it is best. The memories of our lost ones are as golden threads, leading us to our everlasting home, where they have gone before us; a little season and we, too, shall pass over the dark river and find rest and peace in the heavenly land beyond,—there where parting never comes and where sorrow and sighing shall forever flee away.

Just a week now and we would start for the south. As the time came for me to leave my sweet home, I loved it more and more. Uncle Frank was to escort us down and then return to “Woodside.”

May insisted that I should go to her home first, and from *there* visit my relations; “always,” she stipulated, “coming back to me.”

She lived with a married sister, Mrs. Vere. The three sisters were orphans, and had lost both parents when May was a little baby; thus she was the pet and darling of both sisters, who felt for her almost a mother’s love. Dear May! well she deserved all the love and tenderness



which was showered upon her. Edgar was to pay grandmama a visit, and the 1st of November he was to follow us to E——, where he intended remaining for a year or two. We were very happy in the prospect of extending our present merriment through the winter, and the last week of our stay at the Grange was peculiarly cheerful.

The day before our departure I was in my room packing up for my long sojourn from home, and becoming very cross indeed at seeing how much I had to do, when the door opened and May ran in, rosy, and trembling, and laughing nervously.

"Oh, Lily, I did not know you were here," she exclaimed. "Excuse me for bursting in on you in such a way, but—Oh, Lily. I am so happy—" And she knelt down by me and put her arms about my neck. I took the dear little maiden in my arms, and soon the whole story was confided to me. Edgar loved her, had asked her to become his wife; he had now gone to tell his story to sister Belle, and oh! she was so happy.

"I told you so, "I cried triumphantly. "Never tell me again that I am not a true prophet. Darling Edgar is a very fortunate boy." I kissed her brown curly head.

"Oh, Lily, I am a very fortunate girl."

"Well. I dare say you are both as well pleased as it is possible for mortals to be,—so allow me to congratulate you, Madam,"—and I was so good as to leave her, packing and all, to see how Edgar fared with my aunt Belle.

The next morning we left the Grange, my uncle Frank, May and myself. There was, no doubt, a tender parting between the lovers, for they absented themselves from our midst for the space of an hour, and at last appeared on the piazza, where we were waiting for May, looking very rosy and very wretched. Aunt Belle told May to cheer up, a month would soon pass away, "and then,—" and she looked slyly at Edgar who was holding a cloak to wrap May's dainty shoulders.

May laughed her own little tinkling, merry laugh, and with many embraces from aunt, uncle and cousins, she and I

jumped into the carriage where uncle Frank already sat waiting for us, the perfect picture of patience, and we whirled away from the Grange. The last object we saw was Edgar waving his hat and kissing his hand to his little lady-love, who returned the signals 'till he was hidden by the trees when she coiled herself up in the corner and cried. Ah! poor child, your tears are sweet now. The day will come when those bright pearls, wept for him, will be as drops of blood wrung from the tender, loving heart.

#### IV.

E——.

The moon had silvered every leaf, and tree, and flower, with her glorious light as we drove into E——, three days after we left the Grange. Open carriages dashed past us, the merry voices of their youthful occupants sounding loud and clear in the otherwise perfect stillness of the night. May looked eagerly out of the window and gave a little exclamation of delight whenever she recognized a friend in any of the gay frolickers who whirled by us. We were all very weary, and as soon as possible after we reached Mrs. Vere's house we retired. That night was one of perfect rest, and the next morning May and myself were as gay as larks. She ran about the house, showing me all her treasures, and calling upon me to join her in delight at seeing her own old home. Her little nieces and nephews were perfectly crazy with joy at beholding her once more, and as she frolicked about, singing and tossing the merry baby, I thought "can Edgar make her as happy as she is here, in the midst of loving and devoted hearts?" A week after, when I saw her raptures over a letter from that same Edgar, I did not need to ask myself that question.

The month of October passed very quickly for me, though slowly for May, who was looking forward to the early days of the bleak November with as longing eyes as if it was the month of violets and crocuses. I was roused out of my

quiet enjoyment of things to be as merry and lively as May herself. Truly the old town was a glorious old place! The grand old gentlemen, their noble dames, the merry, tender, loving young girls, and the gallant youths, all formed a society which was truly delightful to those who were fortunate enough to be able to enjoy it. Mrs. Vere was universally beloved, and May, of course was every body's pet, so I was received most hospitably. I look back now to those days as the happiest of my life. I was young, gay and light-hearted. If sorrow came and laid its icy finger on my heart, I shook off the chill and bade it begone. My days flew by, my hours were winged, I had my darling, and what wanted I beside? Ah, friend! I was happy then, and though now years, long sorrowful years have passed, the scenes of my early youth come back to me as fresh and sweet as they were in the days of long ago. I see my lost May standing before me in all her youthful beauty, and purity, and innocence. She is ever with me, ever before my eyes. There's not an hour by day, or in dreaming night but I am with her; there's not a wind but whispers of her name, not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon but in its hues or fragrance tells a tale of her. Oh, darling, there is one angel more in heaven, but *we* are desolate. But were the question asked of me as of the woman of old, "Is it well with thee? Is it well with the child?" The response would be, "Dear Lord, it is well!"

—  
V.

THE BALL.

I can but pause over this happy period of my life. I linger on each day, each moment of happiness, but time passes, and the work I have undertaken must be completed, the labour of love must be ended. The first night of November there was to be a public ball in E—. Of course May and myself were to go, though it was sadly against *her* will, as Edgar was expected that night. However her sister insisted upon it, and

she agreed to go. How beautiful she was when she went down to the parlour after dressing for the ball! She looked like a fleecy cloud when the rosy tints of the setting sun are lighting it up. A white Camellia in her bosom, and one or two, with the buds, were her sole ornaments.

After leaving word with the servants to tell Edgar to take care of himself till our return, we departed for the ball. When we arrived we found a brilliant company assembled, and a fine band playing. May and myself were soon in the midst of the dancers and whirling round merrily, while everywhere I heard the whispered praises of the pet and belle of the old town.

About midnight, being tired of the dance, we stole off to a curtained recess, and threw ourselves on the velvet ottomans. We sat for sometime chatting softly and looking at the gay dancers tripping so gracefully before us, when a low cry from May made me start and look at her. She was gazing toward the door, and my eyes, following the direction of hers, beheld the object which had startled her, and brought such a bright glow to her cheek.

There stood Edgar.

"Why, there's our truant!" I said laughingly, trying to give her time to recover herself. "He is looking for some one, May! How handsome he looks!"

And, indeed, as Edgar Travis stood there in that throng of gallant and noble gentlemen, I thought, "Where is *one* that can compete with him?" He was very tall and fine-looking, with the handsomest face I ever beheld in mortal man. His eyes, large and black, seemed to flash and beam down to the very depths of your soul; his raven curls, short and crisp, lay on a noble brow, pure and high and broad. But his mouth,—what was it about that beautiful mouth that gave the attentive beholder a sensation of pain? The lips, so nervous and flexible, though wreathed with the loveliest, most winning smile, were *untrue*. It was an undefined sense of instability, fickleness, which you felt—something you could not *trust*, you

hardly knew why. But his manners and words were so gentle, so courteous, that you never thought of doubting him when by his side.

I turned to look at May. Her eyes were dancing, and every moment seemed to be an hour to her. Her looks were fixed upon Edgar as he fought his way through the crowd in search of us. He came nearer and nearer, but I knew by his anxious looks that he had not seen us.

"May, darling, he will never see us here," I whispered, "let us go out into the room."

"Oh! I cannot, I *cannot* meet him there," she replied.

I left her, and going to Mrs. Vere, I waited a moment till Edgar came up, when eagerly seizing his extended hand, and hardly giving him time to tell me, I whispered, "May is yonder in that recess."

He smiled, nodded, gave me a grateful look, and was gone.

Presently the music commenced, I was led off to the dance, and saw no more of them till we went into the supper-room, where I beheld May leaning on his arm and looking perfectly happy and content. The night passed on delightfully for all of us, and we left the ball in the "wee hours."

May and I came to the conclusion in our own private retreat up-stairs, that never had we spent a happier evening.

So true it is, that the young cull flowers where the old see thorns alone.

## VI.

### WINTERTIME.

That winter passed with us three very much as the preceding summer had done. Only in place of boating excursions, we had sleigh-rides, and these we enjoyed amazingly, as all lassies do.

What could be more delightful than to start off on a glorious winter's night, with a bright moon to light our way, in a large sleigh, with four or six horses, covered with bells, a pleasant party, all

in the full glow of youth, and health, and spirits, on a splendid road, for a ten miles' ride in the country!

O, what fun we had! It was not generally known that May and Edgar were engaged. He did not wish it, May said. He was always with us, and I used to tell him that his studies must suffer, from his constant attendance at Mrs. Vere's. He spoke a great deal when he first came to us, of a Miss Bertha Moiner, whom he had met in October. He described her as a very reserved, cold woman, of the most wonderful and varied talent. She was very poor, and had recently come to X— county to live with a widowed mother. She seemed to possess a peculiar fascination for Edgar, and May and I used to laugh at him and tease him about her. He took our teasing very well, and would cast such loving looks at May, that she was forced to let him alone in spite of herself. So the winter sped, and when April came—bright month of smiles and tears, and budding violets—I bade adieu to my pet, and was off to the uplands.

My darling uncle was delighted to have me at home again, and scolded me well, for leaving him desolate for so long a time. I found my sweet home at "Woodside" more charming than ever, after having been parted from it so many months, and I never tired of wandering around everywhere, and surveying its many beauties with a loving eye.

During the spring, I went to X—, to visit Grandmamma, and there I saw Miss Moiner. I did not wonder then that she had taken so strong a hold on Edgar's fancy. She was a most remarkable person. Her manners were peculiarly brilliant, but there was a strange undercurrent of gloom and mystery in her which I did not like. I could not *believe* in her. She was soft and specious, but there was no *truth* in her. From the little I saw of her, I judged she was very ambitious, and as proud as Lucifer. We did not fancy each other, and I left X—, thinking very little about her, and caring less, but sometimes the thought of those big, wicked black eyes, would come across me, and almost frighten me.

## VII.

FALSE! FALSE! FALSE!

Thus the spring and early summer fitted by, and with July came Edgar. I saw very little of him during that summer. He spent his vacation at Grand-mamma's. Report said he was very attentive to Bertha Moiner, but I laughed at Madam Rumor, and thought to myself, "I know better." That summer was not happy like the one before. We had the same group of young people, save one, but alas! that *one* was wanting; the pet and darling of all. How I missed her, words cannot tell. I had one great consolation, however; we were to spend the following winter together in the Capital. I was to go down the first of October, and was, of course, looking forward with much joy, to seeing May, and being with her, another happy winter like the last.

One bright, beautiful day, in September, about a week before I purposed leaving "Woodside," I was sitting on the piazza, reading, when Edgar came galloping up. I was delighted to see him, as it was the first time for many weeks. He seemed restless, and ill at ease; told me he could not stay; he had only ridden down to bid me "good-bye," and must hurry back; and dropped into a chair beside me. After a little desultory talk I said:

"Edgar, am I to have the pleasure of your company next week as far as the capital? I suppose you will start for E—— about that time."

"Why, I thought you knew it," he said. "I am not going back to E—— at all."

"Why, Edgar, you astonish me," I cried. "Not return to E——! What are you thinking of? I thought you were perfectly delighted with the place."

"So I am; but I am not going back this year, at any rate."

"Ah, Edgar," I said playfully. "How much has Bertha Moiner to do with this determination?"

I was surprised and shocked to see a deep flush overspread his face at these words.

"Why Edgar," I cried, "I did not mean to make you hoist your piratical colours. I beg pardon!"

I saw that he was painfully embarrassed, and to turn the subject I said:

"When did you last hear from May?"

He turned perfectly white, and flashing his eyes at me, he muttered between his teeth:

"Never speak that name to me again, if you do not wish to drive me mad!"

As I looked at him in speechless terror, and laid my hand on his arm, as if to implore him to speak, and tell me what he meant, he broke from me, and rushing down the steps, sprang on his horse, and the next moment he was out of sight, on the road to X——.

I sat down on the rustic bench where he had left me, and tried to think. What was it? What had happened? I asked myself. Was that woman, Bertha Moiner, that tempter, with her maddening eyes the cause of all?

"Oh! my poor broken-hearted May! Oh! she loves him so!" I wept bitterly. The force of woe which was to crush her was on me, too, and how could I help her? I could do *nothing*. Edgar had left me, without a word to lead or help me. I must hasten my departure, so as to get to May to comfort her, if what I feared were really so. Poor little dove! Oh, how could he, how *could he* have the heart to do her so! But I must do something. I rushed into the house to find my uncle, to tell him I must go sooner than I intended, and to beg that he would arrange his matters so as to take me down two days from that time. I did not tell him my reasons for going so suddenly, and he did not ask, for he had perfect trust in his little niece, and seeing me so eager, he knew there was a good reason for this apparently strange conduct.

Two days from that time we started for the capital, and when we got there, I found that May had not arrived. My uncle was to go back that night, and as it was late, I bade him good-bye, and retired at once. Being told that May was expected the next morning early, I requested the maid to awaken me at a very

early hour, for I wished to meet her and hear the worst at once. I had no hope, for during my journey, I had called to mind the various things I had heard of Edgar and Miss Moirer, during the past summer, and also had remembered the way in which Edgar talked of her when he went to E——. I could very well understand why she should wish to entangle Edgar, because she was ambitious, and poor, and proud, but how he could be led away from May, by her!

My dreams that night were of May, but the fiendish black eyes of Bertha Moirer seemed burning into my heart and brain.

### VIII.

#### "TEARS, IDLE TEARS!"

Towards dawn I fell into an untroubled, dreamless sleep, and when I awoke the October sun was shining full upon my face, and there by my bedside, sat May. I sprang up and clasped her in a close embrace.

Not a word was spoken on either side, but I felt her heart beating fearfully quick, and I thought how different this meeting was from that which we had anticipated. For I knew it all now. My first glance at May told me that she was no longer the bright, merry bird, I had left in E——, six months before, and I knew that Edgar had done that which would prey on his spirit to the end of his life, and make him a sorrowful, remorseful man forever. I held my darling close in my fond arms, and pillowed her little head on my own pure heart. And as I murmured loving, tender words in her ear, the violent grief which she had been struggling to send back to the inmost recesses of her heart found vent at last, and burst forth with an intensity of anguish that terrified me. It seemed as if her very heart were breaking.

"Oh! May, darling, you grieve me—you kill me—when you give way so. Hush, hush, darling; do not, *do not* weep so terribly. May, my own little May, look up, I know your troubles; I feel for

you with my whole heart. Oh! darling, Lily loves you more than life."

I poured these incoherent words into her ear, as she lay in my arms, and as I spoke, her sobs became less violent, and she raised her blue eyes to mine, all full of tears, and said gently, and earnestly,

"Oh! Lily, why did he write that cruel letter? What did I do? I know he loved me once, and, oh! Lily, I loved him so!"

She hid her face again, and wept softly, and silently, as if she feared to distress me.

"May, I knew nothing about it, till three days ago, and I believe, from something he said then, and from other things that I have heard, that Bertha Moirer is at the bottom of this matter; and, May, though he is my cousin, I will say that any man who can desert you for such a woman, is not worthy to approach you. Forget him, dear one, he is not worthy."

"Ah, Lily, it is easy to say, 'Forget him,' but how can I? For almost two years my very heart has been bound up in him, and how can I live, and not love him! But, Lily, no one shall say I grieve for him. No, though my heart should break in the effort, I will be merry and gay, and no human being shall know of the misery that gnaws at my soul."

She stood erect and drew her little figure up like a queen, as I had seen her do once before.

"No one, Lily, but you shall know of the bitterness of death that is bearing me away. Oh! Lily, if sometimes I give way, bear with me, pity me, for I cannot teach myself all at once to grow cold and strong. I am but a young thing, Lily, and life was very sweet to me till now."

There was a sadness and hopelessness in her voice which almost broke my heart; but, she shed no more tears, and was so quiet and composed, that I could not help being so too. If I had not been a witness to that overpowering sorrow, I should have believed her as cold and frozen as she seemed. But "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and I knew that when May was laughing so merrily,

and flitting through the dance so lightly, that her poor heart was bowing down under the weight of sorrow laid upon it.

Two weeks after I got to the capital, I received, very much to surprise, a letter from Edgar. It ran thus,—

"DEAR LILY:—Will you oblige me by asking Miss Vivian to enclose to my direction at X——, all my letters to her?"

"Truly your cousin.

"EDGAR TRAVIS."

This cool letter infuriated me. At that moment I hated Edgar Travis, and would have given worlds to have been able to tell him how I despised and scorned him. I was determined to say nothing on the subject to May, but just to give her the letter, and let her judge for herself. I did this, and never shall I forget the scene that ensued. May, poor little May! All the coldness and reserve of the past weeks melted away at the sight of the well known handwriting like snow before burning lava. She sobbed and moaned so piteously that it almost drove me frantic. At last she recovered speech enough to bid me tell him that she had burnt all his former letters when she received his last. For hours I tried to comfort her and rouse her from the agony of despair that had come over her, but it was all in vain. At last, however, she rose up with a violent effort, and said,—

"There, Lily, I have bid farewell forever to youth, and love, and hope. henceforth they are dead words to me. I have taken up my cross of sorrow, and pain, and despair; this is the last time you will ever see me weep,—it is all over."

She put her arms about my neck and kissed me. My heart yearned towards her, my poor stricken lamb! Those tears were the last May Vivian ever shed.

I cannot bear to look back upon those days. All was unreal; a horrible mockery. In the blithest and gayest halls of mirth and revelry, the skeleton would look over my shoulder. I shuddered when I thought of the life May led. While this, her first grief, had taken up its abode in her heart, and was saying to

her forever, "Thou art mine!" she was, to all seeming, wild with happiness and pleasure. No human eye knew what scenes were enacted in the inmost recesses of her life. When not in the whirl of fashion and worldliness, she was shut up, alone in her own chamber. Whenever, by any chance I saw her alone, I felt as if it were some one else; not my merry, open-hearted, loving May. She never came to my room for a little quiet chat now at night, as she used to do in days gone by. When she returned late from a ball, she did not linger as of yore with me, but went at once to her own room, and I saw her no more till the gay life had begun again the following day.

Oh! it was a miserable, wretched winter; and long ago as it was, I cannot write of that time now without a feeling of undefined pain and vague unrest.

Among all May's admirers (and they were many;) the only one she seemed to like at all, was a Doctor Weston. He was a very elegant looking man, tall and commanding; but with a sternness about his face that I thought would frighten a gentle little thing, like May, but such was not the case. She seemed to have changed as much in character of late, as she had done in manner. All the softness of girlhood was gone; she was a woman.

Seeing, that of all the crowd around her, she could only endure Doctor Weston, I was not surprised, when she came to me one night in the latter part of February, only a few weeks before we were to leave the capital, and told me as calmly and composedly as if she were informing me of an engagement for a dance, that she was engaged to be married to him. Though not surprised I was a little startled at the suddenness of the communication.

"May," I cried, "is it really so?" A flush overspread her usually pale face, but soon fled again, and she answered nothing. I knew that the scene which memory brought before my mental eyes was present to her too;—a room at the "Grange;" a girl bending over unpacked trunks, a little maiden flying in, with

burning cheeks, and bright eyes, and eager, nervous utterance. This was the picture painted on our souls, and I knew that the veil of ice was lifted in that moment from her heart, and she could have wept over her lost happiness and blighted hopes. But the tears she had stifled so long, refused to come at her bidding, and the only sign of pain was a brief shadow on her pure high brow.

She pushed the curls from my forehead and bent and kissed it.

"Don't speak to me of it, Lily, dear," she whispered: "I must tell you this. He knows all, and is willing to take me as I am. His noble heart is a blessed refuge, to which I long to flee. He will not be troubled with me long. I am passing away, and it is well. This world has no joy or gladness for me; all I long for is rest, everlasting rest on the bosom of my Saviour, in that land where there's no sin, nor any sighing."

My tears flowed freely—I could not help it.

"Don't Lily, don't weep for me. Why should I wish to stay? The bitterness of death has passed over my soul; all that remains now is the perfect joy of knowing that, in a few short weeks, perhaps days, I shall have to bid farewell to life and all its sorrows, and shall take my flight to that blessed home, 'where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest.'"

She glided away from me and was gone.

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## IX.

### THE LETTER.

The days dragged on, bringing with them fresh grief for me, as I watched May's cheek grow thinner and paler, except when excitement called up a crimson flush. Her slender form grew more slender still, her languid steps more languid. My heart told me that she was fading away like a gentle summer flower in the first cold autumn blasts. I never saw anything like the devotion of Doctor Weston—he watched each motion, each

glance, and strove to turn aside from her every care and trouble. When I saw his tender love for my little May, I did not wonder that she had gladly found a refuge in that noble heart.

The spring had come and I was still in the capital. My home had been beckoning to me for many days, but I could not desert my darling when she wanted me. I promised to return to E—with her, and stay till after her marriage, which was to take place on the 1st. of May. I wrote to my uncle to inform him of my plans, and in the letter that I received in answer, he communicated a piece of intelligence which at first startled me, and then made the blood boil in my veins.

He said, "you never told me that the engagement between May and Edgar was broken off, and I was very much surprised, a few days before the arrival of your last letter, to receive a note from Edgar, in which he formally announced that he was engaged to Miss Bertha Moirer, and was to be married to her the middle of April. I hear that immediately after their marriage, they will come to live near E——. Edgar is very young to be taking a wife—not yet twenty! I wonder that he should go away from his own people to live, but I suppose he will only remain away till he is of age, when he will come into possession of his own fine estate. I sincerely hope this affair may turn out well, but I doubt it. If you remain, as you speak of doing, till after the 1st. of May, you will doubtless see them."

The rest of the letter only contained messages and congratulations for May.

I placed it in her hand and left her. I paced up and down my chamber, fairly furious with Edgar. That ambitious, proud woman had duped him, that was certain, and after my first passion of rage had passed away, I only felt pity for him, for I knew he could not be happy with the thought of what he had lost always coming up before him, and haunting him forever.

"Poor Edgar," I thought, "what has he gotten in exchange for peace, and happiness, and love, and a good conscience? That woman does not love him."

marries him for position, and riches, and a home. Who knows, *who* can tell why he marries her?"

It was all a mystery to me, and it is to this day.

When next I met May, she was perfectly calm and composed, nor was there a trace of tears on her cheek. She gave me the letter, and merely said,

"Thank your uncle for his kind wishes and love."

She made no mention of Edgar, and I dared not breathe his name to her. Her grief was sacred in my eyes. I knew that she loved me as dearly as ever, and that it was not her fault that the blight that had fallen on her, had chilled her and frozen up as it were, all the little winning, loving ways that were so sweet to me in days gone by.

## X.

### THE FIFTH OF APRIL.

We left the capital early in April, when everything was fresh and green, and as I looked back upon its beautiful hills, I thought, "how could I have been so miserable in the midst of so much loveliness?" I left it with no regret, but rather with feelings of relief, for the saddest hours of my young life had been spent there, and I fondly hoped that all would be well again when we were once more in dear old E—; that May would recover health and spirits in her own native air. Alas!

We found Mrs. Vere very anxious about her, and so she took her in her sisterly arms, and wept over her. I looked to see tears in May's eyes, but, no, there was no moisture in those blue orbs; only a strong calmness and composure.

The weeks that ensued were busy ones, and we all strove to drown thought in work, but the sight of a little, slender, drooping figure that sat ever in the same spot, with hands folded on her lap, and eyes steadfastly fixed on the broad, laughing waters of the river, would upset our

calmness, and the tears *would* rise in spite of all our efforts.

She faded day by day, but we thought that when the bustle of preparation was over, and she was quiet once more, she would be better. They were to go South to Doctor Weston's plantation, and I thought if there were happiness for May in this world, she would find it there, in the sweet home of one who lived but to make her happy.

Days passed on; we tried to cheer her and rouse her from the languor and half stupor into which she had fallen, but all our efforts were fruitless. "Time," I thought, "is the only cure for grief such as hers, and to time we must leave it."

I had heard from uncle Frank, that Edgar's wedding was to be the fifth of April, and that on the first of May he and his bride would arrive in E—. "How very, very strange," I thought; "he brings his wife here on May's wedding day!"

As usual, I gave her uncle's letter, which she read without remark or comment of any sort, and then returned it to me.

The morning of the fifth of April dawned bright and clear, but soon a heavy shower fell, and decked leaf and shrub and flower with pearly drops. Then the sunshine burst forth again, and as I stood at the window and watched the effect of the beams on the rain-drops, I prayed that such might be May's destiny. Her life began in sunshine, then came the heavy, dark cloud of sorrow to overshadow it, but now the sunlight was coming again, "and oh!" I murmured, "God grant that the cloud be rolled away forever!"

May remained in her own room all that day, and would admit no one, not even Mrs. Vere.

We had to content ourselves with looking on her dainty little bride's clothes. As I sat there, sewing away, my thoughts would dwell on Edgar Travis. I felt sure that he was not happy, and I thought with horror of having to receive, as my cousin, that hateful woman with the bold black eyes.



This was Edgar's wedding day, and how different from the one I had pictured to myself, where *blue* eyes looked lovingly on him, and *brown* curls hid the girlish, rosy cheek from his fond gaze. Ah, Edgar Travis! did not thoughts of those eyes and those curls come between you and your vows that day? When you plighted your troth, was not "I, *Edgar, take thee, May*," spoken in your heart, though the name of Bertha was on your lips?

"The heart that has truly loved, never forgets," and I know, that truly did you love May Vivian.

The next day May was more herself than I had seen her for many weeks. She talked, and even laughed and jested a little; consequently *our* spirits rose, and we were very merry and hopeful.

That day passed quickly, and the next, and the next, and each day we thought she improved a little, mentally as well as bodily. The work went on briskly now, with May's nimble little fingers to help, "and all went merry as a marriage bell."

A few more days were all that remained of the fickle month of April, and the sweet May was coming with crown of flowers, with gush of waters, and with song of birds; but we thought the faint roses on the cheeks of *our* May, the sweetest, brightest things the gentle spring could bring.

Dr. Weston had come, and he looked so pleased and joyful when he found May looking better, and more cheerful, that my heart warmed towards him more and more.

Those latter days of April were very quiet, sweet hours for May and myself. I love to look back to them now, and think over all that passed between us. The curtain seemed lifted away from her heart, and she was again the loving little friend that she had been in days of yore. I love to think of her affection for me, which showed itself then in many little ways that belonged to May alone. My precious child! She would come and kneel by me, and lay her curly head on my shoulder, and murmur loving words in my ear. She would whisper how dear as I was to her; how could

she do without her darling Lily? She was never merry, but she was cheerful and placid. There was a shadow of sorrow and grave thought in her blue eyes now, which had not been there in the days of her wild happiness, but I loved her even more than I had done then.

The last day came. It was one of the fairest of the blithe spring-time. Not a cloud was to be seen, and May and I escaped from the turmoil in the house, and ran down to the river banks. There was one pretty little "sephyr" floating on the bright waters. We jumped in, and were borne gently out on the broad bosom of the river.

I shall never forget that day. As I looked up into that infinite blue, and thought of the sorrow and suffering on this earth, I "longed for the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest." The waves rippled and sang under the boat; the sky laughed above us; the wind rustled in the tender, green leaves of the noble trees on the sloping banks; the birds almost burst their tiny throats, making sweet melody to God, and the little wild flowers blossomed like gems in the shady, green grass, close to the water's edge.

May lay on the cushioned seat with her head on my lap. The up-turned face had a glorified look on it that startled me.

"May," I whispered.

"Don't speak," she said, but she took my hand and held it tightly in both hers, and thus she lay for hours.

Memory brought back to me, as we floated silently on that bright river, all the happy hours we had passed together, and as I pondered, a strange feeling came over me. I knew within myself that this was the last time that May would ever thus clasp my hand,—the last time she would ever lay that little head upon my knee. It did not make me feel sad at all. There was even a sensation of pleasure in my heart, as if it was whispered to me, that *she* would be happy; therefore, I could not be utterly miserable.

I drew her closer to me, and kissed her. A wondrous peace came upon me

with the touch of those sweet lips. I knew she was at rest. I knew that no matter *what* happened now, May would be free from sorrow forever.

When the sun was low in the western sky we put back to shore. I thought as we wandered on the bank under the trees, "A day like this is worth to the soul more than all the revels and festivities of many years. It seems to bestow a holy calm and quietude, and to fit us for the toils and cares of life."

That night, the last before her bridal, I went to May's room. She lay in the moonlight, looking like a gleam from another world. The meek face and quiet eyes shone on me, as I entered softly.

"Ah, Lily, thank you for coming, darling. I have been wanting you. There is something I must say to you. I could not tell you to-day in the bright sunlight, but here, with the solemn, holy moon looking upon us, you must listen. Sit by me here. This is my last message. Tell Edgar—"

I started at the name. She had not mentioned him to me since that never-to-be-forgotten day in the capital. Without noticing my emotion, she continued—

"Tell Edgar that I forgive him all. Tell him I know now, that I was a weak, foolish little thing, and not worthy of his love. Tell him I pray he may be happy with the one he has chosen, and never think of me save as one who loved him fondly, and valued his happiness above her own. Will you do this for me, Lily?"

I answered as clearly as I could, for tears choked my utterance.

"Don't grieve, Lily. I am at rest. God bless you. You have always been good and kind to poor little May. I love you, Lily; I have always loved you. Do you remember our first meeting?"

Oh! how well I remembered! It was then that I first told her of Edgar, and bade her take care of her heart. Poor heart! Now it was broken, withered. She went on—

"You must think of me sometimes, Lily, and above all, pray for me. Pray

that my 'faith fail not.' And, Lily, if I should die soon, will you say to Harry that 'tis best; that I had but a broken heart to give him. And comfort him, Lily; do not let him grieve too much for me."

"May, darling, you must not talk sorrowfully this last night of your maiden life. Look hopefully to the bright future, and think of the peace in store for you." |

"No, Lily, if I live, my path will be ever in the shadow. The sunshine is all gone."

She shut her gentle eyes, and I bent over her and kissed her. She opened them again—

"God bless you, Lily!"

And so I left her.

## XII.

### IT IS WELL.

How shall I write it! Oh, friend! long and weary years have rolled on since that May-day, but the misery is fresh in my heart. I had sweet dreams that night of my little May, and I awoke in the morning as blithe as a bird. The robins were singing outside my window, and as I threw it open, and let in the sweet May-breeze, I felt glad that I was alive. I thanked God for life, and youth, and health. My little robins and I sang praises to our Giver of all good, and when I was dressed I opened my door, intending to pay May a visit, and awaken her with a kiss, on this her bridal morn, but I determined first to go to the garden and gather for her some fresh rose-buds. I revelled for a while amid the lovely and delicious blossoms, and then flew up-stairs with my hands full of the beauties, all wet with dew. I opened May's door softly, and went in. I could not see her face, as she lay turned away from the window, and I thought I would creep up and throw the dewy flowers over her, and thus awaken her. I did so, but the sweet things fell unheeded round her; she did not move. I leant over her, and peeped in her face half hidden in the white pillow.

What was it that drove the life-blood in waves back to my heart? I touched her little hand; it was cold, cold as ice. I screamed, and fell, but I remember no more.

When I recovered my consciousness, I was in my own room, on the bed, and May's maid stood by me weeping.

"What is it?" I cried, but I had hardly spoken, when it all came over me like a flash. May was dead! I had felt the cold hand. I shuddered at the thought. She was dead—dead in her youth and beauty, and sweetness; cut off from all who loved her in this world forever! But as this overwhelming tide of agony came over me, I remembered her own words spoken to me the last night of her life; "I am at rest!" She was happy, why should I weep? But when grief comes to us in this world, tears are the sweet messengers of our Heavenly Father, sent to comfort our poor stricken hearts, and to bind us closer to that Heaven, where "God Himself shall wipe all tears from our eyes." As she had said, if she had lived, her life "would have been in the shadow; the sunshine was all gone." It was best—I wept silently for some time, and when I had in some measure recovered my composure, I asked Rosa where Mrs. Vere was.

"In the parlour, with Dr. Weston." This was the first time the idea of *his* anguish had been presented to my mind.

"Oh!" I cried, "who told him?" Rosa said that Mrs. Vere had sent for him, and had been alone with him ever since. In the midst of her own grief, she had thought of his, and was now comforting him with gentle, tender words.

I must not dwell on the sorrows of those days. On the third of May, our little blossom was to be laid among her wild-wood sisters, on the shores of that ever-sounding river, which seemed to chant a requiem for the departed one.

We all seemed to be in a stupor. The blow was so sudden that we could not realize it, and I could not believe that the cold, motionless form, in that chamber, was all that remained to us of our May. True it had her own sweet smile, but those blue eyes, that were wont to beam

so brightly on me, were closed forever. I could think of her as an angel in glory, free from all pain and sorrow, and *at rest*, but when I thought that I would never again on earth see her merry face, my tears almost blinded me. I lay on the couch during those two days with hardly the power to move or even speak. I could not think, and my tears at last refused to flow. Mrs. Vere would come often to me, and we would talk of our darling, as if she were only gone for a little time. She told me of poor Dr. Weston. He was almost beside himself. He would only remain till all was over, and then he would go South. Not to that home where he had thought to take a little bride, but to a distant plantation.

The third day came. I went early in the morning, to take a last look at my lost darling. She was even more lovely than when in life.

Her eyes were closed peacefully, and there was a smile on her lips, and a look of perfect rest.

Her little hands were folded on her bosom, and white rosebuds were scattered over her.

"Oh! May," I cried, "how can I give you up to the desolate tomb?"

A voice behind me answered, "not to the tomb, but to a home of joy and peace in Heaven. Are you not willing that she should be happy, even though we are left desolate?"

I was softened at once, and turned to Dr. Weston. He had altered fearfully, and his face was haggard. With many tears we stood together and gazed silently and fondly on the pale form of her we loved so well.

### XIII.

#### THE LAST LEAF.

All was ready. We had looked our last forever on all that was mortal of May Vivian, and they were bearing her to her grave by the river-side. As the procession slowly moved from the house, a travelling carriage dashed by very close, but not before I had seen that Ed-

vis sat in it, and by his side, she who was now his wife. I never, *never*, to my dying day, shall forget the look of agony that passed over his face, as he saw the coffin draped with white, take its solemn way from Mrs. Vere's door. In that look I saw the anguish of his life. I knew then that his heart was buried in that silent grave, under the wild flowers.

I dare not dwell on this sad period of my life. I left Mrs. Vere's a week after May's funeral, for my mountain home, for whose quiet I longed. During that week I did not see or hear of Edgar Travis, nor did I wish to.

Poor Dr. Weston started South, the fourth of May, and we saw him no more. He lives on his estate, amongst his people, doing good to all, but he is a broken-hearted man, and he longs for his earthly pilgrimage to end. His noble acts will meet their reward in the "Land of the Hereafter."

I reached my home, and there my recollection ceases. I was ill for months with a brain fever, and when I at last grew better, the mountains were brilliant in their autumn robes.

I was told that Mr. and Mrs. Travis had gone abroad, and I asked no more about them.

My friend! my labour of love is at an end. It has been a pleasure, as well as pain, to me, to recall those bright, happy days of my youth, and the sorrow which shadowed my whole after life.

May Vivian still lives in the memories of those who loved her, and her sweet face is engraven on their hearts.

In that bourne of everlasting rest and peace, for which she longed, she sings the song of Moses and the Lamb, and there one day, we shall meet again, never to part, for we know that she is not lost, but gone before.

GOD LOVED HER, AND SHE DIED!

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## IN THE CITY.

I am sick of the joyless joys,  
Of the life I am living here—  
Of the heartless smiles, and the gilded toys,  
And the din that tortures the ear!

I think of my woodland ways,  
And the sunshine, merry and free—  
Of the blooming flowers of my early days—  
And the oriole gay, in the tree!

I see the old hall where the hours  
Fled by like a rosy dream—  
I wander again 'mid the dear sweet flowers,  
And sail on the laughing stream.

I awake—all around is the din  
Of the selfish and hurrying throng—  
The battle of fraud and the taint of sin  
As the mad crowd rushes along.

I flush, and my right hand grasps  
At a weapon to strike to my feet  
The stealthy tiger, the hissing asp  
That crawls in the dust of the street.

But I turn from the sickening sight  
 With scorn for the grin and the lies,  
 I see the old scenes of a dead delight,  
 And the tears rush hot to my eyes :

And I sob—O me ! for the hours  
 That I spent in my woodland wild,  
 Where the grave of my mother is happy with flowers,  
 That smile on her sorrowful child !

### DESPAIR.—A FANTASY.

Night, the Monster-Mother of Ill, with her shield, black shield, broad-spread beyond the edges of the world, hid me. Night put aloft her shield upon her left arm, high between me and the glittering eyes, the stars; and with her right hand drew her black cloak around the tell-tale winds and strangled them.

Then it was done !

Upon the morrow, the old Inquisitor, the Sun, rose haughty in the East to challenge me forth where I lay, and had not slept. I went out in answer to his call. But the hypocrite, coward ! he smiled me welcome, as he smiled before. I sneered in his shining sanctimonious face, and I got me back to my chamber, unheeding the anthem that went up unto God, spontaneous from the sinless children of the wood, and from the waters, singing as they ran, and from the beautiful ones whose voices are the fresh perfumes of the morning.

I slept—without a dream.

Again the wonder, Day, was announced under the vaulted skies and along the red borders of the circled Earth ; the Sun again whelmed the glad land with rivers of tinted waves, down-rolling from the burnished hills. I went forth and stood in the untainted flood, and breathed the dew-washed air that giveth life. I held up my hand—white, soft, woman's hand. The stream of light poured through it, and lo ! it became a five-tongued flame of blood. But it was beautiful—for the

blood was all mine own, all *within*, and none *upon* the white hand.

I stood there. And from unseen ships laden with the sweet life of flowers, that were floating past me, the incense of Eden came. The blessedness of that first hour of the young Day was heaped upon me, as, of old, the lad Abel heaped fruits upon his rude and rocky altar. And a Zephyr, the tenderest I knew of all the daughters of the Dawn, came to me, timidly, and lifted the black locks (they had not grown a-sudden gray) from my brow, and kissed me with pure, holy, maiden lips.

When, by these homages which Nature's mute vassals pay to Man, their Lord, I found no transformation had been wrought upon me outwardly, I returned to my Tower and to my chamber, and scanned me in the glass.

And I knew myself. There was no change there—nay, not so much as the beginnings of those faint lines, mal-ourved, that tell quickly the story of the changed soul within. The eye that quailed before naught but the angry sun, still burned with darkness, as a night when great fires rage under the horizon; and the mouth which scarce could quiver at its master's bidding, was rigid still, and uninforming as Death itself.

Soon I paced gravely the thoroughfares where all the air was trembling with the spying forces of human intuition—intuition that of its own bidding the hidden things of the wicked

reads best when most opposed. The ordeal was brief. Men did not shun me, women did not turn away shuddering. Then I ventured into the homes of the innocent. Children came to my knees, to prattle there, and dogs licked my hand—the hand that had blood in it, when I held it up to the sun!

I grew cheerful then.

Days, weeks, months, passed thus. The seasons returned after their kind, unfold the old sweet miracles of the forest, the farm, the orchard life, until the complete Year had blessed me, as it doth bless all of human birth, and left me, with the rest, thankless, and not wonder-stricken.

"No spiritual change hath passed upon me. Can a deed transform the soul? Then why alters not Nature in her processions, ordered as they are by Him who hateth Sin?"

Anon came Arrogance to me, and inhabited my strong heart. Wide and far and long I searched to find the thing which could fright me. In dead men's eyes, in the charnel houses of the murdered, amid pestilences which men call "God's avengings," I sought in vain. I slept in shrouds, I wore the garments of suicides, lived in haunted habitations, in vain.

Some Sabbath evening bells, and the entwined prayers of a young mother and her lisping child, strove to daunt me—strove in vain.

"Men! fools! weakling fools! a delusion, forged by cunning priests upon the idle stithies of their shallow brains, hath rendered you wicked in your own seeming. Ye, whose eye-lids have fallen paralysed by superstitious fears; ye, who are bondsmen of the withered leaf, rustling before the cold wind; ye who shrink aghast at shadows—come, I can give you wholesome counsel."

How, as to some colossal Idol, in whose grim presence and for whose honour the generations of Cannibals held bloody orgies in the night of Time—how, as at such Idol would men, with eye-balls half unsocketed, stare at me, monumental for the horror of that deed I did, under the shield of Night, with this white hand. How would they stare,

if they but knew. But I said "silence!" And my face was dumb. And I commanded the delusions of the priests to crouch unto me, and I spurned the phantom life out of them. "There is no remorse and no despair—it is weakness, misnamed."

This was Hell's charity. I threw it from my window to the listening Air and to the all-devouring Dark.

If the bungling apprentices of Crime—the Assassin, the Poisoner, the Parricide—could have appropriated the comfort and strength that lay in these words, I, who had abundantly to spare of the latter, was not unwilling.

It chanced to me in the latter days to see the sick sun weary in the west, turning to the crystal wall that he might die. I would go forth to learn of him how it should be with me when the brief hours of my strength were over. Whether, after the sinking of this mortal frame to earth, there would follow straightway another rising? In what clime? And unto what end?

This I would ask of the sick and dying orb.

My steps led me to the Wood.

Because the Wood was beautiful, and because the trees grew statelier as my steps advanced, I wandered far, unmindful of the Sun, which lingered to be questioned ere his setting.

Statelier grew the trees, towering in the blithe evening air. Under the shadow of their multitudinous leaves, I strode peacefully onward. I envied not them that fitted homeward out of the deep sky, nor them that leaped merrily along the high branches. So sweet was it, cool, and calm in the shaded aisles of the Wood.

But, now, the trees which were young when first I entered the Wood, and through whose splendid prime I had but lately passed—now, the trees were old, old and gray.

Garled were the great roots, protruding in thick serpent curves out of the dry dark earth. Contorted the mighty boles. Twisted and abruptly shortened the huge limbs.

And never a leaf stirred upon the

stunted tops, nor rustled beneath the old, worn boughs. For leaves, alive or dead, there were none. And all was still there.

And lo! while I gazed, the gray things of this ancient forest took shapes, human shapes, shapes of agony. The story of the Laocoon, Niobe, the Gladiator, each in a thousand horrid versions, was told there. Fire-forms from the *Inferno* were there. The lost in Gehenna. And all the children of Torture—mis-shapen beyond the madness of imagination, yet human still, were multiplied near and far and wide in the hoary trunks of this strange Wood. The sufferers spake not.

And behold! when my musing footsteps brought me where the sky shone in the open space beyond the Wood—behold! in the interspaces between the writhing forms—forms now ebony-black—between these were seen radiant Angel-shapes, shapes of living light, placed in all sweet attitudes of pity, as if sorrowing for the black and tortured Forms.

Methought it was a pretty sight.

Then came angry mutterings. Faraway.

I climbed the full height of that wooded monster which seemed stricken most in agony, and looked abroad.

From wall to wall, stretched all athwart the broadest scope of heaven, I saw the savage and dark-rolling cloud which had gone her full term and was rife for the tempest in her womb.

Descending, I sat me down, tranquilly to await the coming.

It came—the tempest.

Without prelude of big pattering drops and stifful winds. It fell suddenly. It burst down—as will burst the spheres on that day when God's anger shall crush the shining bubbles of the Universe.

Loud, loud, and fiercely—with lightning, with wind and thunder, with lashed and shrieking waters—it fought in that strange Wood of the Tortured. Ah! to see them—the black fiend-trunks—through that glare and fight. All dancing now in agony. Pitying Angel-shapes all gone. To see them.

It was good, it was good, it was good.

The bellowing blast answered back to

the thunder, roaring in the hollow skies. The while, with violet rapiers lunging incessantly, the lightning cleft this battling din, and stabbed with fire the gray trees, till hot flames spouted unquenchable from their tops.

Amid this rage, through the hail of huge limbs wrenched off and hurled savagely abroad, and amid the gnarled roots, hideously up-torn, I paced unhurt, serene.

I compared the thunder to the master-drum of Hell. And the courage and the pride and the strength and the very joy of war, thrilled me.

Of the lightning, I said:

"Thus shot Latona's son his death-dealing arrows into the Achaean Camp."

And I smiled. The school had come to me again—here—in this Wood of the Agonised, drenched with tempest, drenched yet burning, oh! how gloriously. Gloriously!

"Why, O! wind," I cried, "art thou so partial in thy rage? Why wrench asunder these aged and inanimate trees? Am I not here?"

"If thou wast bold, O! wind, thou would'st crush me, and lift me aloft and tie me by my broken limbs to yonder bough, and there leave me, a target for this swift-fencing lightning."

"But thou darest me—thou, and the lightning with thee."

I grew tired of this noisy pantomime, and walked out of the Wood to the open space beyond.

The space was wide on every side, save one—behind. It stretched far out from me. It was not fertile.

But the way was sloping, and I walked onward.

The sun was set. Set, and I had not questioned him. But there was a yellow twilight—enough to guide my slow footsteps over the smooth way, that went ever sloping.

And as I went walking, I talked to myself.

"In the storm-torn Wood behind me, I tasted the last of joy.

"How strong and calm I was!

"The breath that came within and went without me there, had the power not the fury of the storm,

"All human joys, I sucked insipid—long ago. Of those delights, forbidden because they are named 'crimes,' I knew more than man hath known or can know.

"I foresee that I shall soon be weary."

Thus thinking aloud, I walked onward, downward. A long time, I so walked. The way was sloping, smooth.

"Strange, how this twilight lingers!

"What detains the night? Doth it, too, fear me and retreat before me?"

And now—now, I saw how sterile the space was. Of dark grey soil—herbless—utterly without life. And it stretched wide and far.

"Dark grey beneath. Above, dull yellow. It is not cloud—it is not sky. Oh! what is it?"

"I hear no sound—the air is dead. I see no living thing. It is not good to be here.

"I will go back, I will go back to the hoary wood and to the tempestuous winds again. Yes, I will go quickly back."

Many, many leagues I returned, but found not the Wood nor felt the stir of the living air. Wide, wide, wide, the dark grey desert reached. And that yellow twilight prevailed and canopied me.

My steps went busy then. North and South and East and West they went, but never went they beyond the borders of that dark grey soil, from out that sickly twilight.

Unfatigued, I sat me down. I hungered not nor thirsted. I bowed my head.

And time rolled on.

On, on, on, on.

And time rolled on.

My bowed head was raised. And a wild voice did cry aloud:

"How many centuries have died since I sat me here? Where is the life without me—the life of men, of beasts, birds, insects, flowers, of the breathing, motionful air? There *was* such life. *When? How?*—Was there ever aught beside this ghastly cope, which bends not, as bent Heaven's blue arch, but lies flat above me, and this leaden, measureless expanse? Which is the dream, the Past, or this Stagnation here?"

And none did answer the wild voice.

It continued:

"What is it that cries questions at me

here? Is it some madman lost in his own mournful mood? This, all this, is idiocy staring at itself—at its vacant soul."

And when the husky voice had rested a little space, it continued:

"I have been strong, even unto patience. For I was mad and dreaming—and *hoped*. I am better now. I will no more of this—I will end it—be the end what it may—the Hell priests prate about, or worse than that.

"My dagger is here—here nestled at my heart. I have proved it. I know I can trust it.

"What life is in thee, thou keen and shining blade, I wot well. And now another life is thine. Ah! thou art beautiful, for thou art eloquent of Death—sweet Death.

"Thus, and thus, and *thus*, I end it."

"Oh! terrible and omnipotent God, have mercy, have mercy on me. Take back, take back thy gift of life which thou gavest me, and I did ask it. Or, if I *must* live, let me live where there is other life. If, at last, I pale before thee, I will not lie—will not flout thee with forced and feigned repentance. Demon I was from the womb, and demon I will remain. I wish it. Let me go hence, and I will purchase eternal torture such as man nor devil ever earned. Let me go hence, for this dead waste doth fright me.

"Oh God! the world which in my mad dream existed, was not too good for me. Assassins are there, and poisoners, and murderers of babes, and cannibals, and worse than these—hypocrites, who worship sin in thy name. It were sweet to be with these, and to excel them all, as I have excelled. Oh! let me go back to them.

"Thou wilt not.

"Then send me here scorpions for my friends. Give but a vulture to fly under this yellow pall, and eye me with hungry hate. Let a single poisonous weed spring up beside me, to cheer me with its not-so presence. Let—

"Alas! my plaining will never reach Him.

"Coward that I am, why are not my prayers curses. Curses they are to Him



—blasphemy to Him. Yet of what avail are prayers or curses *here!* This is some unformed or blasted planet, which even Omniscience hath forgotten.

"I will *not* yield."

So I rose and stood upon my feet, and looked once more to find the Wood, the stormy Wood, the blessed Wood, wherein life, life of warring elements, was.

"Mine eyes are dim—too dim to search this terrible expanse.

"But—what, oh! what are those uneven outlines far, far off upon the dreary horizon? What can they be but—ah! no—I deceive myself. Yet, yes, yes, *yes*, they are, they must be the tops of the Wood—the hoary Wood!"

Along the dark grey plain I sped, as speed the comets on their inward courses. The wood is distant, but I am on the wings of eagles—young eagles, swooping to their prey. The wood is distant, but I am speeding; and now—"how could I have mistaken them. Those summits are not the tops of trees—they are the pinnacles of mountains—of great mountains, that give birth to streams—streams that leap and dance in all the joy of life, of living motion."

My feet are shod with lightning at the sight—but—alas! alas! my swift feet have brought me all too near.

"There is no verdure on these mountains. They are dark—darker than the dark grey sand whereon I tread. And no white cloud floats peacefully above these mountains: only this dead yellow pall of nameless woof lies over them. But the streams are there—they must be there, and it were bliss unspeakable to hear the liquid tinkle of the tiniest rivulet.

I am in the mountains. They are dusky rocks, splintered but unworn, heaped and piled, enormous, where chaos in his frenzy hurled them. Here no moisture ever came.

"It should make me sad and weak to see what I here behold. But I have no sinking heart, nor pain, nor any expectation. I have a restlessness to climb these jagged peaks."

I stand upon the highest summit of them all. An immensity of desolation outspreads beneath me. I scan it with

deliberation—scan it narrowly. At its farthest limit, I descry a black and level line.

"It is the sea," I say calmly, "the mighty sea, from whose depths life first came, and will ever come. It is the sea, and if the sun shone above it, the sheen of its waters would reach to me on this dark and shattered pinnacle.

I walked slowly toward this sea.

"It was deeper once," said I, "than it now is. For I have passed its ancient margin and am descending to its bed.

"Yes, yes; this sea was deep, was very deep."

And when I came to its waters, they were as ink.

I threw myself down, prone on my breast, that I might lave my hands and brow in those ink-black waters, albeit they were not fevered, and needed not to be laved.

Oh God! Oh terrible God!

Lo! how this hand sinks in this water, and is not cooled nor made wet.

*It is dry water! It is the ashes of water! And this is the consumed sea!!*

God! *thou art, and thou avengest!*

The dark beach of this sea of inky ashes is not bestrewn with weeds or shells. It is an unobstructed beach, whereon for ages I shall walk until I have made, without haste, the circuit of this sea.

I shall rest then.

Not because I shall then be wearied.

And they shall bring devils untamed from Hades, and rebellious angels they shall bring from stars that lie on the uttermost verges of space.

They shall come to this accursed planet. They shall tear apart its shroud of yellow twilight. And the untamed devils, and the rebellious angels, with their keepers, they shall come, and they shall look upon the man that lies fallen upon the beach beside the ashes of the consumed sea, and they shall be tamed, and they shall rebel no more.

And he—though his face look upward and his eyes be open—he shall not see them that look upon him fallen.

The dull life, flickering low within him, shall be his, and beyond this there shall be to him—nothing.

And this shall be forever!

## ACROSS THE STREET.

## I.

The street is drear. The rain is drifting  
Wildly towards the sea,  
Which boometh far, its strong voice lifting  
Like deep artillery.

## II.

No foot is on the pave—but loudly  
Drives the windy rain.  
The sycamore looms very proudly,  
And taps against the pane.

## III.

The street-lamps cast a pale, vague glimmer  
On torrents brawling down,  
And o'er the way, a sickly shimmer  
On maid with hair of brown.

## IV.

She sitteth at her window, dreaming,  
Her web doth noteless sleep.  
But well I know the hot blood's streaming  
Like floods down hillsides steep.

## V.

This morn her sweet Canary's singing  
Thrilled all her heart with pain,  
She oped the casement—sent him winging  
O'er hills gray-streaked with rain.

## VI.

I heard her say: "My heart is burning,  
The bird—it was his gift.  
Let Love and gift go, ne'er returning.  
Drenched by the ruthless drift."

## VII.

Lo! something fluttereth 'gainst the casement,  
The door shrieks with alarms,  
She takes the bird, and (sweet debasement)  
Sinks in her Lover's arms.

## CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.\*

[FROM THE LONDON TIMES.]

A single glance at the autobiography of Catherine now published by Alexander Herzen is quite sufficient to explain why the manuscript has not before seen the light of day. The facts which it reveals are so little to the honour of the house of Romanoff that it was a State necessity to keep them a dead secret. The secret divulged would be meat and drink to those who sneer at the political doctrine of legitimacy; it would be the wine of joy and the oil of gladness to those who, besides repudiating the doctrine of legitimacy, bear a special grudge to the Imperial family of Russia. M. Herzen an exile from Russia and an enemy of the Court, is in ecstasies. We can hear him chuckling with delight in every page of the preface. He has seized upon a treasure of scandal which does not often bless the eyes of the seeker, which Catherine probably intended only for the use of her son Paul, and which the Imperial family have hitherto concealed from the public with the most jealous care. That these extraordinary memoirs are genuine we see no reason to doubt. The internal evidence is strong. In that German-French which is always vigorous and clear, if not always classical; in a certain precision of statement and force of reasoning; and in the revelation of curious details, which can scarcely be the product of imagination, we see before us the Empress herself, the greatest of Sovereigns, and of—we need not say what else. M. Herzen's account also, of the history of the manuscript is by no means improbable. It was found after Catherine's death among her most secret papers. It was under a cover directed to her well beloved son, the Csesarewitch Paul, the future Emperor. Paul kept the knowledge of it entirely to himself—breaking silence to but one friend, the companion of his childhood, the Prince Alexander Komakine, who, however, was

allowed to take a copy, which, after the death of Paul, became the source of other copies. When Nicholas came to the throne, he gave orders to the secret police that all these should be destroyed, and destroyed they were, in so far as we know. The present copy was obtained after the reigning Czar ascended the throne. He was curious about these memoirs, and requested them to be brought to him for perusal. They were brought to him, and one or two copies were taken, which were circulated between Moscow and St. Petersburg. How M. Herzen obtained a transcript we are not informed, and we could not expect to be informed. That he has acted in good faith we believe, although it is equally certain that the Russian authorities will endeavour to cast discredit on his publication. It is quite possible that they may partially succeed; errors may be proved, discrepancies may be detected, it may be assaulted in detail. All this, however, cannot avail. If M. Herzen's edition of these memoirs be impugned as spurious, there is nothing for it but to publish the genuine edition. In the meantime, and until the Russian Government succeed in upsetting the authority of M. Herzen's manuscript, we accept this surreptitious copy, and proceed to introduce our readers to the Russian Court in the days of the Great Empress Elizabeth, when as yet Catherine was only a Grand Duchess, with no prospect of reigning in her own right. We cannot follow M. Herzen in his view of Catherine's character, as exhibited in the preface. He makes out that she was more sinned against than sinning. Possibly he is right. But does not every autobiography lead us to the same conclusion? Is it not the unconfessed object of every diarist, every autobiographer, to show that he was forced into his bad actions, while his good ones were perfectly spon-

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\* *Mémoires de l'Impératrice Catherine II.* Ecrits par elle-même, et précédés d'une préface par A. Herzen. Londres, Trübner.

taneous? We take Catherine as we find her in these memoirs. Let her conduct speak for itself.

Along with her mother she arrived at Moscow on the 9th of February, 1744, a poor German princess, whose entire linen, as she informs us, consisted of a dozen chemises, who was compelled, having no sheets of her own, to use those of her mother, and who brought an astonishing wardrobe of three or four dresses to a Court where they had to change their dresses at least three times a day. She arrived as the expectant bride of her cousin Charles Frederic, Duke of Holstein Gottorp, who was a grandson of Peter the Great, who was selected by the Empress Elizabeth as her successor, and who, in adopting the Greek communion, took the name of Peter. The life of a Court presents little that is attractive to ordinary mortals; and the life of the Russian Court was peculiarly dismal. Its formality was oppressive, its espionage was frightful, and there was nothing but intrigue and drink to relieve the stately tedium of daily duties. It removed from the winter palace to the summer palace, and back again from the summer palace to the winter palace, reminding us on a large scale of what Dr. Primrose says were the most important incidents in the history of his family at Wakefield—the migration from the blue room to the red room and back again from the red room to the blue room. In this stagnation of life, this Siberian ice, love was impossible and hatred took its place. Universal selfishness, universal suspicion, universal plotting and counter-plotting were the order of the day. We might add—universal tittle, seeing that even ladies of the bedchamber could get drunk. And no blame to the courtiers if they did drink largely. When they were surrounded with spies, when their letters were regularly opened and deciphered, when they knew not who next would be arrested, when the dreary jest passed from lip to lip that the Empress had said at dinner of a lady who was thin, ugly, and long necked,—“*Cou long n'est bon que pour la pendaison*”—drinking was decided-

ly a resource. Intrigue, however, had still greater attractions. They sometimes found means of eluding the spies. What a wonderful assistant they had in the jeweller, Bernard! The faithful fellow would come to exhibit a bracelet, and he would go away with a billet-doux. He delivered his letters with great rapidity, and he was like our own dear Frail, safe, perfectly safe—till he was caught. Then there was that fiddler in the orchestra. The lady—Catherine herself—would walk up to him with the most unconscious air in the intervals of the concert. Clown that he was, he was ignorant of her approach. Thinking only of his nose that was so full of snuff, he took out his pocket-handkerchief, and by the merest accident he left his pocket agape. Tempting letter-box—a letter dropped in. When that snuffy fiddler put his handkerchief back he felt a billet there which was not there before. Sometimes, also, a father confessor was a useful friend in this way, but he was most useful of all in counter-plotting for the benefit of the Empress, who would send him to worm out the secrets of her courtiers, Catherine among others. All was illusion and deceit. Almost the first present that the Empress made to Catherine newly arrived at the Court, and scarcely 15 years of age was a rouge-pot. It was characteristic. The Court was made up of painted faces and whited sepulchres. The Empress had the choleric. The Court, by the way, was continually troubled with the choleric, and the Empress on this occasion was very ill indeed for several days. Nobody dared speak of it for fear of banishment—not even Catherine. It was a delusion to suppose that the Empress could be ill, and on another occasion, when Her Majesty fell down in a fit, it was considered the worst part of the calamity that it occurred in public. Neither Catherine nor her husband could leave the palace without permission of the Empress,—another illusion, for they left it by stealth. The former begged an audience of Her Majesty; being out of favour the audience was not granted for eight months, at the end of which time when Catherine had quite forgotten her

request, she was invited to go to the Empress. "I hear you wanted to speak to me," said Elizabeth. Is this mode of treating a space of eight months as if it were but yesterday a proof of divinity? Or was it courtly illusion? All was trickery and secrecy, paint and show. The principal amusement of the Court was in keeping with everything else. It was masquerading. The men dressed in women's clothes, and the women in men's, the Empress herself setting the example. The men did not much relish it, as female garments are rather unwieldy; the ladies did not like it at all, for they appeared as scrubby little boys, many of them with limbs awfully thick and short; but the Empress willed it as she had something to show. By the time that Catherine came to write these memoirs she was a pretty good judge of legs, and she observes that masculine attire became the Empress, who had the finest pair of legs she ever saw in any man.

It was into this sort of society that the German Princess was introduced at the age of fifteen; and until her marriage she was to enjoy the protection of her mother, who would then be free to return home. The portrait of her mother drawn by Catherine is that of a selfish woman, an intriguing wife, an unfeeling mother, robbing her daughter of the presents she received, envious of her precedence, foolish, fidgety, loving none, and hated by all. It was pleasant to escape from such a guardian even to fall into the hands of the Grand Duke Peter. Three years older than Catherine, Peter was a stupid, good-natured sort of fellow—a sot, a simpleton, and sickly. He was a drunkard from the age of 10. He would get drunk sitting at dinner with the Empress. He was great in English beer; he was terrible in English oysters. He had a passion for dogs and maids of honour. He hated church; he hated lessons; the only sort of reading that he cared for was of the *Newgate Calendar* description—the lives and the trials of highway robbers. And yet the lad lived an ideal life in a ideal world. He had a genius for puppet shows. It was his

mission, which he cultivated to the last. He did his worst with the beer; he did his best with the maids of honour. But his real mission was training dogs and arranging puppets. He played and the dogs danced. It is true that he did not know a note of music, and to his wife's continual torment, acted on the principle that music consists in noise, and the louder the noise, the finer the strain; but what of that? the dogs did not know it. He kept a pack of them behind his wife's bed, and trained them day by day in his room, alternating the music of the violin with the howling of his pack, produced by liberally laying on the lash. As for the puppets, they were for the most part soldiers—some of wood, some of lead, some of wax, some of amadou. From morning to night, he would drill them and order them about. They must take their turns of mounting guard. Salutes must be fired on the proper days. Nothing must be omitted. The puppets must go through the whole routine of garrison life. On stated occasions he presented himself in full uniform before his army, all booted and spurred, to see the various evolutions performed. A pretty life of it his domestics had, while assisting him in the command of these mimic forces. On one occasion, a rat invaded his fortress in the night, climbed the ramparts, and ate two sentinels. The deed must be avenged. The order was given to apprehend the rat. The rat was apprehended and tried by court-martial. It was pronounced guilty, then sentenced to be hung by the neck, and to be exposed to the public view of the fortress as an example to others. This was all done with the most perfect seriousness. Sometimes Peter would summon the whole of his Court to take the places of his puppets, and would drill them for an entire day. Then, after he had gone to bed, he would have his toys brought to him by Madame Krowze, and play with them until it was far on in the night, while he kept his wife awake by his side, compelling her to take an interest in his dolls. Then again he would have masques—another kind of puppet show—in her bedchamber. During one winter

he was entirely occupied with the project of building a convent of Capuchins at Oranienbaum, where his Court would spend a part of every year in the Capuchin dress. Or if not engaged in these amusements he was occupied with something equally childish. One day he was arranging a theatre of marionettes in one of his own apartments. He heard voices in the next apartment, which was used by the Empress, and which was fitted up with a table that dropt through the floor, so that a dinner could be served without the presence of servants. Peter bored a hole in the door and surveyed the Empress and her friends in this secret chamber. Not content with this, he bored a number of peepholes, and then went through the palace to collect every person he could, his wife, her ladies, whoever was near to see a sight. How the Empress blew him up for it afterwards! He did not know that he had been doing wrong. Poor Peter, Grand Duke though he was, regarded the whole affair as but a harmless amusement; only another form of peep-show. It is difficult to believe that a character so simple and so absorbed in dreams that the veriest puppet could engage it, was utterly intractable—irredeemably bad—beyond the influence of the paragon of wives whom Heaven had all too generously bestowed upon him. But of course we must believe Catherine. He was a wretch, without heart, without head, without taste, fierce as one of his dogs, stupid as one of his puppets, vile as one of his rats. To crown all, he was hideous after the smallpox.

Peter received his future bride and her mother with great delight. He was not happy, he had not companions that he cared for, and he gave a hearty welcome to Catherine. She, however, was by no means pleased with her reception. The Grand Duke had not the power of concealment; he was frank to a degree; and from the first moment when he saw her he confided in Catherine with the most perfect simplicity. He told her everything—even told her that he was in love with one of the maids of honour who had been banished to Siberia, and that he

would have married her if he could. Catherine was very far from feeling gratified by this avowal, but she held her peace, and determined to turn it to account. Of course it was impossible to do anything with the simple fellow who came to her with such an awkward confession. His friends, in view of his approaching marriage, gave him abundant advice as to the best mode of taming wives in general, and as to the bearing which he ought to assume towards the Grand Duchess in particular. With the most artless confidence he told every word to his betrothed and asked her opinion. Even after marriage he had no secrets from her, who tells us that when but a fortnight of their honeymoon had elapsed he confided to her ear the secret of his attachment to a Mademoiselle Carr, a maid of honour whom he had declared to his chamberlain to be infinitely superior to his duchess. Then he fell in love with the Princess of Courland, and rolling into his bedroom drunk, would sound the praises of the Princess to Catherine. Catherine, who hears every word, is sound asleep. Peter speaks louder; she sleeps all the sounder. At length Peter tumbles into bed; punches his wife's ribs, and turns over to snore. The sweet creature who lay by his side, never stirred, in silence she wept all night; and in the morning she arose as if nothing had occurred, or as if she had been perfectly unconscious. Christian resignation: yet she confesses that her endurance was actuated not by affection for Peter but by hopes of the Imperial diadem. From the first she saw that Peter did not care for her, and that she could make nothing of the savage. "For me," she adds, "I did not care for him, but I did care for the Russian crown." The strange part of the affair was that Peter had the most extraordinary respect for his wife. He consulted her on every occasion; he had perfect faith in her; he would fly to her for advice; he called her "*Madame la Ressource*." After 10 years of married life we find him dashing into her presence with the letter of his lady-love. Madame Teploff was the name of his flame this time, and had written to him a letter of four pages. In a state of

ludicrous perplexity he rushed to his wife—"Imaginez vous, elle m'écrit une lettre de quatre pages entières, et elle prétend que je dois lire cela, et qui plus est, lui répondre! Je lui ferai dire tout net que je n'ai pas le temps, et si elle se fâche, je me brouille avec elle jusqu'à l'hiver."

"The shortest way," said Catherine, who had by this time lovers of her own to look after. Whether the youth who could act in this fashion and who reposed so much on the intelligence of his wife was irreclaimable or not, certain it is that the ducal pair became gradually estranged. Very soon after their marriage Catherine complains that her apartments are too near to those of the Duke. Do not harshly misjudge an injured wife. The reason is very innocent, very pardonable: the lady cannot endure the smell and the howling of dogs. She is to her great content further and further separated from the Duke. They squabble. She complains of his stupidity, faithlessness, and tyranny. He is loud in his complaints of her pride, perversity, and spite. One day she determines to be very ill—dying. Peter seizes the opportunity to promise one of her maids of honour that if his wife dies he will marry her. Catherine hears it, and registers a vow in heaven, which heaven afterwards blessed her with the permission to fulfil.

If we may trust her own account there never was such an angel as this Catherine. Doves, lambs, and babes—these are the only terrestrial existences to which we can compare her. If we liken her to a serpent it is only in the Scriptural sense. Innocent as a babe, gentle as a lamb, timid as a dove, she was wise as serpents. From the moment of her appearance at the Russian Court she knew that she had to make a position; she saw in herself the future Empress, and she determined to work for that proud pre-eminence. How earnestly she watched everything! how hard she studied to please! how meekly she endured a thousand grievances! At the age of fifteen she wrote out her own character, entitling the portrait, "*Une philosophe de quinze ans*," and many years afterwards she was struck with the

penetration which this analysis displayed—the perfect comprehension of her position and of her resources. "L'ambition seule me soutenait," she says; "j'avais au fond de mon cœur un je ne sais quoi qui ne m'a jamais laissé douter un seul moment que tôt ou tard je parviendrais à devenir impératrice souveraine de Russie de mon chef." But it was a secret ambition, and she worked for it in secret. She had an extraordinary faculty for secrecy—oh, call it not cunning. She would hear everything, and say nothing. She had a pretty childish humour of pretending to be asleep and listening to all the whispers around her. Dear girl! her gentle spirit was often wounded in this way by overhearing things which were never intended for her ears. Yet she resented nothing. She was all Christianity and forgiveness. Up to the limits of her income she did her best to please everybody. "I showed great respect to my mother, unlimited obedience to the Empress, the most profound consideration for my husband, the utmost desire to win the public affection." At a time when her income was but 30,000 roubles she would spend half on a single *fête* in order to astonish her husband and to please the public. What a strong sense of duty she had, and how lovingly she strove to sooth "Monsieur mon epoux," and gratify her dear mother! But the Empress was first of all in her eyes. She would do anything to please the Empress. It was for this object that she robbed herself of sleep night after night in studying Russian. She was amply rewarded when she received the praise of Elizabeth. It was for this object that being fond of riding, but especially fond of riding astraddle, after the fashion of men, she on hearing that the Empress liked the English fashion of the side-saddle better, instantly got a side-saddle—only she fitted it with a crutch which could easily be removed, so that, mounting her horse in the style of English ladies for the Empress to see, she could return to the old style of riding astraddle when she was beyond such august observation. How delightful it was to re-

ceive the smiles of the Empress! It was for this object that when Her Majesty appeared before her Court in breeches Catherine was the first to express her admiration, and she said that to see such beauty, such limbs, were it only in a picture, was enough to inflame the imagination of any woman. Who would not have paid such a compliment for the pleasure of hearing the reply—"And I, if I were a man, would first of all pay my addresses to you?" It was for this object, also, that she grew wonderfully attached to the Greek faith. Her piety was unbounded. The Grand Duke could not send to her during Lent, but his messenger would find her and her maidens either praying or singing psalms. A messenger from the Empress would find her weeping over a small prayer-book, which sorely tried her eyes. It was sweet to receive the next day the gift of a prayer-book in large print from Her Majesty. During one season of Lent this pious Grand Duchess fasted for a whole week. The Empress expressed her pleasure, and suggested another week of it. "I pray your Majesty's permission to fast during the whole of Lent," said Catherine, feeling that she derived infinite good from the austerity. Permission was kindly bestowed, and Catherine's soul received further good. The effect on her character was very lovely. One day her mother wanted to rob her of a beautiful dress-piece—blue and silver; she gave it up without a murmur; she prized the piece much; it was hard to part with the treasure; but the pain which was felt was not in parting with the dress—it was in parting with a gift which she had received from the brother of her dear papa. When her mother has a quarrel with the Grand Duke, and both appeal to her, she finds it impossible to take part with either; she dares not disobey the one, dares not displease the other; she remains silent and weeps—how dutifully she weeps! When she bids farewell to the mother whom she describes to us in all her rapacity, selfishness, untenderness, she weeps—the gentle-hearted girl weeps. The husband that has used her so cruelly, and for

whom she cares not a straw, is ill, and she is found weeping like a faithful wife. Her father dies; she weeps for him a whole week; and is so overcome that the Empress takes notice of it,—begs to remind her that her paternal parent was not a King, that he should be lamented for so long as a week. The tender heart, having wept her father to the edification of the Court, next weeps a little King Charles. She cannot bear to see suffering in the meanest thing that breathes. Her attendants are removed from her by order of the Empress as soon as she comes to like them. She weeps her attendants. She is attached to her maid of honour, Mademoiselle Joukoff. Mademoiselle Joukoff is removed, and she weeps *la pauvre* Joukoff. A duenna named Tchoglokoff is placed over her. She hates Tchoglokoff. Tchoglokoff is removed; she weeps Tchoglokoff. Poor dear thing—they laugh at her in the Court for her softness, they wonder at her *détise*, they pity her innocence. Amid all these trials she has one resource in her books. She studies hard. She read Plutarch, Cicero, Montesquieu, de Sevigné, Voltaire, Pierre Bayle. She can endure all trials but one. She is threatened with pimples. Who ever heard of a pimply Empress? Pimples would upset all her plans. She is miserable till she exiles the pimples, at all events from her face. Fortunately, in spite of pimples, she preserves her appearance, and in spite of blood-letting—in one sickness she was bled sixteen times—she preserves her strength.

It is sad to be obliged to say that a nature so beautiful was led into error. Catherine fell—yet how could she help it? No blame to her—it was all owing to Peter and circumstances. She had no children by Peter; she was miserable; she was in the midst of a Court which indulged in the utmost license; she was surrounded by gallant young courtiers, who sighed for her, who worshipped her; she had the infidelities of Peter before her eyes. What was a young woman to do with a heart so tender as hers and so little capable of refusing a favour? There are the Czernicheffs—friends of her hus-



band, his beloved friends. She loves them because they are her dear husband's friends—especially she loves Andrew Czernicheff. She is caught secretly flirting with Andrew. Andrew begs admission into her apartment. “*C'est ce que je ne ferai pas.*” She turns round her head and finds that she is observed. Next day the three Czernicheffs are sent off to regiments far away. After dinner Tchoglokoﬀ comes to take up her post as guardian of the young duchess's morals; and soon also the father confessor pays Catherine a visit, anxious to know the state of her soul. Tchoglokoﬀ is placed beside Catherine not merely as a sheep-dog to guard an innocent lamb, but also as a model wife whose example cannot fail to have the most happy influence. Tchoglokoﬀ is austere, terribly virtuous, the mother of a family, an injured wife—for the male Tchoglokoﬀ is unfaithful, and tries her severely; at least, such is the character which Tchoglokoﬀ bears in the Court. In the course of time Catherine discovers that the rigid Tchoglokoﬀ is made of very different metal. She, too, has her lovers; she, too, must own the soft impeachment. Only Catherine never finds this out in Tchoglokoﬀ until she has succeeded in eluding the duenna, in making her feel that vigilance is of no avail, and in letting her feel that it would be better and easier for both to unbosom to each other than to assume a position of eternal antagonism and suspicion.

Catherine is left to bewail the fate of Andrew Czernicheff, but there is a void in that warm heart of hers for another to fill. Who should fill it but Serge Soltikoff? Serge Soltikoff is a married man, but his wife is stupid; he has extensive sympathies and takes large views of the nature of things. During Lent, that blessed season, in which Catherine had so often previously found advantage in fasting and prayer, Serge Soltikoff lays siege to the desolate duchess. He has his friend Léon Narichkine with him, and they amuse her mightily; they get into the good graces of Madame Tchoglokoﬀ; they flatter the male Tchoglokoﬀ by asking him to write another of those beautiful sonnets. The siege advances:

Serge Soltikoff, without more ado, proposes a capitulation; the good Catherine reasons with him and pities him—pities him, and yields. How could she resist? Serge Soltikoff is beautiful as the day, she says, and the very devil for intrigue. Henceforth Serge Soltikoff is all in all. *Qui va là?* Serge Soltikoff. Who speaks? Serge Soltikoff. Who is her thought by day and her dream by night? Serge Soltikoff. In December, 1752, the Court proceeds to Moscow. Catherine has an accident by the way, to which women are sometimes liable. She is very ill. She cannot see Serge Soltikoff. She gets better, and Serge Soltikoff comes again and again. The Tchoglokoﬀ begins to suspect. Catherine has been eight years married without children; she has these two fellows, Serge Soltikoff and Léon Narichkine, continually coming about her; and she has the accident. Tchoglokoﬀ is convinced, and determines to take advantage of the position. “*Ecoutez, il faut que je vous parle bien sincèrement.*” She points out that it is a State necessity for Catherine to have children; she observes that necessity is above law; and she adds,—“*Vous allez voir si j'aime ma patrie et combien je suis sincère; je ne doute pas que vous n'ayez jeté un coup d'œil de préférence sur quelqu'un; je vous laisse à choisir entre Serge Soltikoff et Léon Narichkine; si je ne me trompe pas, c'est le dernier.*” “*Non, non, pas du tout,*” says Catherine. And the cunning Tchoglokoﬀ replies:—“*Eh bien, si ce n'est pas lui, c'est l'autre sans faute.*” Catherine plays the prude, but from this moment the ice is broken, there are no more difficulties, Tchoglokoﬀ unbosoms herself, and Serge Soltikoff has free scope. In May, 1753, Catherine has another mishap of the kind that awoke the suspicion of Tchoglokoﬀ. Finally, about a year afterwards she presents her husband with a son—the Emperor Paul. The Empress is delighted; Peter is gratified; the Court resounds with congratulations. In testimony of her delight the Empress presents Catherine with 100,000 roubles on a golden salver. Peter is indignant that his share in the transaction has not been equally acknowledged, and so moves

heaven and earth that he, too, gets 100,000 roubles. In the meantime what is the reward of Serge Soltikoff? He is sent to convey intelligence of the birth of Paul to the Court of Sweden. *Sic vos non vobis*. Catherine wept her absent swain, and took comfort in his friend Léon Narichkine. What else could she do? The Empress had taken possession of the little Paul, and, though it was a bitter pang for the tender mother to part with her child, yet she rejoiced to know that he was in such good hands, and she was proud to forget the mother in the Russian Princess. She thought no more of her son. Evidently, therefore, there was a vacuum for Léon to fill, even as Serge had filled the void created by the banishment of Andrew Czernicheff. Léon Narichkine, a young man, witty, thoughtless, full of spirits, bent on mischief, was nothing loth; and especially was he worthy of this honour, inasmuch as when Serge Soltikoff returned to Russia he showed no anxiety to renew his attentions to the Grand Duchess. One night she sat up for him till 3 in the morning, but he did not make his appearance, detained at a lodge of freemasons. Nay, if report spoke true, he had been heard to boast of his amatory successes. All this was too much. Serge Soltikoff is forgotten, and Léon Narichkine reigns in his stead. Léon has a friend, the Count Poniatowski, destined afterwards to share with him the honour of the Duchess's favour. When Léon falls ill Poniatowski is the amanuensis who writes for him the tender missives which are meant for Catherine. When he gets well, he has only to go to the apartments of his lady-love, mew at the door like a cat, and, when the lady gives the signal, enter. Gradually the lovers get very bold. Catherine finds Narichkine waiting for her in her apartments. On one occasion he is lying on the sofa, rolling out his drinking song. The Duchess determines to teach him a lesson, goes for his sister-in-law, procures a lot of nettles, and both return to the chamber, where Léon is found as before. They thrash him with the nettles all over the face and hands, to make him repent of his conduct. Then,

night after, the Duchess goes out to see him and his sisters, disguised in men's clothes. Occasionally Poniatowski diversifies the scene. Count Horne comes from Sweden to visit the Russian Court. Poniatowski takes him to see Catherine in her cabinet, where she sits with a little dog by her side. The little beast sets up a furious barking at Count Horne, but is mad with delight when Poniatowski followed. When the pair leave the presence of the Grand Duchess Count Horne has a remark to make:—"Mon ami, il n'y a rien d'aussi terrible qu'un petit chien de Bologne; la première chose que j'ai toujours faite avec les femmes que j'ai aimées, c'est de leur en donner un, et c'est par eux que j'ai toujours reconnu s'il y avait quelqu'un de plus favorisé que moi." The Count Horne ought to know, for they say of him that he is always in love with three women at once. However, he assures Poniatowski, "Ne craignez rien; vous avez à faire à un homme discret." In the midst of this kind of life it is announced that the Grand Duchess is, to use the language of the *Court Circular*, in an interesting situation. Peter cries out, "Dieu sait où ma femme prend ses grossesses; je ne sais pas trop si cet enfant est à moi, et s'il faut que je le prenne sur mon compte." Perhaps Léon Narichkine, in whose presence this remark is made, is the man most likely to explain the mystery to the Grand Duke, whose suspicions, however, are soon set at rest. He is delighted at the birth of a daughter. On receiving the announcement he clothes himself in the Holstein uniform, booted and spurred, scarf on his person, and an enormous sword by his side. Why in that costume? Why? Because his Duchess is in danger; it is his duty to defend the ducal house against all enemies; and here he is to offer his assistance. He is not jesting, he is perfectly serious—only a little drunk. He receives a present of 60,000 roubles for a daughter; and Catherine receives another 60,000. Léon Narichkine must rest satisfied in the consciousness that virtue is its own reward.

Having done so much to consolidate the fortunes of the house of Romanoff and

to perpetuate its reign, Catherine begins to be a little more bold, to feel her power, and to use it. We have already alluded to the resolve to which she came regarding her husband. She could not live with him; they quarrel dreadfully; it would be impossible to reign with him, and she determines to reign without him. She intrigues to that effect; she lays her trains; there is a tremendous hubbub at Court, and just then the interest is at its highest, when the issue appears most doubtful, down falls the curtain, and the memoir is concluded in the middle of a sentence. It is not improbable that there was some sort of continuation, which may have been burnt, and which would bring the narrative down to her seizure of the throne three years afterwards and to the assassination of Peter. The object of the history evidently is to justify the position which she assumed towards the

Grand Duke, and to inform her son Paul of his real relationship to the murdered Peter. How it must have edified the well-beloved Paul, and especially when in the same collection of secret papers he found the now celebrated letter of Alexis Orloff, announcing to the Empress in a cynical tone the assassination of her husband! From first to last the story is very horrible; but mixed with the tragedy is a comic element, which is the most prominent feature of these memoirs. Here is pomp rolled in the mud, Sovereignty befooled, Divine right transformed, as by the wand of harlequin, into it knows not what, the most pretentious Monarchy in Europe the toy of rakes and the property of panders. The scene passes away, and there needs but Falconbridge to soliloquise—"Mad world! Mad Kings! Mad composition!"

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### WOMAN'S GRACE.

John Keats has sung: "'tis the eternal law  
That first in beauty should be first in might."  
I never read this lesson quite aright  
Until in Woman's life the truth I saw.  
I never knew the strange, enscaptred power  
That dwells in Beauty, though I saw the leaf  
Fluttering its gold amid the Autumn's sheaf,  
Or found within the woods Spring's earliest flower;  
Until I saw, not only in the face  
Of woman, nor in eyes alone, nor form,  
But in her holy soul great Beauty's norm—  
The all-enthraling power possessed by grace;  
Grace two-fold. Mary in her nature sweet,  
And sweeter Mary at her Saviour's feet.

## Editor's Table.

It has been our good or evil fortune to be visited with many and various animadversions in the editorial management of the Southern Literary Messenger. One kind friend has suggested that the work was too didactic, which invariably means to uncritical ears, dull.—another has declared it altogether too frivolous; the articles, according to one caviller, are too long, while another complains that we never allow a contributor to exhaust a subject; now we occupy too much space with the defence of slavery, and again we do not stand up, as we should for Southern institutions; there is not enough editorial matter, we are told, which demonstrates the editor's laziness, and very soon after we hear there is a too-much-ness of the same, which manifests the editor's conceit; it is alleged by some that our criticisms are too lenient (*judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*) and by others that they are unduly harsh; typographical blunders in the use of Latin, Greek, French, German, show our ignorance of these languages, while it is clear that we have no correct acquaintance with our own; we do not write accurate English, we have not profited by Horne Tooke or Deacon Trench, we cannot even spell—all these pleasant little objections have been urged against us to our heart's content. Let us express our thanks for the kindly intentions of the objectors. But up to January 1859, with one single exception, we have never been accused of literary theft. The contributions, good or bad, which have appeared in the Messenger as original, have not been claimed as the property of any one else than those who supplied them, while the Editor could say with Touchstone, of his individual efforts—"a poor thing, Sir, but mine own." Our surprise, then, was great to find in so respectable a journal as the *Charleston Courier* a charge of plagiarism brought against us, based upon a poem published in the January number, and our indignation was greater, when upon inquiry into the facts, we discovered the charge to be well sustained.

Let us therefore explain. The case is a very simple one.

Two or three months ago, we received through the Post Office a letter, bearing the post-mark of Luray, in Page county, Virginia, in which was enclosed a very beautiful poem, entitled "Sunset at Rome." The rhythm was musical—the local allusions were happy—the atmosphere of the whole was just that which hangs over the Pincian on a bright October evening. A note accompanying the MS. gave the author's name as C. Holmes Clark, whom we supposed to be a responsible person, and accordingly we handed the piece to the printer and it came out as original in the Messenger for January. It now appears that the poem was really written as long ago as 1845, perhaps earlier, by a gentleman of Charleston, S. C.—Mr. A. A. Muller, and was embodied in the Charleston Book, a work composed wholly of articles from natives or residents of that city, and published there in the year just mentioned. The accusation is fully borne out. All we can say is that we have been shamefully imposed upon. If "C. Holmes Clark" is a man of straw, if some unknown individual, with loose perceptions of honorable dealing, has assumed the name to betray us into the perpetration of a fraud, we certainly do not envy him the credit which attaches to the performance; but if there be such a person, indeed, we rejoice in the opportunity of stripping the jackdaw of the borrowed plumage in which he has so complacently strutted before the public. There is no meanness more despicable than this. Our acknowledgments are due to the Editors of the *Courier* for enabling us to bring the matter properly to our readers' notice.

We had hoped, before making up the present number of our magazine, to receive a perfect copy of the noble Ode pronounced at the recent Anniversary of the Carolina Art Association, by Paul H. Hayne. But it has not reached us, and we can only judge of it, by the fragments which have been published in the Charleston papers—fragments so beautiful that two or three must be transferred to our Table. Surely is is a fine opening strain:

There are two worlds wherein our souls may dwell,  
 Two mighty worlds by eager spirits sought,  
 One, the loud mart wherein men buy and sell,  
 The haunt of grovelling Moods and shapes of Hell,  
 The other; that immaculate realm of Thought,  
 In whose bright Calm the master-workmen wrought,  
     Where Genius lives on light,  
     And faith is lost in sight,  
 Where the full tides of perfect music swell  
 Up to the heavens that never held a cloud,  
 And 'round great altars worshipping hosts are bow'd;  
 Altars upreared to Love that cannot die—  
 To Beauty that forever keeps its youth,  
 To kingly grandeur, and to virginal Truth,  
     To all things great and pure—  
 Whereof our God hath said—"endure! endure!  
     Ye are but parts of me!  
 The Hath Been, and the ever-more To Be,  
     Of my supremest Immortality!"

In the following lines, we have an earnest and lofty protest against the mammon-worship of the age, the universal homage which is rendered the material to the neglect of the spiritual—

The Present binds us; there is no BEYOND,  
 No glorious Future to the soul content,  
 With the poor husks and garbage of this world;  
 And are, indeed, the wings of Worship furled  
 Forevermore: is no evangel blent—  
 No sweet evangel—with the hiss and hum  
 O' th' Century's wheels of progress—SCIENCE delves  
 Down to the earth's hot vitals, and explores  
 Realms Arctic, and antarctic—the strange shores,  
 Of remote seas— or, with raised vision stands  
 All undismay'd amidst the starry lands:  
     Man, too, material man—our baser selves—  
 She hath unmask'd even to the source of being;  
     She seems almost a God.  
 Deep searching, and far-seeing:  
 And yet how oft like to a funeral—  
 Which goes before the burial of our hopes,  
 Emerging from the starry-blazoned copes  
 Of highest firmaments, of darkest gloom—  
 O' th' nether earth, or from the burdened air  
 Of chambers where this moral frame lies bare,  
 Probed to the core—her mournful accents come.

In a subsequent portion of the Ode, the poet introduces "Eternal Art," grandly impersonated, who answers in high converse to her beauteous sister Science, and invites to the wide realm of the Beautiful extending through all time and space. She sings

"Come! let us enter in!  
 Behold! the portal gates stand open wide;  
 Only, from off thy spirit shake the dust  
 Of any thought of sin,  
     Or sordid pride—  
 For sacred is the kingdom of my trust,  
 By Mind and Strength, and Beauty sanctified!"  
 She spoke! and o'er the threshold of a sphere.  
     A marvellous sphere they pass'd;  
 From the deep bosom of the purpling Air,  
 A lambent glory broke along the vast  
 Horizon line, whence clouds like incense roll'd  
     Athwart a firmamental arc of gold  
 And sapphire—clouds, not vapor born,  
 But clasping each, the radiant seeds of morn,

Which, sudden, the clear zenith heights attain'd  
 Burst into light, unfolding like a flower  
 From out whose quivering heart a mystic shower  
 Of splendor rained:

A spell was her's to conquer time and space,  
 For, from the desert grandeur of that place,  
 A hundred temples rise!

*The marble poems of the Bards of old*

Whereon 'twere well to look with reverent eyes,  
 Because they body noblest aspirations,  
 Ethereal Hopes, and winged imaginations—  
 Whether to fabled Jove their walls were raised,  
 Or, on their inner altars offerings blazed  
 To wise Athene—or in Christian Rome,  
 Beneath St. Peter's mighty-circling dome,  
 A second Heaven—the silver censers swing,  
 The clear-toned choirs their hymn of rapture sing.

Then, evolved from the resplendent imagination of the poet, there came in lengthened line the great masters upon whom Art bids us look. The Ode peals forth the mu-

sic to which these august shades move on, solemn and swelling as a march played for a Coronation in cathedral aisles, and ending in this burst of harmony—

They pass'd, and thousands more pass'd by with them!  
 Again Art's genius spake: "Lo! these are they

Who thro' stern tribulations,  
 Have raised to right and truth the subject nations;

Lo! these are they  
 Who, were the whole bright concourse swept away—  
 Their fame's last barrier built the tide to stem  
 Of chaos and oblivion—whelm'd beneath

The pitiless torrent of Eternal Death,  
 Would yet bequeath to races unbegot  
 The precepts of a faith which dieth not;  
 Pointing from troublous toils of time and sense,  
 From bootless struggles, born of impotence—

To that fair realm of thought,  
 In whose bright calm, these master-workmen wrought,  
 Where the full tides of perfect music swell  
 Up to the heavens.

From the extracts we have given, it will appear that Mr. Hayne has produced an Ode worthy of his poetic fame and his exuberant genius. We hope to find it at length in the next number of *Russell's Magazine*.

*Propos* of our Southern coadjutor, we should have announced last month the ac-

cession to the editorial force of this excellent monthly, of Mr. GEORGE C. HURLBUT. His labours commenced with the number for December. Russell has never lacked grace or ability in the Editor's department, and Mr. Hurlbut's scholarship and taste will render the monthly "Table" of the work yet more attractive.

It was a mournful coincidence that while America was freshly lamenting the death of Prescott, England was called upon to weep over the loss of one of her greatest historians in the decease of Henry Hallam. The following sketch of his life and labours we find in the *London Times*.

"The constellation of writers who shed a radiance on the early part of the present century is fast vanishing away. Not the least remarkable of these, the histo-

rian of the Middle Ages, of the Revival of Letters, and of the English Constitution, Henry Hallam, died on Saturday, Jan. 22, at the great age of 81. He has left but few of his companions behind him, and, more than this, it was his bitter fate to outlive those who should have come after him, to see two sons of rare promise, who should have preserved his name, go before him, the pride of his life snatched from his eyes, the delight of his old age laid low in the dust of death. One of these was that Arthur Henry Hallam, who

died in 1833, and to whom Tennyson dedicated the remarkable series of poems which have been published under the title of 'In Memoriam.' The bereaved father was broken-hearted for his son, and spoke of his hopes on this side the tomb being struck down forever. A year or two afterwards, when he produced the 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe,' there appeared a most affecting passage in the preface, which to those who knew him, suggested the hidden grief that was preying on his mind. He referred to the imperfection of his work, to the impossibility of rendering it complete under any circumstances, and the especial impossibility of his doing so. 'I have other warnings,' he said, 'to bind up my sheaves while I may—my own advancing years and the gathering in the heavens.' His hopes, however, revived as his younger son grew up to manhood, and seemed to promise not less than the accomplished youth whom his father had regarded, and not without reason, as an only one without a fellow. But this son, also, Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, was taken from him shortly after he had been called to the bar in 1850, and the poor bereaved father buried him in Clevedon Church, in Somersetshire, by the side of his brother, and his sister, and his mother.

"There are few literary men who have reached an eminence to be compared with that of Mr. Hallam of whose personal history so little is known to the great public. That he was born in or about 1778, that he was educated at Eton, that from Eton he passed to Christ Church, Oxford, and that at this University he took his degree in 1799, are almost all the facts of his early life which have been published. After leaving the University he took up his residence in London, joined himself to the Whigs, and acquired his first reputation as a contributor to the great Whig Review established in the northern metropolis. It was on account of his supposed connection with the 'Edinburg Review' that he incurred the wrath of Byron, who, in that satire in which he first of all showed his power, referred in ironical terms to 'the classic Hallam, much renowned for Greek.' Greek, however, was not the peculiar study of our historian, who set himself the task of learning all the European languages of importance as the stepping-stone to an acquaintance with the state of Europe during the Middle Ages. He quietly settled down to his work, marrying in the mean time, and in 1811 rejoicing in the birth of his little Arthur, who was such a marvel of a child that at the age of seven he learned to read Latin with fluency in a year. It was amid this domestic happiness and the repose which it provided that, in 1818, he at

length gave to the world the first, and perhaps the greatest, of his works, the 'View of the state of Europe during the Middle Ages'—a work which, although somewhat expensive and by no means adapted to the popular taste, has gone through a dozen editions. In every page of this history we are struck with the enormous industry and the conscientiousness of the writer, which in union with his sagacity of thought and pith of composition have rendered every work produced by him standard of its kind. He waited nine years and then gave to the world his 'Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the death of George II.' Nothing can be more masterly than the manner in which he has here traced the history of the English Constitution from its first faint beginnings to its perfect development. It is a vast treasury of political thought—an armory of political facts; in itself the Magna Charta of our liberty and our rights, which bears the sign-manual, not of Kings or their Ministers, but of the Muse of History. After these publications, Mr. Hallam turned from political to literary history, preparing to write a full account of the revival of letters and the various steps by which a literature came to be cultivated in the vernacular languages of Europe. It was while engaged in this work, and while his heart was full of joy in the acquirements of his elder son, who had just left College, and who, under his father's eye, was now studying the *Institutes* of Justinian and the *Commentaries* of Blackstone, now writing short papers for various works, reviews of Tennyson for a magazine, biographies of Burke and Voltaire for the Portrait Gallery of the Useful Knowledge Society, that the great affliction came which seemed for a time to prostrate the historian, and which certainly gave a mellowness to his habits of thought as well as a depth of feeling to his whole character that had the happiest influence on his critical disquisitions."

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That must have been at once a sad and a joyous celebration which was held by the Alumni of William and Mary College on the 19th of February. That day was the 166th Anniversary of their Alma Mater, and it had been designed to hold high festal rites, graced by oratory and song, at the ancient Capital of Virginia, in honour of the venerable institution which connected by a bright chain of memories the sovereign State of the present with the Colony of the past. But within a few days of the anti-

cipated festivities, the old College building, endeared by so many tender associations to every Alumnus, and prized by the antiquarian as a relic of the age of Anne, was burned to the ground. The sad intelligence was carried far and wide, and, though it was quickly announced that the Anniversary would be observed as if no such unhappy accident had occurred, the effect was to prevent the assembling together of that numerous band of foster-children, scattered throughout the country, which would otherwise have been gathered at the old seat of learning. Yet many, impelled by that strong affection which remains the same in the hour of distress as in the hour of gratulation, did repair to the quiet city to look upon the ruins of the college and to exchange their regrets over the disaster and their views as to the best means of repairing it. Before them were the blackened walls and the smouldering ashes of old William and Mary, on which they looked as a devotee might look upon the fragments of a precious cup broken at some holy shrine, but from each other's faces, they caught the assurance that the college would be rebuilt, that Williamsburg should not cease to attract the youth of the State to an Academus whose walks and bowers were fragrant of Revolutionary renown, and, with heart of hope, they mingled their regrets with resolves which the fire of eloquence and the passion of poetry contributed to incite to action. Committees were appointed to solicit from the Alumni in all parts of the Union, and from the citizens of Virginia generally, subscriptions for a new College edifice, and these committees have already entered upon their duties with a zeal which gives promise of success.

The poem of St. George Tucker, recited at the meeting on the 19th of February, is before us in the columns of the *Norfolk Argus*. Like all Mr. Tucker's writings in verse, it is distinguished by grace and melody, felicity of expression and elevation of thought. It is entitled "An Epic of William and Mary College," and herein we discover the only fault, if it be such, we shall have to allege in the composition. An Epic it is not, except in so far as it is narrative, for it refers not to a single epos or action and wants the *unity* which properly belongs to this kind of poetical writ-

ing. It is a series of animated pictures, beautifully finished, following upon each other in rapid and brilliant succession and relieved by passages of tender and lofty imaginings; the whole concluding with a pathetic appeal for the perpetuity of the college. Such is the poem as originally prepared, in the heroic measure, before the fire had consumed the venerated structure built after the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. To this is appended a few stanzas, in the Spenserian measure, suggested by the conflagration. Our limits will admit of our taking only two or three extracts from this fine effort.

In alluding to the great men of a by-gone age whose collegiate course had been passed within the walls of William and Mary, Mr. Tucker is brought to speak of his father and uncle, the lamented Henry St. George, and Beverly Tucker, in these beautiful lines:

If, in this picture gallery of song,  
Two I select, from that illustrious throng,  
And with affection's pencil, ever warm,  
Touch the dim canvas of each honored  
form—

If, rapt and pensive, here too long I halt  
To mourn their loss, forgive the filial fault.  
The stream, that glides along its murmuring  
course,

Remembers piously its parent source,  
And when, exhaled, it soft ascends to heaven

And trembling hangs upon the cloud of  
even,

'Twill often fall in gentle dews and rain  
Like pious drops, upon its fount again.  
Brothers they were, of pure and ancient  
blood,

Gifted, and brave, and generous, and good;  
In life's arena, steadfast, bold and calm,  
Without the dust, they bore the victor's palm  
Resigned the volume of their lives to clasp,  
The world at length falls from their slack-  
ening grasp,

And they, whom cruel death could ne'er  
divide,

Sleep in Virginia's valley side by side.  
Past is their day, and if beyond their lives,  
The precious influence of their deeds sur-  
vives,

'Tis but the glow, which though the sun be  
set,

Lingers in western clouds and gilds them  
yet.

The local traditions of Williamsburg are most happily wrought into the poet's tapestry, and the old Virginia gentleman, of the



stock that fought the fight with England is thus boldly drawn—

Where the old Raleigh, which for many  
a year,  
Welcomed the traveller with its bounteous  
cheer,  
Now, seeks like some old landlord to re-  
gale  
The curious guest with legend's pleasing  
tale,  
Around the simple hearth which blazes yet  
The simple planters of Virginia met,  
Discussed the news, and cursed in equal  
terms  
The odious stamp act and tobacco worms.  
There was an air of plain but manly grace  
That lit the planter's noble form and face,  
And spoke him (not of high and ancient  
blood)  
A Knight by nature, patented of God.

His broad and manly brow, serene and  
bland,  
Told of the liberal heart and open hand—  
What though in his unweeded nature grew  
Foibles and frailties? Virtues flourished  
too—  
If from his lips the unbidden oath would  
burst,  
His soul was blessing even while he cur-  
sed—  
If to his cheek the ready blood would start  
In sudden ire, he had a noble heart;  
Gentle and just, yet chivalrous and brave  
Bold he resented, generous he forgave.

His views of government are rude and  
 quaint  
He loves to serve, yet serve without re-  
straint,  
Proud to the customs of his sires to cling,  
His highest freedom is to love his King.  
Not prone the evidence of truth to search,  
A protestant and faithful to the church,  
E'en here his pious creed its colour gains  
From British blood still flowing in his veins;  
He thinks religion is a useful thing  
A duty that a subject owes a King,  
And draws the forms, in which his soul de-  
lights,  
From Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights.

"Blest with content, he cares not far to  
roam  
Beyond the quiet precincts of his home,  
Where crowned with honour, he has learn-  
ed to reign  
The undisputed Lord of his domain—  
Here, while around his hearth harmonious  
move  
The three fair sisters, Plenty, Peace, and  
Love,  
With separate blessings weave the blended  
woof  
Of bright content beneath his happy roof,

Screened from the world, a stranger to its  
strife  
He learns the lessons of his simple life.  
To those below him, firm and just and  
kind,  
To equals bland, and liberal and refined,  
And though his spirit never brooked con-  
trol,  
To those above him loyal to the soul.  
Thus passed his tranquil life, with scarce  
a wave,  
Till sinking gently to the quiet grave,  
He left a lesson, brief but eloquent,  
How blest the life of virtuous content.

" 'Tis men like these, whose iron natures  
wrought  
With love of independence best are  
taught  
With ready hand a freeman's sword to  
draw,  
To assert their rights—yet to maintain the  
law.  
'Tis thus our pristine crest—the rattlesnake  
Slumbers innoxious in his native brake,  
Till roused to wrath, he springs from fatal  
coil  
To strike with death the invader of his  
soil.  
—With souls of honour, pure and free  
from stain,  
Slow to resist but dreadful to maintain  
Their valour flashes brightly through the  
gloom,  
And they who raised the storm, the storm  
illumine.  
So in the tempest when the thunder loud,  
In rattling echoes bounds from cloud to  
cloud,  
While the fierce lightnings flash athwart  
the heaven  
Bright rents amid the pall of darkness  
ripen,  
The timid heart finds in their vivid form  
The cause, and yet the solace of the  
storm."

The following invocation in behalf of  
the College was the termination of the  
poem proper—

"Then by the memory of their early  
sires,  
By all the pride that memory still inspires,  
By Freedom's self who lit her torch divine  
From the pure fire that burns on Learn-  
ing's shrine,  
And by the consecrated dust of those  
Who in your ruins undisturbed repose—  
Our Alma Mater prays each filial son  
To keep her name unsullied as his own—  
Resplendent gems of science glitters now  
On the tiara round Virginia's brow;  
Her University with radiance bright  
Scatters abroad her Kohinoor of light,  
And lesser jewels shed their milder rays,

Pure as the ruby or the sapphire's blaze—  
 Yet let us not amid their light forget  
 This pristine stone, whose lustre sparkles  
 yet,  
 But while their brilliancy we proudly  
 scan,  
 Untarnished keep this ancient *talisman*."

A noble conclusion surely, and would  
 that there had been no need of writing  
 another line, yet the stanzas which are  
 appended are equally feeling in their re-  
 ference to the destruction of the building,  
 and inspiring in their augury of future  
 usefulness for the institution—

"But what is man! And what his fond-  
 est hope!  
 The shifting racks that grace the evening  
 sky—  
 The fleeting forms of the Kaleidoscope  
 That glitter but to cheat the expectant eye,  
 These are the emblems of his destiny!  
 Like thoughtless children e'en on ruin's  
 verge,  
 We careless chase hope's gilded butter-  
 fly—  
 Yet all our joys in dark afflictions merge,  
 And our triumphant lay becomes a funeral  
 dirge.

"Brief days are passed away—nay  
 scarcely hours—  
 Since first your minstrel turned his rugged  
 rhyme  
 Into a simple wreath of modest flowers

Culled in our own Virginia's genial clime,  
 To lay upon the tomb of ancient Time.  
 Yet scarcely were his filial labours ended  
 Than the old college e'en in death sub-  
 lime,  
 While round her form the shroud of flame  
 ascended,  
 The ashes of our sires with her own ashes  
 blended.

"It may be fancy, but it seemed to him  
 As though our ancient mother could not  
 stay  
 When far in Eld she saw the spectres dim  
 Of early kindred beckon her away.  
 In preparation of her natal day\*  
 (Ah little did we think it was her last)  
 She raised the spirits she could not atlay,  
 Then on her sons one tender gaze she cast  
 And calm and tranquil joined the irrevoca-  
 ble past.

"Yet no! she cannot die! amid the  
 flame,  
 Which like a death shroud binds her in its  
 fold.  
 Her spirit walks serene in deathless flame  
 Like to the martyred Israelites of old.  
 The fire but purifies the virgin gold  
 Frees the rough ore, and burns away the  
 rust—  
 Then ere the burnished metal waxes cold,  
 With pious reverent hearts her children  
 must  
 Renew her ancient impress "*WISDOM AND  
 TRUTH AND JUST!*"

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## Notices of New Works.

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LA PLATA, THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION  
 AND PARAGUAY; *Being a Narrative of the  
 Exploration of the Tributaries of the River  
 La Plata and Adjacent Countries, during  
 the years 1853, '54, '55 and '56, under the  
 orders of the United States Government.*  
 By THOS. J. PAGE, U. S. N., Commander of  
 the Expedition. With map and numerous  
 engravings. New York: Harper & Bros.  
 [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

A highly interesting volume in which  
 are embodied the results of the United

States Expedition to the River La Plata  
 and the countries adjoining, in the years  
 1853—'56. Captain Page, it will be recol-  
 lected, was in command of the Expedition  
 and was in company with the Water  
 Witch at the time this vessel was fired  
 into by the authorities of Paraguay, which  
 outrage is the subject of the present diffi-  
 culty between our own country and that  
 distant South American Republic. The  
 book he has given us is in the highest de-  
 gree creditable to him as an accurate ob-  
 server, and it goes to show the literary

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\* The college was founded 8th February, 1693, Old Style, and was destroyed by fire  
 8th February, 1859, New Style.

culture which marks in general the officers of the American Navy. We should like to lay before our readers such extracts from the Narrative, as would enable them to follow the gallant captain in his wanderings among the Paraguayans, but our limits forbid, and we must content ourselves with presenting a single passage as a specimen of the style, and advising them to procure the work.

The following is a lively picture of society at Asuncion—

"The better class of society in Asuncion consists of a few families of Spanish origin, among whom there are not many individuals who could meet, according to our ideas, a good educational standard, though the men possess a vast deal of *susaviter in modo*, and the women are graceful and talk amazingly well. They have much talent for narration, and will give jaguar and Indian stories with infinite spirit.

"Madam Lopez resided at a quinta about six miles from the town. The distance afforded a pleasant ride, and we were always kindly received by the Senora and her fair daughters, who have all the ease of manner and tact which is so attractive in the Spanish-American women. In the half dozen families of the city that formed the circle of our acquaintance we were always hospitably received, and with several of them our social intercourse was truly agreeable. Foreign articles of female attire are replacing the primitive fabrics, which the arbitrary decrees of Franca obliged all to use. The laces of France and Belgium are superseding the elaborate domestic cotton productions of earlier days, which are now only used as trimmings for bed furniture, or are bought by foreigners as curious specimens of female handicraft. In the houses of the wealthy at Asuncion, the house-linen is tastefully decorated with these domestic laces.

"At the capital, and indeed at all the river towns of La Plata, a pretty custom prevails among the Senoritas, of presenting every visitor with flowers. Their gardens may not display a large collection, but if they produce but a single sprig of sweet odour it is given to the first comer. In calling at different houses in the course of the afternoon, the visitor would accumulate quite a number of bouquets, did he not learn from experience that, to save himself from a broadside of graceful reproaches, it would be advisable to conceal or part with the flowers of Senorita Maria before entering the presence of Senorita Thérèse. Each lady must suppose that she is the sole object of the afternoon's homage.

"We were invariably offered refreshments, either maté or English ale, which is very popular among the Paraguayans, and throughout the river towns—or the *panales*, a very refreshing domestic drink, made of the white of eggs and sugar beaten together, and formed into cakes of a cylindrical shape, looking like a delicate honeycomb. A little negro presents the visitor with a plate of these, always with a glass of water; the panales immersed in the water dissolves immediately, and affords a simple but delicious beverage. The servant after offering this goes out, but soon returns with the *braseiro*—a small brass vessel containing a few coals of fire—and a plate of cigars. This last hospitality is offered in every house, however humble its pretensions in other respects; and all men, women and children—delicate, refined girls, and young masters who would not with us be promoted to the dignity of pantaloons—smoke with a gravity and gusto that is irresistibly ludicrous to a foreigner. My son sometimes accompanied me in these visits, and was always greatly embarrassed by the pressing offer of cigars. I made his excuses by saying, 'Smoking is a practice we consider injurious for children.' 'Si, señor,' the Paraguayan would reply, 'with all other tobacco, but not with that of Paraguay.'

"On no occasion, while in Asuncion, were we invited to 'dine out,' or take tea; and dinners by invitation, or meals taken socially with other families, are unknown. I had frequently visitors while at breakfast, but never could prevail on one to join me at table. The Paraguayans rise early, take maté and cigars, then visit or transact business during the cool of the morning. At midday they dine, then retire for a *siesta*, during which the streets are deserted, every store and dwelling closed, and a profound stillness reigns through the town. After a few hours the houses are reopened, cigars and maté are again served, and each one goes to his daily vocation. Riding, visiting, or walking occupies the time from sundown till 9 o'clock, when supper finishes the labors and enjoyments of the day."

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THE LADY'S MANUAL OF NEEDLE WORK, &c., &c. By Mrs. PULLAN, (Aiguillette.) New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, Publishers. 1859. [From G. M. West, 145 Main Street.

We have not given the titlepage of this little volume in full, because to do so would have left us no space whatever to say anything of the merits of the manual. The names of not less than twenty-six different kinds of fancy-work are given as being embraced in its teachings, while Mrs. Pul-

lan appends to her *nom de plume* of "Aiguillette" the authorship of ever so many works on the æsthetics of dress and the titles of numerous journals of high repute in the world of fashion to which she has been a contributor. Distrusting our own qualifications to decide upon the excellence of a treatise on subjects of which our masculine nature is necessarily ignorant, we placed the book in the hands of a young lady of great ingenuity and skill in the lighter forms of female handicraft, and she has assured us that we may safely recommend it to the attention of the sex. In justice to the publishers it must be said that they have spared no expense in bringing out the Manual in proper style. It is abundantly illustrated with diagrams, designs beautifully wrought in colours, and engravings, of which there are not less than three hundred altogether. A charming present for a young lady.

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**THE OLD PLANTATION, and What I Gathered there in the Autumn Month.** By Jas. Hungerford, of Maryland. 1 vol., 12mo., pp. 375. New York: Harper & Brothers. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

This is a most agreeable story of Southern country life. The scene is laid in Maryland, but the descriptions will apply almost equally well to other slave-holding communities. The characters are well-drawn and the narrative is charmingly simple and natural. Mr. Hungerford has performed a good office for his State in writing such a book, for its merits ensure its popularity and truthful representations of Southern society, like this, will do more than laboured treatises to vindicate us before the world against the charges of malignant fanatics.

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**BLIND BARTIMEUS; or, The Story of a Sightless Sinner and His Great Physician.** By Rev. WILLIAM J. HOGG, Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, Prince Edward, Virginia. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. 1859.

Whoever has heard the Rev. William J. Hogg preach, will need no persuasion to procure this modest little volume and read it, when the fact is stated that it is made up

of a series of discourses based upon the affecting story of Bartimeus in the New Testament. We think no one can carefully examine it without being impressed with a high respect for the author's intellect and heart. Unlike many works of a similar character, it is distinguished by a style at once elegant and simple, every page betrays the scholar as well as the dialectician, and the whole breathes a spirit of the most exalted piety. It cannot fail, we think, of a kindly reception at the hands of all Christians, who will receive its teachings and consolations with gratitude.

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**THE LAIRD OF NORLAW.** By the author of "Margaret Maitland," etc. 1 vol., 12mo., pp. 369. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A new work by the author of "Margaret Maitland" is sure to be read, and that lady has written nothing more interesting than "The Laird of Norlaw." Some of the incidents are too painful to be pleasing, the opening one is full of horror, but the reader is placed by it at once under the spell of the author's genius and forced, as it were, to trace the fortunes of the family introduced to the close of the volume. The sketches of Scottish life and character impress us as being truthful and a genuine humanity pervades the story. It may be safely set down as one of the best works of fiction recently issued in this country.

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**ECHOES OF MEMORY AND EMOTION. SKETCHES OF LIFE AND LANDSCAPE.**

Such are the titles of two little works by the Rev. Ralph Hoyt, which have been published in handsome but cheap form in aid of rebuilding the church of the Good Shepherd, destroyed by fire some months ago in New York. We need say nothing of Mr. Hoyt as a poet, his verses are well known, and one of his lyrics, "The World for Sale," has attained a very wide popularity. But apart from the intrinsic merits of these modest volumes, the cause which their sale is designed to assist, commends them to the benevolent everywhere. Miss Hoyt, a niece of the author, is now on a tour through the South, endeavouring to dispose of them and we hope she will meet with abundant success.

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Is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and above all, by the venereal infection.—Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says: "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood or corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by heat by food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

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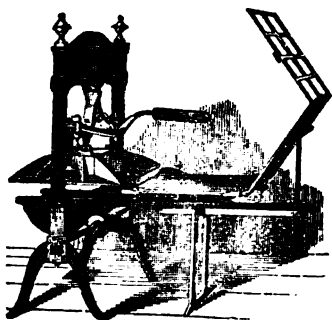
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# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER

R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.



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RICHMOND, Va.

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# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

RICHMOND, APRIL, 1859.

## LETTERS OF A SPINSTER.

*Concerning the Inauguration of the 50th President of the United States, and the Public Affairs of the 21st Century.*

### LETTER IX.

FROM MISS JANE DELAWARE PEYTON,  
*Presently at Washington.*  
TO MISS MARY TIBBERIN BOONE,  
*Rasselas, Oregon.*

WASHINGTON, *Quarter of the Senate,* }  
Feb. —, 2029. }

MY DEAR MARY:

The end of my last letter found us in the middle of an analysis of Congress, in which we were considering the members as subjects of Natural History, and specimens of the *genus homo*. This is a stand-point from which they are not often examined or noticed by publicists. To us women-kind, it is perhaps the best point of view. For I believe all admit that the worth and dignity of one sex can only be fully estimated by the other. I will therefore, if you permit me, continue the analysis a little farther. Having characterized the first class, the debaters, as men of dominant personal influence, familiar with the rules of business, who eschew long speeches and are contented to stand as exemplars and patrons rather than expounders of important measures: I proceed to consider the second class, the workers. These men occupy in the National Assembly, the place which in the older communities of Europe was filled by the gentry; the burghesses; the people of good, an order which among us is usually denominated

the middle class. This order wherever it exists—and it is a necessary component of all healthful organizations—exercises a constant and powerful influence upon all its correlatives: acting silently in ordinary affairs, it becomes visible only where its effect is required to be supreme.

“Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.”

Like the atmosphere of our planet, pressing us always with a weight, at once constant, and considerable but unfelt; ministering to our most essential wants and comforts, yet whose full power is only unfolded when it winds itself in the whirlwind or careers in the storm. When the mutterings of this agent are heard either among a people or their representatives, there is no need for the rulers to ask if it be thunder.

In our Congress it is this class who assimilate and digest the immense mass of information which comes before the Legislature, and direct and apply it to the control or improvement of the different administrative bureaus. Their first influence is felt in the Committees, but in all public discussions, either in the chambers or in the country, it is from their reports, and investigations alone that certain and practicable information can be obtained. Whenever to a high capacity for analysis and investigation, these members add personal influence

and a talent for speaking, they become masters of the chamber in which they move: and if they be not tempted to speak too often, and thus lose themselves among the mere formalists and debaters, they soon come to have dominant authority in all public matters. When public opinion divides upon great questions of policy, as to revenue, commerce, currency or internal improvement, such men fall naturally into the place of leaders, and possess from their previous culture and exercise, the magisterium of knowing and feeling their subject; a quality in which the mere debaters—the fuglemen in all ordinary discussions—are very apt to be deficient. A representative of this character sometimes in a single session reaches a position from which his course to the highest honour lies full before him, and there have been several instances where a transition from the lower house to the Presidency has been effected without passing through the Senate. The workers too have always given the most signal examples of true eloquence. I told you in a former letter that this power is no longer of any use among men; that it has the same function in the Senate as in the play-house; is an excitement and a pleasure merely. Yet it is a healthful exercise, even if it change no vote, to hear now and then a gifted speaker, standing above the low atmosphere of personal politics, with which all ordinary legislation is more or less beclouded, and presenting from this elevation true and comprehensive representations of great national interests, accompanied by earnest appeals to natural and patriotic feelings in their support. These speeches, unfrequent though they be, not only purify the atmosphere, but they refresh and strengthen the language itself. In an age of such rapid progress as that in which we live, there is a strong tendency to technicality of expression, almost amounting to slang; and this peculiarity is no where more visible than in the Senate. There are a set of speakers who cannot call things by their right

names; or, who would make all nouns proper. With them a thing cannot be *begun*, it must be *initiated* or *inaugurated*; or finished, it must be a *finality*. Lands cannot be *given* to a road or a college, they must be *donated*. A house cannot be *fired*, it must be *ignited*; nor *burned*, it must be *conflagrated*. A man cannot *differ* in opinion, he must take *issue*—nor *hear* an opinion, he must *entertain* it. A *rich grandfather* is an *antecedent*; and a *poor cousin* a *consanguinity*. A *quit-claim* is a *muniment of title*. A *community of interest* is a *solidarity*; and recently for the good old Saxon word, *heavy*, which sounds as if it had some weight in it—there has been so constant a substitution of the Roman adjective *grave*, that even State papers and judicial opinions are so full of *grave* questions, *grave* reasons and *grave* considerations, as to gravel an ordinary person's judgment, or put him in mind of the homelier word of the same orthography, signifying that final tenement which we must all occupy. Words are chosen without even Costard's reason in the play.\* "Pray you, sir, how much carnation-ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration." Among such wordiness it is comfortable to hear true men put language to its right use, avoiding slang and cant, and thus giving to their sentiments at the same time plainness and dignity. Such honesty is always appreciated. So when a working member, the other day, designated a certain tricksy politician, who has for a goodly number of years sustained himself before the public, by aid of very middling talents coupled with an entire lack of principle, as a *clever* man, the hit was at once felt and palpable. The adjective is, you know, of equivocal and uncertain derivation, but here it did wonders.

The character and office of those whom I have designated as voters, has also in it something peculiar, and comprehends more than their simple answer in divisions of the house. The voters are always men of ripe age and experience; usually

men of fortune and influence, and intimately acquainted with the interests and feelings of the districts which they represent. It is a part—and no small part either—of the duties of a member of Congress to be the agent and lawyer of his constituents of all classes at the seat of government, and proper attention in this respect is a very valid recommendation. This class of members usually come from the oldest and most populous districts, where family influence has had time to operate and give value to names merely. They are also sometimes from the large cities, in which case they may be either chosen from the magnates, or as more frequently happens, be new men, successful merchants, manufacturers or bankers. In the House of Representatives the voters, including those who make one or two set speeches in a Session, constitute about three fifths of the chamber, the remainder being composed in about equal parts of working men and debaters. In the Senate the division is more unequal and less susceptible of analysis. In both chambers, however, the leading members, those destined to be rulers of the people, come from the middle and rural districts, where the original man is produced in greater strength and perfection, nurtured among purer and holier associations, and sheltered from the vices and dissipations of crowded cities, until he have acquired the ability to contend with and overcome them. In this way the older States come often to have the weakest representatives.

This reminds me of an enquiry in one of your former letters. Why the admission of the new State of Oonalashka was a matter of so much importance, and why the Senators from the new States are generally, if not always, rather above than under the ordinary standard of ability. The latter case, as you say, is not universal, but frequent, for reasons which I will tell you, as I have heard them myself. The admission of a new State has, at all stages of the government, been a matter of much importance, not only because it adds immediately to the patronage of the general government,

but brings at once two new members to the most permanent branch of the Legislature. When this body is nearly equally divided on some cardinal point of policy, and becomes recusant or refractory, it weakens, agitates and makes uncertain the whole action of an administration. In such emergency, adding two or three new States to the Union, is as efficient a corrective as the creation of a batch of new peers in the British house of Lords—an expedient I believe first resorted to, by that most profligate of ministers, Sir Robert Walpole—only in our case the thing cannot be done as readily, but requires forethought and management, as well as co-operation.

You know that in the creation of the new States, there has always been an inchoate government or prefecture as a territory. And in the earlier days of the Republic, this preliminary territorial government had always a duration of several years. The hordes of supernumerary population from the old world had not yet been stirred up into those strong currents which were at a later period projected upon the shores of this continent,—the territories were therefore populated slowly and continued for a long time in a state of tutelage. They were governed by the laws of the United States, having a governor and judges appointed by the President; a territorial Legislature and a delegate to Congress, chosen by themselves, who was the curator of their interests at the seat of government, having a seat but no vote in the House of Representatives. In this state they continued, becoming gradually more familiar with the customary forms of representative government, until a certain prescribed amount of population had been reached, when, on their application, a law was passed by Congress, called technically an enabling act, by which they were authorized in their primary assemblies to form a State Constitution under which, if consonant with the constitutions of the other States, or in other words, republican and representative in its character, and when the proceedings had been properly authenticated by Congress, they were admitted into the

confederacy as a free and independent State.

For the first thirty or forty years this process went on orderly and quietly, but after the bounds of the country had been enlarged by purchase and conquest; when sectional differences and interests began to make their appearance; and, worst of all, when the question of slavery arose, the North arraying and banding itself against the South, in reference to this domestic institution as it was called—the process of giving birth to a new State intended by the founders of the government, to be an easy, natural and ordinary proceeding, became a most difficult and dangerous species of parturition, threatening death and dismemberment to the body politic. From the time of the purchase of Louisiana in 1804, this germ of discord became gradually apparent, and when Florida had been added to our domain, the line of party on this subject had become definite and distinct. The question originally had been a fair one, existing between two rival interests; between planter and manufacturer—between land-owner and ship-owner; between cotton and cloth; tobacco and pipe; between producer and consumer.

As such it was an important, and certainly a proper subject for legislation, and did not connect itself with the peculiarities or domestic institutions of either of the contesting parties. The North had as little concern with the swart labourers in the cotton fields of the Carolinas as the South had with the pale faces who minister at the spindles and looms of Manchester and Lowell—unless indeed, they meant (a thing by the way, not altogether unlikely to happen in the end) to substitute steam and iron men, for that peculiar form of humanity which has hitherto been found the only one fitted for agricultural labour in the torrid zone. But as the contest, originally one of interest, waxed warm, bye-words and party cries became necessary—these were chosen, as they always will be, from the most offensive and opposite peculiarities, and hence arose the approbrious epithets of slavery and anti-slavery—tin-pedlar and negro driver—

Yankee and Southerner until the halls of the Capitol were filled with slang and personality, and the controversy itself changed its character, and instead of being one of interest and policy, became one of habits and morals—a sort of controversy always rancorous, illiberal and bitter. Even when the slave question was at its height, all reflecting persons saw that it was accident or pretence merely. At the very time when the pulpits of the North were thundering their most terrible anathemas against the slave power as it was called, the United States Marshal found it difficult to prevent slave-ships from being fitted out in the port of New York; and the South, while vindicating their domestic institution as of divine permission, if not appointment, were well aware that it was leaving a remnant of free black population among them which, for some considerable period at least, must be a burden and a plague. Nor was the pretended character of this slave agitation apparent only on this continent. At this time also, when British philanthropists were crying out loudest; when English squires refused West India sugar for their punch, and English ladies rejected it for their tea; when the combined fleets of France and England were cruising on the coast of Africa, to prevent the slave-ships from plying their traffic, British merchant vessels were importing coolies by thousands into the West Indies—a species of merchandise more detestable and inhuman than that for whose suppression their government had been so long and so absolutely pledged.

When it became evident that the interests of the two sections were to be thus complicated with a question of morals, an attempt was made to settle the difficulty by an amicable agreement, in which it was provided that hereafter, no slave State should be admitted north of the parallel of 36° 40' of north latitude or the southern boundary of Missouri, while in all territory south of that parallel, slavery was permitted as before. This compact was sanctioned by a law of Congress in 1820,—the act itself containing the gross anomaly of creating a

slave State north of the boundary, by which slavery was hereafter to be limited. This law, known in those times as the Missouri Compromise, was evidently an agreement merely, not recognized or supported by any constitutional provision, and binding only in honour upon the contracting parties. It had the unhappy effect of recognizing and making palpable a geographical division, and marshalling upon it the two great conflicting interests and prejudices against each other. The only object thought of in 1820 seems to have been to divide the public domain equally between the two parties, and let them demonstrate which was the strongest. From this time forth you may conceive that the admission of a new State would become a matter of the very highest importance.

The annexation of Texas in 1845, and the extension of the Republic by conquest and purchase in the three succeeding years, unsettled the basis of the compact of 1820, and produced an increased agitation on the subject of slavery, which the politicians of the day attempted to quiet and educate by another agreement made in 1850. This latter arrangement had but little effect upon the existing disturbance which, as I said before, had been merged in a question of morals. The pulpit and the press had both used it as a proper subject for irritation. In this state of affairs, to-wit: in 1854, a law was passed creating two new territories, Kansas and Nebraska, both of which, by the agreement of 1820 were to be free States, and good faith would seem to have made it obligatory on both parties to admit them as such. Unfortunately at this conjuncture there were interests of another character mingling in the general commotion, and a proviso was added to the law creating the two new territories, advancing the principle that every State had absolute sovereignty over its own domestic institutions, and therefore that the two new territories after they had attained the requisite amount of population, might be admitted as free or slave States at their own election. The rhodomontades written and uttered about this time concerning sover-

eignty, organic laws, inalienable rights, delegated powers,—the logomachic attempts to settle a practical question by discoursing

“What majesty should be—what duty is, Why day is day—night, night, and time is time,”

will continue at least for a period to be curiosities in the way of political literature as voluminous as they are worthless. The effect of this piece of diplomacy (and it was well foreseen at the time) was to convert Kansas—the most southern of the two territories, into a battle-field for the two great parties to fight out their quarrel. Associations were formed immediately after the passage of the law in the North Eastern States to force population from that section into the new territory, while parties of the opposite or southern interest were forced in through the adjoining slave States of Missouri. The consequence was fire raising, murder, fighting on a small scale,—stuffed ballot-boxes and forged lists of the polls, and as near an approach to insurrection and civil war as can ever be made among an intelligent people who have no actual cause of quarrel.

\* \* \* \* \*

During all this turmoil, the men who were candidates to represent the new State in Congress, were leaders in the preliminary contests, heading mobs, burning houses, breaking types (the new order of iconoclasts) uttering manifestoes and bearing throughout the country soubriquets signifying insurrection and rebellion. This history, which has carried me further than I intended, will serve for answer to your query, why Senators from the new States are in general under favourable circumstances, rather above than under the ordinary standard of ability. They are, almost in every instance, men educated in older communities, who have followed the high tides of emigration, and thus been borne upward to places of trust and eminence without having passed through the lower and intermediate grades of office. They have therefore more freshness, force and

momentum, than the smooth and rounded martinets coming from the older States. In truth they may be considered as prætors and pro-consuls, who having extended the area of the Republic, return to the Capitol in triumph to give an account of their doings—bringing with them neither treasure nor captives; but new ores and minerals, precious stones, fruits and animals of different climates, materials for future industry and enterprise, and pledges of future wealth and progress.

I have made, I think, some progress in my catechism, and I hope you will give me some credit for it. Adieu.

J. D. P.

#### LETTER X.

WASHINGTON, *Quarter of the Senate,* }  
Feb. —th, A. D. 2029. }

MY DEAR MARY:

The city is beginning to give decided symptoms of the approach of the great ceremonial. The streets are more populous: the churches and theatres full. There are gaudier and fresher liveries and equipages of greater splendour. The merchant princesses are here in gules, or and argent, ermine and miniver, assiduously courted by the retainers and dependents of mammon, point-device in dress, noisy in speech, and peremptory in manners. The dames of the interior are also here in force with finer faces, fuller and more perfect forms than their city rivals: true mothers of the country, with stalwart sons and merry maidens, the real humanities of this great nation. Here is in fact a specimen of every class of society, from the pick-pocket to the millionaire: from the nymph of the pave to the lady patroness of the Magdalen Asylum. Nor is it difficult in the grand *melée* to pick out provincialisms and settle the nativities of individuals, seen for the first time. The whole population may be separated into three grand divisions, North, South and West, the latter having the most marked and original character. The physique of the West is de-

cidedly better than that of the other two sections. There is a greater length of fore-arm in the individual and a more extensive stride (as they say on the turf.) He has also a kind of sweeping gait indicating an acquaintance with distance in large measures, which, like Master Slender's familiarity, has grown into contempt. The features are also bold: the complexion swart: the eyes generally small and keen, and the hair straight and dark-coloured. They are also for the most part broad-chested, with healthy and resonant lungs; fond of air and animals; kind, hearty and hospitable; and when not defiled by tobacco, up to anything human. Between the North and South proper, I mean those occupying the Atlantic coast, who may be considered the progenitors of the race we have just mentioned, there is the distinction of bulk and complexion, the South preponderating in material, and being generally darker of hue. A difference of manner is also immediately perceptible between the two. The open dwellings, large plantations and peculiar domestic institution of the South have given to its people an air of masterdom visible even in the meanest, which imparts to their bearing and conversation a frank, open and benevolent character, while their compatriots of the North, to whom the elements have ministered less benignantly, and rather as tutors than nurses, carry about them an air of prevention and forethought which makes them more staid and less loudly-breathed in their intercourse, and less social and dependent upon others. You will readily conceive that the western natives, being an admixture of these two parent races, may unite the better qualities of both.

There are innumerable shades of patois and idiom in the language of the districts, the difference being always less than between Northumberland and Cornwall or Paris and Besancon, but still plain enough for distinction. A brogue between that of Ayrshire in Scotland and Londonderry in Ireland lingers in Pennsylvania, particularly on the trans-Alleghany side of the State, and carries with it some words which are ob-

solete elsewhere. The Virginians have a mortal aversion to all the *r*'s in the language, except where the letter begins a word. With them it is a vowel, or rather an accent, converting star into staw, forty into fawty, or more nearly into faulty, as that word is usually pronounced by Irishmen who have been in France. They have also a perfectly original and rifle-bore way of pronouncing *g* and *k*, and the consonants which become equivalent to them. This peculiarity offends at first, but is upon the whole an improvement,—and it extends, with slight modification, Westward and Northward among the Virginia derivatives along the valley of the Mississippi. This mighty river, my dear M., has exercised upon our nation a most beneficial and genial influence in being the real and permanent bond of union between the two great interests of the continent. Stretching its capacious arms from the Rocky Mountains to the Alleghanies, and from the arctic to the tropical region, it has presented constantly to the country a natural tie connecting the North and the South: an ever present warning and memento to party and faction, that here at least was a connexion which would resist to the last. It was the rapid assimilation of population from the different parts of the Union along this great artery, that contributed more than any other cause to allay the discontents which arose in the century before the last and to corroborate the Union. He was a great statesman who said, during the excitements of 1850, that in a half a century the whole continent would be in the valley of the Mississippi, and long before that time the prophecy was fulfilled. Great nationalities have only been preserved along the course of mighty rivers where the mouths and the sources chanced to have been held by the same people. In this case, from the time of the first white settlements till now, there has constantly prevailed a feeling of amity, good will and reciprocal dependence at once conciliating and conservatory, for the whole distance, from the merchant at New Orleans to the trapper above St. Peters. This

reflection brings to my recollection the inchoate physiological system of which I spoke to you sometime since. For the present *Revenons nous à nos moutons.*

The North has also its peculiarities of idiom and pronunciation, but they are changeable and dependent upon the modes of language which may be from time to time introduced in the mother country and in Europe. Boston and New York are the entre-pôts into which the last new Anglicisms and Gallicisms are imported as regularly as the newest prints of calico or patterns of silk: and the importation I think rather increases than diminishes, and will continue until the incorporation and admixture of all languages shall produce an universal tongue understood by all men,—a miracle opposite to that produced in earlier times upon the plains of Shinar. Indeed since writing became a trade, as it has now been for many years, new words have been coined and clipped so rapidly, that there is now always in vogue some new term of art, or quirk in construction, by which one can distinguish the expert, learned and travelled man of the world from his homely and provincial fellow-citizen. The pronunciation of the language is, I think, also less distinct and clear at the North than at the South. So that in any coterie of people from the North you will hear more interjections of the character, *Ha?* indicating imperfect hearing: more repetitions, corrections and expletives than among their Southern rivals. This is perhaps mainly, if not solely due to difference of climate. The greater play and expansion of lungs acquired among the inhabitants of a mild region which we know to have given character and expression to the languages of different nations, must necessarily modify the same tongue in different sections of so large an empire as this. So that, in time, we may have of the same English both the opposites which the poet so peevishly specifies—

—“that soft bastard Latin  
Which melts like kisses from a female  
mouth,  
And sounds as though it should be writ  
on satin

With syllables which breathe of the sweet South,  
 And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,  
 That not a single accent seems uncouth,  
 Like our harsh northern whistling, grunting guttural  
 Which we're obliged to hiss and spit and sputter all."

Another peculiarity of utterance which obtains mostly at the North, and is indeed an anglicism or rather, as I believe, a cockneyism, consists in avoiding the sound of the terminating *g* in the present participles. This is a disagreeable peculiarity. It deadens the music of the language, depriving it of a class of sounds which are both ringing and melodious.

If the church had continued to enforce the rigours and abstinence of Lent, as literally as was the custom during the supremacy of the holy Roman establishment, the inauguration of a President falling as it does usually about the middle of the fast, must have been a less joyous and jubilant festival than it now is. This, happily is not the case at present: for though the church has not in the least relaxed her rule in this respect, she has enlarged most liberally the dispensations: so that there is, as I think, no pastime or enjoyment which may not be practised, *con amore*, without danger either of excommunication or penance.

The gaieties attending the accession of a new President are also facilitated by a change in the hour of meeting of Congress. At the commencement of every session this body assembles at eight o'clock in the evening, thus giving time during the day to arrange and elaborate the business referred to the various committees. As the different projects ripen and are ready for action in the chambers, the hour of meeting is advanced into the afternoon, and finally into the forenoon of each day, leaving the evening for relaxation and amusement. The present custom is, in this respect directly the reverse of that which obtained in the earlier days of the Republic. Then the chambers, from the beginning of the

session, met every day at noon. The debates became at once general, and four or five months of each session were wasted in discussing questions of party politics, belonging properly to the press or debating societies, and not to the national council. At this period, and up to the beginning of the twentieth century, it was customary to have one of the appropriation bills nominally before a chamber, while all the speeches made for months together were directed to some dominant political question, and were spoken "after the prompter" to define the position of the speaking member, a species of rhetoric belonging rather to the hustings than to the capitol. To cut off such perfectly useless debate, which at last became offensive, divers expedients were resorted to. Limiting the speeches to an hour or to ten minutes, thus converting the presiding officer into a bell-man or time-keeper: and as a last resort they set apart certain portions of the day for disorderly sessions, like the play-time at school, in which general speaking was to be gone through without any regard whatever to the public business. At this time when a chamber was nearly divided upon an important measure speeches were made often for weeks simply for the purpose of procrastination: or to allow the machinery of intrigue and corruption to operate upon the weak, wavering and unprincipled. This was persisted in until there was an ascertained majority on one side or the other, when the dominant side would determine to sit out the question. At this momentous epoch the committee-rooms were victualled with cold tongue, boned-turkeys, ham, punch and champagne, and the sitting became permanent, until a final vote had been taken. These days have long been over. The very disagreeable but necessary and efficient process of coughing a member down who is dull, disagreeable or has nothing to say, has cured the chambers of all such vices—shortened more than one half the length of the session, and improved vastly the health and consciences of the members and the character of the debates.



There is nothing peculiar in the festivities or entertainments here which can serve to distinguish them from the banquets and hospitalities of other places. From time immemorial it has been the custom to celebrate the occurrence or return of happy events by eating and drinking in public; by song, dance, athletic sports and games: the gods were piously remembered at these celebrations; libations were poured out to them, and choice pieces of the flesh of the victims were burnt for incense to their divinities. I have sometimes ventured to suppose, (which I hope one may do without incurring the charge of impiety,) that among the Greeks and Romans the sweet-breads and tid-bits thus offered, and the preliminary libations of wine poured out upon the ground, may have been intended by wise and pious legislators to answer the double purpose of honouring the gods and limiting the ration. All our animal propensities are "linked to some radiant angel" or other, by which connection their grossness is alleviated and improved: and I presume the only way to render eating and drinking intellectual is to have it done in company. It was for this reason probably that kings and princes, condemned by ceremony and habit to solitary meals, used often to dine in public; and that the good citizens of Paris were enabled to see how skilfully the Grand Monarque could knock off the ends of his boiled eggs. It is at least pretty evident that with slight changes of provender and ceremonial public banquets will continue to the end of the world. Our festal habits in this country were all derived from our English ancestry, whose mighty potations in clear home-brewed and sherry, up to heavy ale and crusty port, have been as much celebrated as their deeds in arms. Up to the end of the nineteenth century an English or American dinner lasted usually four hours,—at least half of that interval being devoted to the circulation of the bottle. In those days the vices of gluttony and intemperance thus patronized if not practised, could only be avoided by the cultivation of a nice taste in material and a judi-

cious arrangement and rotation in its use. It was indispensable to educate the palate and keep the stomach and its main avenues in perfect communication, else all high-feeders would be pudding-heads at first and paralytic at last: while the kindred and more genial vice must necessarily lead its votaries to podagra and tremors.

At about this time the knowledge of chemistry had become so perfect and the elementary components of every substance been so accurately determined, that all wines and strong liquors could be successfully imitated. So far as the sugar and alcohol are concerned this was an easy matter, but the more delicate traits which give to different wines their tinct, aroma and flavour, could not be so readily induced: and were generally attempted by the introduction of common and almost always poisonous ingredients. Thus it came to be known that strychnine, litharge, log-wood, sulphuric and nitric acids, were freely used in these counterfeit compositions, and indulgence became surrounded with invisible and manifold dangers. At this same period the insurance of lives became a general custom, and was used like all other stocks and securities as a new and profitable system of gambling. Men had the lives of their relatives, servants, and any of their acquaintances, insured, and earned the insurance by poisoning their victims—a species of crime for which drugged liquors afforded a convenient specific. Philosophers soon began to conjecture that, unless morals improved in a proportion having some relation to the progress of art, the world might become more wicked than it had ever been before: that the increase of knowledge would only produce an increase of crime—a termination which, though frequently announced in holy writ, and made palpable in the first recorded examples, had been long overlooked, forgotten, and even contradicted by writers on morals.

But if analysis had enabled the manufacturer to effect cheap and poisonous imitations, of the genial juices it had also furnished the public with the mea-

of detection. There had existed for a long time in France a code relative to the mixture and adulteration of wines which had extended its restrictions and preventions in proportion to the increased facilities in producing impure and poisonous liquors: and about the end of the nineteenth century similar provisions were commenced and perfected in this country. A board of excise was created, who were authorized to inspect and analyze the wares used and the products vended by distillers and wine merchants: to define and publish the different counterfeit and poisonous compounds, and to discover and prescribe simple and practical tests to be used in their detection. The crime of counterfeiting wines and liquors was made infamous, and punished by confiscation and imprisonment in the penitentiary. In this way, the pedigree of all genial drinks was kept clear, and men knew at least what kind of a "good familiar" they were dealing with: whether "a spirit of health or goblin damned." Previous to the enactment of this sanitary provision, the native grape had been successfully cultivated, and large districts of the West had been covered with vineyards. Drunkenness, for a long time a terrible and desolating vice, began to disappear. For the preceding three centuries—that is, from the time of Ben Jonson up to that of Burns and Moore—Bacchanalian songs in praise of wine and strong drink had become at once common and classic, and excesses in this respect were rather cultivated than condemned. We cannot wonder that indulgence of this kind should grow upon all classes when the favourite and most winning poet of his time has verses like these:

"Lese me on drink it gies us mair  
Than either school or college:  
It kindles wit, it wakens lear,  
It pangs us fu' o' knowledge."

Debaucheries of this kind had become so abhorrent, that public opinion was obliged to turn strongly against them, and was at length successful in staying the vice. Ordinary family meals last

now scarcely half an hour, and if the more elaborate and official entertainments occupy still a much longer time, it is at less expense of health and wine than formerly. A singular feature in regard to this matter of conviviality is, that as wine became honest and its flavour more delectable, the goblets and cups increased in size, and the quantity of wine consumed diminished—all about in the same proportion. The drinking vessels of the nineteenth century had diminished to the size of a thimble, as if the liquids had been of aconite or hellebore, to which indeed they were sometimes nearly equivalent. They were always made of glass malformed, graceless and vulgar: whereas now the cups and vases are usually of metal, often of gold, richly chased, capacious and classic, of which Ganymede or Hebe might be fitting bearers. By the way, my dear Miss Mary B., you residents of the happy valley can have no idea (or at least I had none till I saw it) of the cost, splendour or quality of household equipage used by wealthy citizens of this great city, and, in general, in the more ancient cities of the Atlantic coast. In richness of material, in design, and in finish, this age has gone far beyond the earlier age of "barbaric pearl and gold,"—an age when art was in its infancy, labour cheap and slavish, and value chiefly dependent on the rarity of the material. In this respect the progress from simplicity to luxury and splendour has been astonishing. It is said that a principal charge brought against the sixth President of the United States—the second Adams—was, that he had among the official presidential plate a single gold spoon—a salt-spoon. How the unfortunate spoon came there it defied the efforts of a committee of Congress to discover: but, at the time it was accounted such an unprecedented and unwarrantable luxury as to threaten immediate danger to the Republic. Fifty years after the exhibition of this specimen of austere virtue on the part of the Legislature, a family who had not one hundred pounds in weight of gold plate were accounted too plebeian for notice, and it

was essential to the security both of position and character, that this part of the family possession, with its inscriptions and blazonry, should be exhibited on all public occasions. Subsequently taste took another direction, and underwent considerable reformation and improvement: but I am too near the end of my sheet to begin a new subject. For the present adieu.

J. D. P.

### LETTER XI.

WASHINGTON, *Quarter of the Senate,* }  
Feb. —, A. D., 2029. }

MY DEAR MARY:

I said to you in my last that the sumptuous equipages and furniture in use, among opulent citizens, between the Mississippi and the Atlantic coast, were altogether beyond the comprehension of the more recent civilization of the western cities; and that you of the happy valley could scarce form an idea of its cost, magnificence or variety. This species of luxury became inordinate soon after the acquisition of California when all household stuff was turned as if by magic into gold or gilding. The thick and thin of the same metal making all the distinction between rich and poor, great and vile. The rooms were walled with mirrors in heavy carved frames richly gilded. Good pictures were spoiled and deadened by the glare of their setting. The cornices of the windows, and often of the rooms, glittered with the same glorious metal. Tables and other furniture, wherever practicable, were inlaid with gold or made entirely of this material, and it glowed in the harness of the horses—in bridle, stirrup, whip, spur, and foot-cloth. At the time of the discovery of the gold regions on the shores of the Pacific, the art of the goldsmith and jeweller had very much declined, and had for more than two centuries been confined to the execution and embellishment of coins, medals, and ordinary ornamental gear. When, therefore, the new repositories of the rich metal were opened, there came at once into the

world more material than there was art to elaborate. There was the treasure of the Eastern fables without the genii. The artist was not sufficiently master of the substance upon which his labour was to be expended. His forms and combinations soon became common and unpleasant, and the universal yellow, with which the world had for a time been bedizened, gradually paled, faded, became tawny and disappeared. It still held its place in vase, goblet and candelabra, but even here its continuance required further support and embellishment. These discoveries, while they cheapened gold, re-endowed the Arts, reproducing the effect which had attended the first discovery of Mexico and Peru. This necessity for elaborating the precious metals into forms of beauty, brought out and renovated sculpture and the kindred arts, and gave them new aims, requiring from them new creations and the embodiment of new ideas. The different processes of modelling, casting and coining, underwent much improvement until there arose a new school both in sculpture and painting, altogether independent of the old mythological boundary, within which the creations of this kind had been so long confined. The discoveries of the immense stores of precious minerals: diamond, topaz, carnelia, chalcedony, and their relatives: the onyx cum prolè of the 19th and 20th centuries, which were made both in the northern and southern continents: and the increased facilities for disintegrating such mineral products derived from machinery of greater power and more perfect adaptation, produced and educated a class of goldsmiths and lapidaries surpassing all their predecessors in these arts. It was in fact a renewal of those miracles which had been wrought six centuries before on the discovery of America, when the plundered wealth of the new continent—

“Crowns by Caciques: Aigrettes by Omris worn,

Wrought with rare gems, but broken, rent and foul;

Idols of gold from heathen temples torn,  
Bedabb'd all with blood,”—

had been transmuted by the touch of genius into ecclesiastical decorations. An operation which brought forth a race of architects, sculptors, and painters, whose productions continued for ages to be the models for all subsequent effort, and have never yet been surpassed. At this later period, of which we have been speaking, or about the beginning of the twentieth century, a similar revival took place, which acting upon a greater body of knowledge, and an improved civilization, took a wider range and illuminated a more extensive region.

At this second period, the first labours of the artist were applied to household stuff, and were limited to embossing, cutting and chasing household articles, which could be made of precious metals, but in process of time the most elaborate and tasteful productions of this kind became common. The goldsmith allied himself with the lapidary, and inlaid his chalices, salvers and vases with topaz, agate and even diamond. There are still to be found among the relics of the 20th century, many articles of this description, of exquisite workmanship, and very great value. And this phase of art subsists still, but among the more opulent classes it has been supplanted by one of still greater luxury and splendour. There are now table services complete of agate and chalcedony, each piece being carved and polished with the most exquisite skill and taste. Gentlewomen drink tea from cups of topaz, and there are fruit and dessert services, of the hardest conglomerates, and of the most beautiful colours. Stoups and vases are sometimes seen of these materials, whose natural tints surpass those of the finest porcelain.

But all art is necessarily spiritual and progressive, and cannot long remain a minister to mere luxury. Its first exercise on subjects of this character serves only to perfect the implements and methods of working, (the handicraft of genius,) to fertilize the imagination of its votaries, and render them capable to receive higher conceptions, and to embody and perpetuate them for the future. Until the twentieth century sculptors had,

for the most part, contented themselves with executing, in marble or in bronze, representations of their distinguished contemporaries; or in copying the Apollos and Laocoons, the Hercules, and Niobes of the great masters of antiquity. The art of the sculptor, thus limited, became extremely productive. Busts and statues became nearly as plenty as grave-stones in a burial-ground; while the public halls and squares were peopled with the dead in stone almost to the exclusion of the living in flesh. It began to appear that a higher strain of art must be sought for, and that it was to be found in the embodiment of general ideas; in the representation of those similitudes and analogies, from the contemplation of which, and in the absence of a written language, had arisen the gods and heroes of the old mythology. This system had long faded out of belief; but its beautiful impersonations still remained in productions which might be imitated, but could never be surpassed.

This want—the want of subjects—had been felt on the first revival of art, at the time of the discovery of the New Continent, when a similar influx of the precious metals had presented its treasures to the plastic hand of genius. The field was then filled with the gods and heroes of Greece and Rome, upon representations of whom, all the powers of creative fancy had been expended. Leaving these pagan themes the artists of that day turned naturally to the divine inspirations of our own most holy religion, and bent themselves to delineate the principal events of its miraculous history. Such subjects, however, were found to be more adapted to the painter than to the sculptor. And while the principal incidents of our Saviour's ministration, sacrifice and atonement, as well as the sufferings, martyrdoms, of his apostles were represented on canvass in tableaux, that will survive as long as the world shall last, the sculptor recoiled from such subjects with religious dread. It would seem as if representations of this class, though permitted to the painter, were forbidden or impossible to the chisel. The apostles and fathers of the Church

had, it is true, their niches in the temples, and the heavenly host of cherubim and seraphim were represented frequently in the adornments of the sanctuary, winged according to the descriptions of the Old Testament, and ministrant in acts of charity or adoration; but with the exception of here and there an altar piece, there were no sculptured representations of any great act of the Christian dispensation.

The sculptors of that day, interdicted as they thought from such themes, turned their powers in another direction, and as they dared not to labour at the altar, set themselves to adorn the shrine. And from their labours arose an order of ecclesiastical architecture grand and simple, solemn and ornate—expressive at once of the lofty purity of the true faith, and the sincerity and heartiness of its worshippers. Thus at the last endowment of art, (or, the second development of the riches of the new continent,) three of its provinces had been completely filled. 1st. The gods, heroes, and principal personages of the old mythology had been wrought out and breathed upon by sculptors, who lived while a worship of the beautiful myths which they represented, yet mingled with the expiring faith in their divinity. 2nd. The great acts of the Christian dispensation, so far as human art can represent them, had been bodied forth in the deathless pictures of Angelo, Raphael, Rubens, and Murillo, and thirdly, a new style of ecclesiastical and palatial architecture had been created and elaborated by sculptors and architects, contemporaries of this last school of painters. There seemed no space left vacant for modern art among the old forms. It was necessary to begin again to originate a new set of personifications, producing a Jove or Apollo, a Venus, Mars or Mercury, consistent with the age of Napoleon, Mendelssohn and Rachel, of Watt, Whitney, and Daguerre, creating fresh idealities, such as Homer or Hesiod would have wrote and sung of, had they lived in the age of steam and gun-powder, of railroads and oceanic cables.

An attempt to modernize the antique

similar to the effect in portraiture, which I mentioned in a former letter, as having converted into Hebes and Dianas the Portmouths and Hamiltons of the courts of Charles the Second and George the Third, had been instituted at both the revivals of art. But these attempts were, for general purposes, unnatural, and failed. It was in this vein that the French, at the beginning of their first Empire, robed and garlanded the great Napoleon, converting the modern Captain into an ancient Cæsar. A little while after the English transformed the Iron Duke into a bronze Achilles, mounting him, without saddle or stirrup, upon a war-horse, in the principal square of London. In our own country the same design of embodying the idea of a great modern personage in an antique or naked figure, regardless of the costume in which they had lived, was made more perceptible in the statue of Washington by Greenough. This work does not seem to have been at all appreciated among the contemporary sculpture, though it has doubtless great merit in the conception. The figure is fine, and the face would at once be known as that of the Father of his country; the fault is that the attitude is not sufficiently indicative of the artist's purpose, and leaves a vague and unsatisfactory impression upon the spectator. It has, nevertheless, the merit of showing distinctly the *quo animo* of the sculptor, the idea which had made the first gods and demi-gods, that is to exhibit soul, by feature and limb, irrespective of any mortal habiliment. This sculptor (Greenough) died young. His next and last piece, executed for the front of the old capitol, was a generalization of a different kind, and represented in a group of four figures, clad in the costume of the day, the combat between civilization and barbarism. The unfavorable criticisms made on his Washington, had probably led him to distrust the promptings of his own genius, and entertain a more common idea. In the opinion of his own age his last piece was as unsuccessful as his first. The world of that time could not conceive a Washington without his queue and continentals; or that any ab-

abstract and dominant qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race could be represented by a hunter in a coon-skin cap, armed with axe, knife and rifle.

In this transition stage of art, when its votaries were passing from old forms to new, the chief and most original attempts at generalization were made in the representations of nationalities; and, in doing this among the new nations, the lay figure or original, was the Goddess of Liberty, taken from the old Pantheon. Nearly three centuries before the United Provinces of the Netherlands had appropriated this personification to represent the genius of their confederacy, seating her with a shield at her knee, while she supported with one hand a spear, on the top of which was placed a man's hat as the symbol of freedom or of sovereignty. At the first French revolution, the leaders of that movement adopted the same figure as a representation of the new France, surmounting the spear with a cap, instead of a hat, which might be held either as the pileus of the Roman freedman, or the bonnet-rouge of the agitators of that terrible epoch. The head of this figure, or a female head with the word "Liberty" written across the forehead, and having altogether a most meretricious appearance had been the device used on all the coins of the United States, till about the year 1850, when its place was supplied by the entire figure, as we have already described it; but this representation had not received any definite and direct application to American nationality till Crawford placed it among other allegorical figures in one of the tympana of the west Capitol. This figure is a female, clad in a starry and very capacious robe or mantle, a loose zone. with the subject animals of the continent couched at her feet, and the national bird ready to obey her summons. She is placed as the central and principal figure of a series of lesser figures and groups, representing on the one hand the wrecks of the simple and primitive rule of the aborigines, the Hittites and Jebusites of the continent; and on the other, the powers and trophies of knowledge and of civilization. I do not admire either the

principal figure or its accompaniments. The whole piece, however, is worthy of remark, as being independent entirely of mythological relations, and indicative of the new world of art which was even then approaching.

The first creation of the new order, or the representation of an idea, independent and separate from all older associations, appeared in the Statue of Light, produced in the beginning of the 20th century, by him, who has not unaptly been called the Benevenuto of America. I need not describe it to one so familiar with its beauties as yourself. Suffice it to say that amid its effulgence all the old myths growing out of this element, even to

"The God of the unerring bow,  
The Lord of life, and light, and poesy,"

paled before it, and a new day dawned upon this branch of art, whose noon has not yet passed.

I have certainly been careering with a very loose rein during the writing of the present epistle—having at short notice ran from the single gold salt-spoon of President Adams, through all the plate, jewelry and statues of the 19th and 20th centuries, without ever stopping to take breath, or remembering that there are many other matters passing here, of much greater interest to a staid and philosophic person like yourself, and concerning which you have recently intimated a wish to be informed. I promise to be more sedate and well governed for the future.

I said before that the city was giving instances of increased hilarity, and I recently witnessed a species of entertainment entirely new to me, and which I doubt not will be the same to yourself. The fetes of which I am going to speak, are, I understand, less frequent now than they used to be in former years; occurring not oftener than twenty times in a winter. They are said to be a relic of the aboriginal period of the country, kept up at present, as the passover among the Jews, as a remembrance of earlier times and escaped dangers. They are called saladines, and are given by official per-

sons or citizens of wealth and position, acting as a species of sluice or waste weir, through which the exuberance of fortune may gush out and fertilize the commoner orders of the community. The guests comprehend all the notabilities, in whatever field their special distinction may have been achieved, and as many others of all classes as may be necessary to cement and solidify the collection. The number of guests to be invited depends in the *saladine*, as in other entertainments, upon the size of the apartments in which it is to be given, but is not settled by the same rule. If the apartments can hold a thousand persons, then the least number to invite is settled at two thousand five hundred. If the capacity is limited to three hundred, then twelve hundred should be asked, and so downward. The ratio increasing as the capacity diminishes—and that fete being accounted the most grand, ultra and excellent in which there is the greatest crowd, the least comfort, and the most noise.

The preliminaries being thus arranged, on the evening appointed the company begins to assemble about 10 o'clock, and dancing commences as soon as there are enough to make a set; an exercise which is kept up, without intermission, to the end of the entertainment. This pastime, as the rooms fill, becomes very much like swimming in a medium of odoriferous silk and lace, and is said to excite sensations of the most delicious and Asiatic character. For it being impossible to preserve any vacant space in which the dancers may have freedom of motion, they whirl themselves round among the crowd, heaving it about in all manner of waves and eddies, so that if it were possible to look down upon the assemblage, it would resemble a huge cauldron in which silk and plumes were being mixed and frothed up together as housewives beat up the ingredients necessary to make trifles and syllabubs. The accompanying music is also of a singular order, and is said to be of aboriginal derivation. The pieces I should think never exceed three bars in length, and are all of that high-diddle character which can be best played

as solos on the drum. The charm of the dance is doubtless due to the friction transmitted throughout the whole mass, ruffling the laces and bringing out the odours; and if it were possible to preserve any reasonable temperature in the room it might be considered as really a healthful exercise, as the non-combatants are nearly as much agitated as those who perform by volition.

“totamque infusa per artus  
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore  
miscet.”

Though between the two, the active and the passive performers, there is as much difference of exertion as that between the arms of a wind-mill and the air which they beat.

The *saladine* exhibits commotion of a somewhat different character, when at its high flood some noted official, distinguished or popular personage presents himself in the living whirlpool. Such a one, straightway becomes the nucleus of an envelope which extends itself gradually, and with little change of personnel, winds itself about him, so as to monopolize as much as possible of his presence, and prevent any interchange of greeting with the outsiders—enveloped in the atmosphere, he rolls himself among the crowd; and, if a tall person, resembles a projecting rock peering above the surges which foam round its base. If the distinguished should, on the contrary, happen to be of small stature, nothing is left for him but to corner as soon as possible, where he will have the wall against him on two sides, and if, in executing this movement, he should succeed in getting near a window, his happiness and safety is secure for the evening. When the crowd becomes very great, a fire-engine is kept in readiness, for should the lightest spark get among this living bale of draperies, nothing but an unmitigated drenching would save the whole set from martyrdom.

About midnight there is a perceptible lull in the assemblage, as if in expectation of some important event, till a slight fanfaron of the music gives signal that a breach has been made in the defences of

the supper-room. As this apartment has previously been reconnoitered and besieged in form, it is immediately stormed by the advance parties, and then "ensues a scene, the like of which"—it would be a sin to quote farther! Upon such occasions, the viands and wines are of the most rare and costly quality, and set forth with bouquets and all manner of artistic embellishment. In an instant this floral ornature has been torn into pieces—mighty pyramids of confectionary have toppled to their bases—huge sphinxes and griffins of jelly have vanished into the multifarious stomach which gabbles as it feeds. In the course of the onslaught and carnage, dresses suffer, the skirt of some elderly lady, unhappily surrounded, has been separated from the boddice, leaving the upper part à la *Maisemnon* and the lower en *grisette*. Some old gentleman has dropped his wig in a tureen of soup or a vase of sherbet. A saucer of ice has fallen between the collar and spine of a young exquisite who is thus driven for the first time into a series of natural contortions. The embroidery of some other superlative has received a dash of gravy, and on the back of this military caparison, is the representation of a fortified town etched into the material with oyster soup. In this *melée* the ladies, particularly those of a certain age, are as much distinguished as the other sex, and are said to store away in the pocket as well as the stomach. It is said that a certain old gentlewoman who had thus set apart the cantle of a *pâté* Perigord for her private devotions, was some time after obliged to make confession and restitution, not to a priest or a police officer, but to her family physician. These festivals take their name from the preparation of a certain dish once accounted a supreme luxury—and consisting of a peculiar kind of *salad*.

It is strange that such orgies should be tolerated in a city where the proprieties and courtesies of life are so well understood, and on other occasions so liberally practised. It can only be accounted for as the relic of an aboriginal and savage custom, for which there may have

been formerly some reason, or on the principle that

"Multa sunt consuetudine—multa sine ratione—"

with which refreshing quotation I must, for this time, bid you farewell.

J. D. P.

## LETTER XII.

WASHINGTON, *Quarter of the Senate,* }  
February th, A. D. 2029. }

DEAR MARY:

I have received your letter of the —d. And so you are half a mind to think me pedant, for my two or three scraps of Latin and French, as if I had been at "a feast of languages and stolen the scraps." I do not agree with you that quotations of the classics are unnecessary, or that even among ladies they are evidence either of conceit or pedantry. A quotation from a good author gives weight to a sentiment, which it might not derive from the person uttering it. And I have always thought the study of language in early youth, and particularly among young women, to be a most important branch of school learning. One cannot be employed for any length of time in the translation of a great writer—finding equivalents for his ideas and paraphrasing his modes of thought without acquiring increased facility both of thinking and speaking. We become more intensely acquainted with the subjects treated of, more susceptible to force and felicity of expression. For this reason I believe that all students are prone to overprize foreign literature, and to learn more from it than from that of their own nation. To be sure, our studies in this field to be useful must be thorough. We should never find ourselves in the case of Chaucer's nun.

"And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,

After the scole of Stratford atte bowe  
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe."

With this quotation which you will allow is perfect English, we will turn to the matters in hand.



In my discursive descriptions of this great city, I have as yet said little of the public buildings, thinking you would be better able to judge of them by the prints and small models which I have had prepared and will send to you. But though these will indeed enable you to form an idea of their external appearance and proportions,—and in buildings intended for a simple or single purpose this is perhaps enough; yet in extensive and complicated constructions, where the interior is important both in regard to taste and history, representation and model will both be found inadequate, or at least will be much aided by written description. This condition applies particularly to such buildings as the capitol, both on account of its magnitude, its varied architecture and numerous associations. This immense pile fills three sides (North, South and West) of a quadrangle 800 feet by 700 feet in dimensions. I have in a former letter described to you the principal hall of the North Capitol. The whole building will be best understood by a history of the construction of its different parts, and in style and execution it is, in no inconsiderable degree, an exponent or index to the progress of architecture in the country.

The original edifice or germ, about which the present capitol has grown, is now the central part of the Western side and fronts Eastward into the main court of the building. The corps du logis was at first a copy of a Roman church, the dome being nearly that of the Pantheon, without the statues; or, as the building had been left after the sack of the city in 1365. To this main body the architect added wings of the same elevation as the base of the dome, and of nearly the same length as the central part. The portico, which resembles that of the Pantheon, is raised one third of the whole height of the building, and is reached by a broad flight of steps spanning the whole colonnade. For many of the first years of the republic, it was on this platform, at the head of this staircase that the President took, before the assembled people, the oath to support the constitution, and made a promissory or inaugural exposition of

what was to be the principal features of his administration. At present this address is delivered in the hall of the Constitution, and the oath is administered on the balcony which opens from the north front, overlooking nearly the whole city. So that the ceremony of an inauguration, though of different import, is as solemn and more impressive than that of the Papal benediction, *orbi et urbe*, delivered at Rome, on Easter Sunday, from the cupola of St. Peters. It would have been a decided improvement if the principal front of the western side had faced towards the west. It was probably turned eastward according to the old formula, or because as all art and civilization were expected to come from the eastward, the doors in that direction should therefore be kept open for their reception. The western side is more elevated and looks aslant over the main city and down its principal street, and has even without either portico or colonnade, a more imposing aspect than the front proper. Another consequence of this position was, that the capitol, except upon great occasions, was always entered by the back doors, which is an indecent and ominous mode of approach to any public building and may have had some effect upon the morals both of its inmates and visitors. The same peculiarity applied in earlier times to several other of the public buildings, and for many years the official and customary entrance to the President's house, was from the rear, and through a most ungainly portico supported by lean and ill spaced columns.

The primal, or white capitol, as it is now called, was a light and airy building designed after pure models and of fine proportions. The broad spherical dome, covering the whole of the central portion, gave it an appearance of strength and solidity, while the elevation of the portico, which meets the building at about one third of its height from the pave, enabled the architect to shorten the columns of the portico itself, as well as the pilasters and corresponding decorations of the exterior, thus giving to the whole facade a light and graceful character. This feature, the elevation of the portico,

constitutes the principal difference between two of the greatest of christian temples, St. Peters, at Rome, and St. Pauls, at London, and though these two great works have been the subject of much criticism and difference of opinion in respect to this peculiarity, yet the weight of public sentiment seems in favor of the raised portico of the English artist, rather than the more lofty one of the Italian. The adoption of this plan in the American capitol occasioned, however, the loss for any useful purpose of the whole basement of the central part of the building. The portico opens into a lofty circular hall under the dome, and lighted from it. The walls of this apartment are decorated with sculpture, in demi-relief, representing principal events in the early history of the continent, and having panels for the reception of paintings of similar import, which have been filled and changed, from time to time: the earlier pieces being superseded by more perfect ones, according to the progress of art and the increased patronage of the government. This room is fitted, perhaps, was intended, for nothing but exhibition. It is filled constantly with a succession of echoes, propagated from all parts of the building, and resembling the noise of many waters, or of a distant tumult. The floor of this hall (called the Rotunda) is supported by a combination of open arch ways, which might be separated into vaults, cells or sepulchres, but are of no use for any other purpose whatever—and indeed are so little frequented, that some years since a quantity of stolen property was secreted there until it could be conveniently abstracted. The main body of the building being thus wholly appropriated, the upper part to the noisy Rotunda, and the lower part to these useless and silent vaults—the only room available for public purposes is in the two wings, and of this so much has been lost in dark stair-cases, corridors and galleries that the actual capacity of the building is said to be not quite a third of the enclosure. This is a great defect in any public edifice, and, in this case, probably indicates less the incapacity of the architect, than a disbelief or ignorance of the high destiny

of his work. Had he been able to foresee the long line of successful and glorious government which was to originate and be perpetuated in these halls—the very thought would have given warmth and amplitude to his imagination, and made his creations more worthy of himself and of his country. As it was, he displayed a better and a purer taste than any of his immediate successors.

Of the two wings of the original capitol, the principal part was occupied by chambers for the Senate and Representatives, so that for many years the Supreme Court was held in a low square room in the basement of the building. These two Legislative Halls, occupying the central portion of each wing, were covered each with a dome, or vaulted roof, from the top of which light was admitted. They were surrounded by a system of galleries and ante-chambers, connected by intricate corridors and stair-cases, some of which were obliged to be lighted artificially even in the day time. From what I have said of the main hall, or rotunda of the building, you will readily conceive that the science of acoustics was not much consulted in the shape or construction of any of the apartments, and that the eye was the only organ whose gratification had been attempted. The semi-circular shape of the chambers, of both the Senate and Representatives, with the sides broken by galleries, and covered by a high and vaulted roof, was the worst possible construction for the uses of a deliberative assembly—and is another proof that the architect did not fully appreciate the future destinies of his work. As the population increased, the capacity of the galleries was found too small to accommodate the audience, while the lobbies and withdrawing rooms were equally insufficient for the crowds of officers, suitors, candidates, claimants and idlers, who throng to Washington during the sessions of the Legislature. These inconveniences had been borne for nearly half a century, when, in 1850, two additional wings were added to the same front. These projected eastward to the line of the portico, and were of the same order and elevation as the original building.

They were connected with it by corridors, making a continued front of about seven hundred feet, and filling the whole western side of the square. This extension of the front, without increasing its elevation, was inconsistent with the character of the order chosen in the first instance. Even the raised portico, which I have mentioned as an excellence in the original design, enabling the architect to lighten his decorations, became a defect after this elongation of the building. Seen from the east or west, or from any point commanding a view of the whole front, it has the appearance of a long white line, rather a street than a single edifice. The condition in all works of art, that there should be a consonance or agreement between the different dimensions, was here altogether disregarded and unfortunately the defect was remediless. The remedy attempted, was to remove the original spherical dome, and substitute the present lofty iron one; by this it was doubtless intended to give the eye some prominent mass to rest upon, when the building was viewed from the city or from a distance. Indeed, seen from the eastward, the roof does not rise above the neighbouring trees. The dome is truly of fine proportions, but not in agreement with the rest of the structure, and seems rather suited to a Bourse, or Town-hall, than for the Legislature of a great Republic. It dwarfs the long line of roof over which it presides, thus increasing the defect which it was intended to conceal. The intention of domes and spires, regarded irrespective of their uses, (in which I presume they are closely related to the gnomon or obelisk of antiquity,) was to relieve and enliven heavy masses of building, by breaking the dullness and uniformity of outline, and connecting them with the upper air. The saying of the immortal Angelo in this respect is an exposition of the theory, as brief as it is beautiful. The first impression received in looking at the West Capitol, is that the dome is no kin to the rest of the edifice. The design of the first architect would seem to have been to produce a bright and graceful facade, an effect to which the whiteness of the walls

has greatly contributed. The additions of 1850 were planned in consonance with this original plan, but with all this the dome, which would seem to have been an after-thought, has no perceptible agreement or affinity, and does not seem a part of the same idea. The exuberance of decoration gives it a pine-apple appearance, and contributes to amplify its apparent dimension, thus extinguishing all the more delicate beauties that lie beneath.

Such at least are my poor thoughts concerning this part of the edifice, which is nevertheless much admired. The construction of spires and domes is doubtless the most difficult part of the architect's metier. Even in contemplating the works of the greatest masters, anomalies will present themselves where the artist has failed in producing the effect which he designed. Thus, to my mind, there is something which offends in the domes, both of the Pantheon and of the Invalides; and though the defect is opposite in each, it seems in both to arise from the want of agreement between the dimension of the building and the dome which it supports. Do not think, my dear M., that I am presumptuous or vain in making such criticisms, they are but my own thinkings about great works, in which the whole nation has a property: and after all, what are they,

"Fragments of stone, reared by creatures of clay!"

The second dome of the West Capitol was constructed of iron for the purpose, it is said, of saving weight. The part of the building upon which it stands, has walls of brown sandstone, painted white. The internal vaults and walls being of brick. It is anti-masonic therefore in having the heaviest material uppermost, and may in this respect be considered to resemble the image in the prophecy, whose legs were of iron and his feet of clay. It has thus far, however, been strong and steadfast—may it be as durable as the government to which it belongs.

As with the wings of the original capitol, so with the additions of 1850. The main and central part of each wing was

appropriated for chambers for the sittings of the Senate and Representatives. And, as the first architect had sinned against acoustics in making his roofs spherical, so his successor somewhat more judiciously, and profiting a little by experience, made all his apartments rectilinear, rectangular and flat, leaving to the arch nothing but its original and primitive function of supporting roof and floor. Both these legislative halls are oblong, lighted from the roof—each being placed in the centre of the wing and surrounded by wide and lofty corridors, which have between them and the outside walls, a series of smaller apartments appropriated for offices, committee-rooms and official refectories. The corridors or galleries themselves receiving no daylight, except from the ends, are lighted constantly by gas. The only provision visible in these apartments, in aid of hearing, is that the presiding officer is placed in the middle of the longest side of the chamber. This is certainly an advantage to him, putting the whole assembly at the shortest average distance from him, but this advantage to the chairman is procured at an inconvenience to the members. In such assemblies there will always be two parties, that of the administration and that of the opposition, who will necessarily take opposite sides of the chamber, so that the leaders may have their adherents in their neighbourhood—by this arrangement, these leaders are placed at the greatest distance from each other, and speak across the whole chamber. Now in all such bodies, it is much more important that the debaters should hear each other, than that the President or Speaker should hear them. For with him the points for consideration are, for the most part, brief and formal, referring to order and precedence, but with them the whole body of the speech is of equal consequence. In other legislative halls, even where the auditorial properties have been carefully elaborated, the seats are placed across the longest diameter of the chamber, leaving a wide passage in the centre. The principal and leading members of each party take opposite sides and have thus their respective adherents at their backs. By

such an arrangement the conveniences and proprieties of deliberation are better preserved than in this case, where the seats are arranged in circular rows, assigned by lot, and where the distinguished representative from New Mexico or Mississippi, in replying to him of Oregon or Maine may be so placed, as to require the application of considerable extra power to lip and lung.

You will readily conceive, in an interior like the one I have been describing to you, where the principal rooms are placed like tubs, inside of all the corridors, and connecting with the upper air only through the sky-light, that it must be no easy problem to contrive for them any tolerable ventilation. This was to be done by means of currents of hot and cold air so contrived as to be admitted at pleasure. For a long time (nearly a century) before this portion of the capitol had been built, public places had been warmed in winter by currents of hot air admitted at certain registering apertures, at which the supply could be regulated, but the apartments of which we are speaking were the first, in this country certainly, and perhaps in the world, where the opposite feat had been attempted, and the temperature and ventilation regulated by means of currents of cold air. To effect this, a series of air cells are constructed in the lower part of the building, which communicate by pipes and numerous orifices opening into the floor and sides of the room, whose temperature is to be managed. These cells are kept constantly full of air at a temperature of 35°, and under a heavy artificial pressure. By means of this mechanism the temperature of the room upon which it acts can be demonstrated at pleasure, and in connection with another system of pipes conveying heated air, can be maintained at any desirable point.

The interior of these legislative apartments, which though somewhat changed since their completion in 1860, still preserves much of their original character, is, to say the least of it, but little in accordance with the dignity and importance of the bodies convened within them. Their straight sides and plain flat walls,

left no room for decoration except upon the cornices and ceiling—and here the artist has expended his skill in minutiae merely—in thin gilded borders of a grotesque but common pattern, not rich enough to be luxurious or arabesque, but rather akin to the *Café des Mille Colonnnes*, and reminding one of dance and refection rather than of documents and debates. The walls below the galleries are wrought into panels for the reception of pictures on national subjects, which are filled, removed and replaced from time to time as artists arise of greater or less genius or influence. Some of these pieces will retain their places forever: but a great number of *tableaux*, which have been exhibited here to claim a passing and mercenary attention, have already long been dissolved into their constituent elements. Indeed this class of pictures have acquired among connoisseurs, the designation of dissolving views.

A screen of stained glass, ornamented in the same style as the cornices, spans the centre part of the ceiling of each chamber, modifying the intensity both of the natural and artificial light which is admitted from above. As if to increase the parti-colored appearance of the interior, the dark carved wood of which the seats, tables and other furniture, has been constructed, is mingled with cushions and draperies of green and red, colors neither agreeing nor contrasting with the rest of

the apparel—amid which, in pure white marble, (like a ghost in a flower-garden,) rises the *haut pas* upon which are seated the presiding officer and his subordinate officials.

The stained glass screen, through which the light falls, may have been intended to act as a sounding-board and increase the auditorial properties of the chamber. But the general character and ornature of both halls, seems to me not in accordance with the august character of the assemblies who are convened to deliberate in them. The interior of such apartments should be severe, massive and plain: not tending to distract and dissipate, but to strengthen and compose. In them gilding, colouring and tinsel is out of place, and if pictures be admissible, (which for my own part I question,) there should be one principal piece to which all the others should be dependent and auxiliary. A picture-gallery, even when we are familiar with its contents, is certainly not a place for important deliberation.

These halls were doubtless held, as *chef-d'œuvres* at the time of their construction. At present, like the wigs and wool-sacks of the English chancellors, they are only tolerated for their antiquity and associations with the past.

In my next, I will take you into the more modern part of the building.

Adieu. J. D. P.

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## LETTER AND POEM FROM AMIE.

DEAR MESSENGER:

I marvel this Spring morn,—  
 (The Calendar says "Spring,"—oh strange misnomer!)  
 If, through the lapse of wintry months just gone,  
 You knew I had been mute as grand, dead Homer?  
 Yet are they *dead*, whose voices silent long  
 Fill centuries with echoes of sweet song?

Perchance you have not missed me—nay, nor should!

I grant my notes are easy of supplanting—  
 And who heeds one mute robin in a wood  
 Where nightingales prolong their rapturous chanting?  
 Yet it is sweet to feel, while swift thoughts spring,  
 That some true hearts will love their blossoming.

When Summer vanished, I was like a flower

That keeps its heart fresh while its hues are dying;  
 Disease, though mild,—just as an autumn shower  
 Is gentle to a tempest,—seemed defying  
 The spells of rosy health, as day by day,  
 Earth's beauty waned through splendour to decay.

But soon the tempest broke o'er some I love!

Death seemed to beckon through the lessening distance,  
 The while, for them, the dear Immortals strove  
 To ope the doorways of a new existence.  
 And thus, in weary hours of sun and shade,  
 We watched, and ministered, and wept, and prayed.

That storm is past—now to the sombre cloud,

Hope, like a rainbow, leads its beauteous presence;  
 Within our hearts what fond emotions crowd,  
 Guarding the dear ones through slow convalescence.  
 The blessed angels shut Heaven's opening door—  
 Mother and sister smile for us once more!

Oh, thronging multitudes of hopes and fears!

Alas! "if time is counted by sensations,"  
 For these brief months I must have counted years,  
 Mocking the growth of common computations;—  
 Were emotion ponderable as it flows,  
 We should bend, Atlas-like, beneath some woes.

Beguiling my own weary hours, I roved

With the dear "nymphs of old Parnassus-mountain"—  
 Yet while disease assailed the forms beloved,  
 I filled no chalice at Castalia's fountain—

Like Memnon, waiting for morn's ruddy flame,  
I kept sad silence till the sunshine came.

A gentle friend, who loved me as few love,  
Has passed from earthly grief and shade before me ;  
And so I have one angel more above—  
One more whom death some sweet morn shall restore me.  
Her grave was made when sere leaves filled the blast ;  
There winter scattered snowdrops as he passed.

Her death was a sad sunset—but it brought  
A gloom which comes not with each day's declining ;  
Yet grief grows patient at this hallowed thought,  
That somewhere still the blessed sun is shining ;—  
Though lost to sight behind the Sacred hill,  
It beams with beauty and effulgence still.

I think there is no real loss, nor death—  
In silence, one by one, earth's bonds dis sever ;  
We drop this dust—we yield our mortal breath—  
And still the soul lives on and on forever !  
So shunning doubts, pursuing hopes sublime,  
I live between Eternity and Time.

---

I send a poem, with a brief farewell—  
Of these dark hours it bears no sign, nor token,  
More than a blossom from a grave can tell  
The agony of hearts bereaved and broken.  
Its imperfections, doubtless, would betray me,  
Without the name of

Yours sincerely,

AMIE.

March 12th, 1859.

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### PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

#### I

The Past is dead. Bury thy dead !  
No stone at foot or head,  
To guard its ashes give it—  
If it were sweet as Summer flowers  
After the low-voiced showers,  
Some fragrance will outlive it !

Rainbows are budding in the sky—  
 What though one bloom and die ?  
 Another soon uncloses !  
 When this year's flowers began to blow,  
 What recked we that the snow  
 Followed the dead year's roses ?  
 The Past is dead—bury thy dead—  
 No stone at foot or head,  
 To mark where it reposes !

—

## II.

The Future hath not dawned for thee—  
 God holds its secret key—  
 His Wisdom guards the gateway.  
 Why should we sow frail, earthly hopes,  
 When Heaven's amaranth slopes  
 We may, perchance, reap straightway !  
 No title-deeds of Time we hold,  
 By bribery nor gold,—  
 No lease of one to-morrow.  
 Why should we from one sweet draught turn,  
 Lest in the Future's urn  
 Are gathering dregs of sorrow !  
 The Future is not yet for thee—  
 From God's great treasury,  
 How may His creatures borrow ?

—

## III.

The Present lives. Its dropping sands  
 Garnered by eager hands,  
 May turn to pearls immortal.  
 When God's sweet angels shut the door  
 Of that which is no more,  
 Why linger at its portal ?  
 Why question the unanswering years  
 If joys shall outweigh tears,  
 Or wailings drown our laughter ?  
 Each generous deed a beauty hath  
 To light the darkest path,  
 And draw sweet blessings after.  
 The Present lives—each noble hour  
 With bliss the soul shall dower,  
 In the divine Hereafter.



## GREENWAY COURT; OR, THE BLOODY GROUND.

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## I.

## THE THREE TRAVELLERS.

On an afternoon of the month of October, in the year of our Lord, 1748, two men, coming from the East, passed through the Blue Ridge at Ashby's Gap, and fording the waters of the Shenandoah, entered the great Valley of Virginia.

The lofty pines and oaks gave forth a hollow murmur; the mighty sycamores, extending their mottled arms above the flowing water, resembled giant warders of some enchanted land; every trait and detail of the scenery was wild and picturesque with the untouched beauty of the wilderness.

One of the travellers was a boy of sixteen or seventeen, with curling hair, and an open, ingenuous countenance, indicative of truth and resolution. He was clad as a gentleman of the sea-board, and carried in his hand a short rifle. His companion was a roughly-clad soldier, approaching middle age, of great stature, powerful muscular development, and careless carriage—as of one who has looked all perils in the face, and troubles himself little on the subject. The boy rode a light, blooded sorrel; the man a huge black charger, whom he frequently addressed in a friendly tone as “Injun-hater.”

As they entered the forest, the young man suddenly unslung his rifle, and cocked it.

“What’s the matter, my youngster?” said his companion in a deep, rough voice.

“A bear! look! on that log in the river yonder—there, he is swimming!”

And the boy levelled his rifle. The hand of the other arrested him.

“There you are with your young blood, my friend,” said the elder, with a sarcastic grunt; “I’m not sure we’re not now in the midst of Injuns—the black devils! Never shoot, friend George, until you know your ground, and I swear I’m

not certain here. Come, let us push on, the sun’s getting low.”

And taking the lead, he who had thus spoken, penetrated the glade of the woods, anxious apparently to emerge from them before the sun sank. His companion seemed more intent, however, upon the beauty of the scene, than the chances of supper and lodging.

“What grandsaur!” he said, with enthusiasm, “what splendid light! Those trees actually resemble the pillars of some great temple—and listen to the pines!”

“Listen to you! Sentiment in the backwoods, I’faith! Keep it for the ladies down yonder, Master George—it’s thrown away on Captain Julius Wagner, called by the Injuns Captain Bloody Longknife—thrown away, thrown away!”

And the soldier with his finger pushed up the heavy black mustache upon his lip until it stood out almost horizontal.

“You are not so old and hardened as that, Captain,” said George, with a smile. “Come now, deny that you are a favourite with the ladies.”

A grim smile curled the huge mustache.

“Or that you are a soldier brave!”

“My young friend,” said Captain Longknife, “you are flattering. I reply to your pleasing remarks by saying that my fortune, both as admirer of the fair sex, and defender of the frontier, has been disquieting.”

“Your fortune!” said the young man with enthusiasm, “why you are a renowned soldier, and what so noble as a soldier’s life!”

“Humph!” grunted the Captain, “no! To wear your life out, and then die some day like a dog, in an unremembered skirmish—to be huddled into a hole to the great satisfaction of all below you in the ranks, who get promotion at your death! A fine thing truly to be put an end to by a stray rifle ball from the bore of a rascally Injun’s rifle—and a French rifle at that.”

"Well! after all, you have done your duty," replied the boy with glowing cheeks. "Suppose that you, Captain, are never mentioned in history, still you have achieved no small degree of fame—for are you not called Captain Wagner, the valiant?"

"Yes, Yes! Captain Wagner, the valiant, in jackboots! Captain Wagner, the valiant, in leather breeches! Captain Wagner in an old buff-coat and felt hat, and heavy spurs that jingle, by my faith, like the armor of Mars, that old Egyptian hero I have heard of! Yes, that's all Captain Wagner is good for—riding boots, spurs, buff-coat, and the frontier! to say nothing of this little trinket!" added the soldier, raising lightly the handle of his heavy sabre, and letting it fall with a clash again into its scabbard.

"Now you are complaining," said George with a smile.

"Yes, I am, by the devil's horns! or, as I am accustomed to say, for fear of startling people, briefly—horns! I am becoming a mere courier, a travelling horse, a miserable fighting hack! I would be a dandy!"

"A dandy, Captain!"

"Yes, my young friend, a perfumed elegant, nicely-curved fop, with silk gloves, a jewelled snuff-box, and a nice simper in my voice. O, that I could be a dandy, I, the savage! O, that the shaggy old bear, with his growling voice, and long, sharp teeth, could be changed into a kitten, with a sleek, glossy coat, and a gentle—purr—r-r! But we are losing time, let us get on."

"Ah! the forest opens now," said George, acquiescing in his companion's wish, "see what a splendid landscape!"

Indeed the setting sun poured its golden beams upon a magnificent scene. To the left the ramparts of the pine-clad Ridge ran far off to the South, like ocean waves disappearing in a rosy mist. Before them extended a vast prairie of tall grass, filled with myriads of autumn flowers; and in the distance rose the great blue Massinutton range, clear out against the orange curtain of the sunset. The prairie with its brilliant flowers, was agitated by the wind, and resembled

nothing so much as a beautiful lake, tinted with all the colours of the rainbow.

George was gazing with delight upon the prospect, when all at once his attention was attracted by a traveller a short distance in front of them, whom they soon approached and saluted. He was a young man, apparently about twenty-three, clad in the richest fashion and mounted on a milk-white thorough-bred. His countenance was frank, open, and eminently handsome. A species of joyous pride united with a simple and engaging air of courtesy, rendered the newcomer's countenance very pleasing.

"Give you good day, gentlemen," said the stranger with a smile, and inclining as he spoke.

"The same to you, comrade," replied Captain Longknife, "you seem to have been waiting for us."

"Yes—I am somewhat at fault—indeed I scarcely know where I am."

"I'll tell you in few words, companion. You are at this moment in the great Valley of Virginia, on the road, or nearly, to that assemblage of cabins called Winchester, and what is better, near Greenway Court, the residence of his highness Lord Fairfax, baron of Cameron, and so forth."

"Good," said the stranger, "I came to see his Lordship."

"Well, follow us, my dear comrade—my name is Wagner, otherwise Longknife, and my young friend is called Mr. George."

The stranger saluted.

"I have heard of you, Captain," he said, "and I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. George. To be equally frank, my own name is Falconbridge, very much at your service."

"Good, good!" said the Captain, twirling his huge mustache. "I like these little complimentary speeches; they sweeten this miserable life! Well, companion, yonder is the White Post which his Lordship has stuck up to show travellers the way to Greenway Court. Some day,—who knows?—a town will be built there, full of most agreeable people,

who'll read about the adventures of Captain Longknife, provided he secures a good historian. Zounds! where is my imagination leading me? Look! yonder in the distance is the clump of trees around Greenway Court. Let us push ahead."

The three horsemen went on rapidly through the prairie—whose grass, we are told by one who remembered it, was tall enough for a rider to tie before him, as he sat in the saddle—and in half an hour they had safely arrived at their destination.

## II.

### HOW THE TRAVELLERS FOUND VISITORS AT GREENWAY COURT, BUT NOT THE EARL.

Greenway Court, which stands to-day in the October sun, a venerable landmark of the past, was then in its fresh youth; and, for the place and time, was something not met with every day in that wild region.

It was an edifice of stone, of considerable length, with a long porch in front after the old Virginia fashion of architecture, and overshadowed by a row of lofty locust trees, which in the spring made the air heavy with perfume. At each end rose a slender chimney—between these were two belfries, which now ring in dreams the music of the past. Beneath these belfries and rising from the roof two or three dormer windows were brushed by the brilliant October foliage.

At the distance of fifty paces from the mansion stood a stone cabin, wherein were delivered by Lord Fairfax, sitting in state with his court of hounds, the title deeds of all that portion of the Valley.

A beaten path wound from the outer gate past the main building to the smaller one.

The travellers tied their horses to the gate, where already stood two animals—the one a heavy cob, the other a slender-legged filly covered with a cloth which fell over a woman's saddle.

The borderer looked intently at these

horses, nodded confidentially to himself, and led the way into the mansion.

Let us look at the main room a moment. It was an apartment hung around with guns, blunderbusses, antlers, portraits, fishing nets, and long tapering rods. The walls were rough and rudely plastered—the furniture oaken, with the exception of two or three high-backed, carved chairs of mahogany, then very rare; and on some shelves in one corner, near a buffet of oak, a number of old volumes in brown leather binding were visible, much worn and soiled. Among these was a fine embossed copy of the "Spectator," lately printed in London, to which the owner of the mansion had contributed some papers, written perhaps in the study of his friend Joseph Addison.

It will thus be seen that the apartment was a striking exhibition of the commingling of two things—refinement, and rudeness: of two types, the court and the backwoods. This characteristic was further apparent in the jumble of silver plate, and cheap gaily-coloured crockery on the buffet: and finally, the muzzle of a rifle standing in the corner had forced itself between the leaves of one of those volumes in which serene Mr. Addison discussed the last refinements of the luxurious society of England.

This was the apartment which the travellers entered—to whose broad fireplace with its crackling sticks they drew near.

Lord Fairfax was not visible, but two other personages were seated before the fire, illuminated by the last beams of sunset streaming through the western window. The first was a gentleman past middle age, plainly clad and with nothing striking in his appearance. The other personage, a young girl, whose figure was eminently noticeable. She was apparently about twenty, with dark hair, dark eyes and radiant complexion. Her bare arms, from which she had thrown the sleeves of her riding cloak, were models of symmetry, and her figure was extremely graceful, and beautiful. She was clad richly for the border, and wore many rings upon her tapering finger—

but no one for a moment gave a thought to her costume. The remarkable face attracted all eyes. It was a singular face—the eyes dark and liquid, full of softness and fire; the lips red and moist and adapted to express all emotions; the brow lofty and snow white; the whole poise and carriage of the head, and equally of the person, strikingly, fascinating. This was the appearance of the young woman whom the stranger gazed at with surprise and admiration.

Captain Wagner acquitted himself of the task of introduction with much easy unconcern, except that a keen observer might have imagined from the rude frontiersman's manner that there was something about the lady, so to speak, which was not to his taste.

This, however, was not seen by George or Falconbridge; at least they did not bow the less low, or smile the less courteously.

"See," said the captain, stroking his beard and smiling amiable, "see what pleasant people we meet at the end of our journey, instead of my Lord Fairfax who, I don't mind saying, is sometimes nevertheless an agreeable companion. Faith! I know my good luck, friend Argal, and would rather be here than out yonder in the backwoods with some surly rascal who crouches over a wet fire and grudges you your seat on the log, and your part of the blanket! And then the smoke!" continued the Borderer bending over the blaze, and snuffing up the clouds of white smoke; "faith! it reminds me of my childhood—our chimney smoked!"

George smiled and sat down opposite the soldier: the stranger had already taken his seat near the young lady, and had entered into conversation with her.

"Well, friend Argal," said the Captain to the gentleman who held in his hand a package of papers which he had been examining, "what news on the border? Any Injuns, eh?"

"Yes, Captain," said Mr. Argal, courteously, "reports are rife about them."

"Reports?"

"They say that there is imminent danger of an inroad soon."

"Humph!" replied the Borderer,—"they say' is a great liar, I need not tell you, sir. But let us not frighten the fair sex. I hope Miss Bertha is well?"

And the soldier, with a movement in which a close observer might have detected a singular coldness, turned to the young girl.

She simply inclined her head, and went on conversing with the stranger. With him she had nothing like a similar manner: her air was the perfection of winning grace, we might almost say, fascinating favour; and the stranger was not backward in evidences of unusual admiration.

The Borderer did not seem to notice all this, but a vague sound from his stalwart chest indicated some concealed sentiment. This, however, he suppressed in a moment, and turning to Mr. Argal he said:

"I don't see my Lord Fairfax. Where is he, my dear friend?"

"He is gone a-unting, sir," said a grave and respectful voice behind the soldier, "a-unting, if you please, sir."

"Ah! here's old John!" cried the Borderer; "glad to see you, my friend. Faith, give me your hand!"

And the Captain cordially pressed the hand of the old servant. Old John was Lord Fairfax's body servant, and wore his master's livery with the exception of the coat, which was one of the Earl's—heavily laced and ornamented.

He took the offered hand of the soldier with deep respect, and then drew back quietly, overwhelmed with the honour.

"He's gone a-hunting has he—the good Earl! eh? Well, when will he return, John?"

"I rayther expect him to-night, sir," said John.

"Good!—then you are not certain?"

"No, sir; very often he is gone a day or two, sir."

And John stood respectfully awaiting further questions.

"Did he expect me to-day?"

"I think rayther, sir."

"Very well, get me supper and beds for my friends."

Old John was in his element again; his master's hospitality was put in requisition.

"D'rectly sir—yes, sir," he said, going toward the sideboard. "Plenty o' beds, sir, for you and your honour's friends—d'rectly, sir!"

Mr. Argal stopped the old fellow as he was going out.

"Bring up our horses first, John," he said, "I have waited as long as possible to see his Lordship. It is already night, Bertha."

Bertha placed one hand upon her breast and uttered a little cough.

"Yes, sir," she said, "I wish we had gone sooner. I am afraid—"

And the young girl was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing.

"What! you have a very bad attack of cold," said her father. "I did not observe it before."

"Yes, sir," said the young girl, placing her hand upon her throat and contracting her beautiful brows, as though she were suffering acute pain at the moment; "yes, sir, I have felt it coming on all day, but managed to suppress it until now. It pains me very much;" here she paused to cough again; "but if you desire it, I will—"

A more violent fit here seized the young lady, and she coughed until she was completely exhausted, and was compelled to lean back in her chair for support.

Mr. Argal looked very much annoyed.

"Permit me to say, sir," said Falconbridge, "that exposure to the night air will aggravate Miss Argal's indisposition. If possible she should remain here until—"

Another fit of coughing.

"But I cannot—it will be extremely inconvenient; besides the house here is limited in size, and—"

"Don't fear, your honour," here interposed old John, who had entered with a hissing urn and a pile of plates the moment before. "Don't fear, sir: plenty of room, sir. We have two spare chambers, and several beds in them, sir: my master would never hear of your going, sir."

Mr. Argal hesitated, evidently annoyed.

"Getting very cold, sir," added the hospitable John respectfully, "and if it's not presumin', sir, the young lady, sir, is—"

Here the young lady coughed painfully.

"I'll go if you wish, father," she said in an artless, uncomplaining voice; "but my breast feels very badly. I don't suppose it will make me very sick—if you want to go, sir—"

"Well, well, daughter, we will remain," said the old gentleman. "If you are really unwell, all the business in the world shall not make me take you out. See to our horses, John," he added, "and as you say there are chambers, make one of the women prepare a bed for my daughter."

"Yes, sir—d'rectly, sir."

And old John, having set the table with the ease of a practised hand, hurried out, and was heard giving orders in a magisterial tone to the negroes of the establishment.

Captain Wagner remained silent, gazing into the fire; his hugeshoulders bending forward, as was habitual with him, and his sword striking heavily from time to time against the floor as he moved.

George was looking over a map of the region which he had taken from the shelves: Falconbridge and Miss Argal had resumed their conversation.

The young lady's cough had disappeared.

Then old John entered, marshalling in a smoking supper, borne by youthful Africans; and the savory odour seemed to diffuse an emotion of pleasing satisfaction through the mind of Captain Wagner.

They all supped comfortably, and the Borderer was still eating when they had finished.

"Faith, I'm always hungry!" he said, "more beef, friend John."

"Yes, sir—d'rectly, sir."

And old John carved rapidly.

"More everything!" said the Captain. "I've just commenced, or the devil take it."

More of everything was supplied,

at last the soldier rose, stretching himself, and yawning.

"Nearly bed-time, I think!" he said.

"Come George! give up my couch—"

"Your couch, Captain?"

"Yes, that leather chair! vacate! I sleep here by the fire; I know nothing of beds!"

George smiled and resigned his broad, sloping-backed chair.

"You and the rest can take the big room," continued the Captain; "this young lady the small apartment. Faith! I know Greenway Court by heart!"

And the Captain having first piled some more wood upon the fire, stretched himself comfortably in the leathern chair, and closed his eyes.

### III.

#### HOW CAPTAIN LONGKNIFE BECAME UNEASY IN HIS SLEEP.

In five minutes the Borderer was snoring with an unction which brought a smile to the face of his companions. He had closed his eyes with the words "Take care, my dear friends, I hear very well in my sleep—therefore don't speak ill of me;" but this seemed quite an idle boast. The Captain presented the appearance of a frontier Goliath, worn out by fatigue, or somniferous from the size of his last meal.

"Come, Bertha," said Mr. Argal, rising, "we must set out very early, and it would be advisable to retire, I think. I see old John at the door waiting for us."

"Yes sir—when you're ready, sir—everything right, sir," came respectfully from the door which opened on a flight of stairs, "right hand for the gentlemen—the other room is ready for Miss Argal."

"Please send the maid to show me the way," said the young lady with a smile, "good-night, father, I will follow in a moment."

The old gentleman nodded, and kissing her on the forehead, went out followed by George.

Falconbridge rose.

"Stay and entertain me for a moment," she said, smiling, "until my maid comes."

He sat down quickly: so quickly that any one would have understood from the movement how gladly he complied with the request.

The door closed upon Mr. Argal and George. Then commenced a conversation, at first upon indifferent subjects in the ordinary key, but gradually becoming more confidential, if the word may be used, and carried on in lower tones. To a curious observer, the spectacle would have possessed a profound and absorbing interest—for it was that of a woman of dazzling beauty, and immense *finesse*, marshalling all her dangerous powers against the heart of a frank and truthful gentleman, into whose breast the shadow of suspicion never had for a moment entered. The glances which she cast upon him were dazzling, electric—he felt his cheeks flush, and his pulses throb.

"Then you do not think me unmaidenly?" came in a low murmur from the crimson lips.

"Because you express your satisfaction at my coming?" said Falconbridge, "how can you ask such a question?"

"I feared you might: I am so unfortunate, in never concealing what I feel. Frankly, then, I hope you will come and see me—we are almost buried in the woods."

"I surely shall. I am too happy to be able to contribute to your amusement."

"No, do not say my amusement—"

She stopped, blushing deeply.

"Do not look at me," she murmured, turning away, "I am so foolish—"

"Your room is ready, Miss," said the maid, opening the door.

"Wait for me in the chamber," was Miss Argal's reply, "I will come up in a moment. It is very early, is it not?" she added, turning with a languishing smile to Falconbridge, as the maid disappeared.

"Very," he replied, "and if you'll not regard me as presumptuous, I will say that I have little desire to exchange your society for my own thoughts or dreams."

"Of what do you dream?" she said smiling archly, and throwing at him one

of those fascinating glances which possessed such a singular attraction.

"Oh! of many things. Of my lowland home—of the strange land to which I go, for I have come to see about some property in the wilderness which I am entitled to, by a grant from Lord Fairfax."

"Aro your dreams never filled with brighter images?"

"With brighter images? Ah! you mean with the forms of ladies fair!" he laughed "no, no, I have never loved."

"Then your heart is cold?"

"Oh, no! I think 'tis a warm one."

The young lady sighed deeply.

"Why do you sigh so!" he asked.

She played with the ribbon around her waist, and looked in silence at the floor.

"Only my foolish thoughts," she murmured, "I thought—what a treasure it would be to me—a heart that had never loved—"

As she spoke she suffered the hand which played with the ribbon to fall beside her. The hand of Falconbridge was hanging down, and the two came in collision. Mastered by a sudden and wild impulse, and forgetting every rule of etiquette, he imprisoned the snowy hand in his own, and raised it to his lips. The young lady blushed, but did not withdraw it. For an instant the eyes of the two persons met and exchanged a long and absorbing look:—the young man's were filled with an ardent admiration, the young lady's with a languishing sweetness, an electric fascination.

"I must go now," she murmured, slowly withdrawing her hand, "good-night!"

And with a last look, she opened the door just as the maid placed her hand on the knob. Had the young lady heard her step descending the stairs?

Falconbridge sat down, and leaning his head upon his hand, gazed into the dying fire. Nothing disturbed the silence but the heavy breathing of the soldier, who stretched in his great leathern chair, had never once moved during the colloquy.

"Strange!" murmured Falconbridge, "strange young girl! I scarcely fathom her character, or understand her singular demeanor. They tell me that I have sound intelligence, that I read men—but,

pshaw! I am quite at sea with this young girl. What a dazzling, superb beauty! Well, well,—this is folly!"

And he gazed again in silence into the fire. For more than half an hour he remained thus motionless—reflecting. Then turning his head, with a deep sigh, and a wistful smile, he gazed at the form of the sleeping giant in the leathern chair.

"A brave man, and with a warm strong heart under all that roughness, I see plainly!" he murmured, "how great a contrast to this beautiful young creature does he present! A strange world—yes, very strange—strangest of all that I am here!"

And he leaned back in his chair and smiled. The dying fire-light lit up his handsome face, rich costume, and brilliant eyes,—and made him resemble some Italian picture of the Middle Age. He remained thus leaning back for a few moments and then rose.

"Well, well," he said, "all this will have its course—but I soon pass—enough for one day."

And saluting the sleeping soldier with the smiling words, "Happy dreams, companion!" he left the room, and retired to his chamber.

No sooner had the door closed than the eyes of Captain Wagner slowly opened, and he looked in the direction of the door, muttering. Then his heavy mustache curled slowly toward his ears, and under the mass appeared his large sharp teeth. He sat up and looked at the fire.

"Some people would say that I have done what is dishonest and unsoldierly," he muttered, kicking the brands of the fire together, "let 'em! I was asleep and I woke," he added gloomily. "I believe the sound of that voice woke me."

His eyes were raised toward the ceiling, and a strange expression filled them, making them burn under their shaggy brows.

"Good, good! it's well I'm here," he muttered, "and I'll act a comrade's part by him, or the devil take it. But not too much! A noble fellow! He shall not be tricked!"

The Captain muttered something more

to himself; and then stopping suddenly, listened.

"There, I am at my folly again," he growled. "I'm a dog and can't sleep—I am dreaming!"

But in spite of this the Captain rose and went to the front window. It was secured by the heavy shutter, through which a streak of moonlight was visible.

The Borderer seemed uneasy; he walked to the other window; stooped down and for an instant seemed almost to be smelling at it: and this idea appeared to cross his mind, for he laughed and returned to his place before the fire.

"I'm a fool," he said, "but I swear I felt uneasy: I must decidedly get over this! I'm never at rest—why can't I sleep?"

The fire began to burn clearly again, and give out a pleasing warmth. The Borderer held his hands over the blaze for a moment, then lay back in his chair; and placing his huge boots upon the broad-topped andirons, began to snore almost immediately.

The fire caught a fresh stick and licked it merrily, and blazed aloft, but the Borderer slept on in spite of the full light it poured upon him.

#### IV.

##### HOW CAPTAIN LONGKNIFE SAW WITHOUT SEEING, AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

The long hours of the night passed on, and no sound was heard throughout the slumbering mansion but the subdued tick of an old clock in the passage, and the heavy breathing of the soldier. At times he would stir in his sleep, and the heavy sabre would rattle against the floor: but this noise would soon shudder and die away in the remote apartments, and again all would be silent.

Without, the moonlight slept upon the wild and solemn scene of forest and prairie, and nothing disturbed the quiet of the chill October night, but the cry of wild birds, or the stealthy footsteps of the mysterious inhabitants of the forest,

abroad now, while their enemies were sleeping. At times the chill wind would sweep over the tall prairie, and through the dry foliage, and a sobbing sound would rise, then die away: and over all poured the solemn moonlight, which seemed to brood upon the wild scene like a dream.

A piercing eye, however, might have descried more than one fitting form under the lofty forest; an acute ear have discerned sounds which belonged neither to the bear, the panther, or the wind. Other eyes than those of wild beasts were directed toward the silent mansion, which raised its walls thus on the outskirts of civilization, disputing the sovereignty of the great woods:—and those burning glances were measuring its strength and weakness, the capacity of its inmates for a mortal struggle.

Within, all was, as we have said, silence and slumber. From the apartments above no sound came—men were sleeping there profoundly, and dreaming of far other things than those around them.

The huge Borderer breathed heavily in his chair, and resembled some gigantic statue come down from its pedestal and taking its rest while mortals slept. From time to time the fitting and bubbling fire would burn out brightly, and reveal the recumbent figure in its full proportions:—but it already flickered and promised soon to die away. The cool air already began to invade the apartment, and the soldier turned uneasily.

At the same moment the window opening into the passage stealthily creaked, and suddenly a thread of moonlight silvered the floor.

Then the shutter was opened still more, the window cautiously raised, and a head appeared at the aperture. It was the head of an Indian boy, with long, straight, black hair, sparkling eyes and swarthy cheeks.

The head remained perfectly motionless for at least a quarter of an hour; only the restless and ever-moving eyes roved from side to side.

At the end of this time the window was wholly raised—the Indian drew his



body up, and falling upon his feet noiselessly, stood within the house.

Motionless as before, he reconnoitered. The door of the great room in which the Borderer slept was half open, and creeping stealthily toward it, the Indian looked in. At sight of the warlike sleeper he recoiled two paces and looked behind him fearfully, in order to be sure that the means of escape remained. The window remained up: and the sight of the opening seemed to reassure the spy.

He again approached the door—opened it a few inches wider and looked curiously in, as though to take note of any other persons in the apartment. His eye then dwelt upon Captain Wagner, and he placed his hand upon his girdle, from which hung a hatchet.

As he did so, the Borderer opened his eyes and looked him full in the face.

The Indian, with one stealthy bound, arrived at the window and was about to pass through, when he suddenly checked himself. No noise had come from the sleeper, hence he had not really waked: doubtless it was a presentiment, the eye fixed upon his face which had waked him, or rather disturbed him in his sleep.

The dull eye of the Indian boy glittered, and he drew back into the deep shadow, out of the gleams of the fire. With a muttered "ough!" he touched the forefinger of his left hand with that of his right, apparently counting.

Then his roving eye turned on all sides and he looked up the short steep stairs:—his foot rested on the first step. The step was of firm oak and did not creak. The Indian mounted another step, and so, stealthily and pausing each moment to listen, arrived at the top.

His first movement was to creep to the window opening upon the roof—one of the dormer windows of which we have spoken—and raise it. From the roof of the house to that of the long porch was but a step. Thence he could easily glide down.

Two or three dusky forms appeared for a moment in the moonlight, and then vanished beneath the solemn trees of the forest.

The spy placed his hand upon the knob of Miss Argal's door, and slowly and noiselessly turned it. The door opened without sound.

The moonlight streamed full upon the bed, but threw the features of the sleeper into shadow. It was evidently the aim of the Indian, however, to ascertain the numerical strength in men, of the house; and he crept stealthily, like a young panther, toward the bed.

Before he could bend down close enough to see, however; before his black eye and hot breath had approached her cheek, the young girl started up, and uttered a piercing shriek, which rang through the house like a cry of death.

The Indian seized his hatchet, and catching her by the wrist, endeavored to raise the weapon and strike her. It had become twisted in his belt, and before he could extricate it, a noise in the opposite room caught his quick ear, and he arrived by a single leap at the window.

At the same moment the opposite door was thrown violently open, and Falconbridge came forth quickly, fully dressed, and hurried toward the room.

The young girl who had risen in her night robe, ran toward him, threw her arms round him, and sobbing, "Oh, father! father!" buried her head in his bosom.

All had taken place in a moment; but that had been time enough for the soldier to rouse himself.

He now appeared at the bottom of the steps, bearing in his hand a flaming torch from the fire; and mounted with a bound which shook the flooring.

"What's this! What's this! Speak!" he cried.

The lady clung closer to Falconbridge, burying her face more deeply in his bosom.

"Oh, father! father!" was all which she uttered.

Mr. Argal and George appeared at the door half dressed, and uttering wondering exclamations.

"How, daughter!—what! how!—the meaning of this extraordinary scene! & that noise!"

"I don't know what it means,"

Captain Wagner with a sort of ironical gloom, "but the devil eat me, if I ever saw anything as striking as that picture in all my life before!"

And the Borderer with a curl of his mustache, extended the huge arm bearing the torch, toward Falconbridge and the lady.

"Most extraordinary!" cried the bewildered gentleman, "why Bertha! something has frightened you! Look up! are you aware, daughter?"—

The young girl raised her head, and started, or pretended to start, violently at sight of Falconbridge. No one observed the sarcastic curl of the Captain's lip.

"Oh father!" she cried, hastily retreating into her room, and drawing her drapery quickly around her shoulders, "Oh! it was so dreadful!"

"What!—dreadful!"

"Oh, yes sir—an Indian came to my bed side and caught my wrist, and tried to kill me—oh, sir!"

And the young girl was heard falling into a chair, and sobbing faintly.

"An Indian! in your room! you are dreaming daughter!"

"No, sir!" said Captain Wagner, gloomily, "your daughter did not dream it!—in my sleep I dreamed, I thought—wretched animal that I am to lie there like a hog—but see!"

And stooping quickly the Borderer pounced upon a porcupine quill.

"Here!" he said, "here is the proof! This is from an Injun moccasin! And that window! Friends, I for one am no fool!"

And the Captain hurled his torch upon the floor and trod upon it with his iron heel.

"To your tree!" he cried, "Injuns!"

At the same instant a flight of arrows whistled through the air, and passing within a few inches of the soldier's head, buried themselves, quivering in the beam of the staircase.

"Bah! no rifles!" cried the Captain. "But they're on us!" he cried, arriving at the bottom of the stairs by a single leap, "to arms!"

As he spoke, a terrific war whoop rang through the forest, and a dozen Indians

darted from the shadow, and threw themselves, so to speak, upon the house.

Captain Wagner reached the door just as it yielded to the powerful pressure of the assailants.

Having no time to draw his sword, the gigantic Borderer seized one of the carved chairs and whirling it like a straw around his head, struck the foremost Indian a blow so terrible that it literally drove him through the crowd behind him, maimed and bloody.

Set on fire by the sight of blood, and devoured with his old fury of battle, the Borderer, without waiting for his companions, rushed into the midst of the assailants whirling his broken weapon around his head, and doing tremendous execution.

The Indians endeavored in vain to strike him—his gigantic stature and sweep of arm bore them down:—they unconsciously drew back.

The movement brought the Borderer into the moonlight which streamed full upon his face and person.

The Indians uttered a yell of rage and fear:—

"Long Knife!" burst from the crowd, and they retreated before the soldier with almost superstitious awe.

As they did so, Falconbridge, Mr. Argal and George, rushed from the house to the Captain's succour, and behind them appeared the affrighted domestics with pale faces, and uttering exclamations.

The Indians, spite of their numbers, lost heart—retreated toward the forest—and with cries of rage dived into its gloomy depths, and fled, followed by the chance-aimed balls of their enemies.

Captain Wagner drew back, bending down, panting and knitting his brows.

"I counsel a return to the house, friends!" he said "you'll lose nothing; all's done!"

And he turned toward the door. Directly in his path lay the Indian he had struck upon the head—stunned, bleeding and insensible.

"Take the black devil in: he's not dead!" said the soldier to the servants "and secure every window!"

The Indian was borne into the house,

every one followed; and doors and windows were secured.

"A very pretty little scrimmage," said the soldier, curling his huge mustache and throwing some sticks upon the fire, "ough! you copper coloured devil!"

And he pushed the body of the Indian with his foot.

The Captain looked at him more closely.

"Playing dead," he said, contemptuously.

"Oh no! he's dead," said George, "look! that brand has rolled against his foot!"

"Bah! that's all you know, master George," said the Captain.

And bending over the Indian, the soldier kicked away the brand, and said "speak!"

The Indian remained motionless.

"Well if you're dead my friend, I'll have your scalp!"

And the Captain seized the Indian violently by the lock of hair upon the top of his head.

The eyes opened and he made a violent, though feeble effort to spring up. In an instant the Borderer was upon his breast and his hands were securely tied.

"Now speak, you copper coloured devil, or you are a dead man! Speak in the Delaware! I know you! and understand your lingo!"

And bending down, the Borderer uttered some words in the tongue of the Delaware.

It was some time before the soldier could extract anything from the Indian. At last he muttered a few words.

The Captain rose satisfied.

"Not a regular inroad," he said, "only a wandering party. I gather that from the lies he tells me. Now my friends be good enough to put this worthy in the cellar and double lock the door, first tying his hands securely. My part is over, and I'll sleep."

His direction was obeyed, and very soon the Indian captive was safe in the vault beneath, where Lord Fairfax kept his liquors.

No one retired again. By common consent the affrighted domestics huddled

together in one corner of the apartment—and the visitors arranged easy chairs in the most convenient manner for sleeping. Soon every one sank into uneasy slumber—except Captain Wagner. That worthy's repose, in his great chair before the fire, was as deep as before. From time to time, he would growl and grunt it is true; but this was habitual with him.

There were two other exceptions to the above statement. Falconbridge and Miss Argal slept neither easily nor uneasily. They conversed in a low tone in one corner of the room:—when the first rays of dawn entered the apartment, they were still conversing in the same low murmurs.

## V.

### THE ESCAPE.

The morning brought light and cheerfulness. The sleepers aroused themselves—Miss Argal retired for a time, to make her toilet, and soon all had re-assembled in the large apartment where a plentiful breakfast was smoking upon the hospitable board.

"Suppose we have the Injun rascal up," said Captain Wagner. "I think the sight of his copper-coloured mug will give me a better appetite."

And every one acquiescing in this suggestion, the Borderer directed several of the servants to lead up the prisoner. They promptly left the apartment, and Wagner turned to Falconbridge.

"Do you know, my dear comrade," he said, "that I think you are the pearl of gallants?"

"Pray, how?" asked the young man smiling.

"Why, you came so promptly to Miss Argal's assistance last night, that you shamed us all, companion."

Falconbridge smiled again, and said:

"I deserve no praise, Captain. I had not retired. I was sitting at the window thinking as I often do—a bad habit I confess—when Miss Argal screamed. To go to her assistance was surely natural."

"Dooms natural!" said the Captain,

pushing up his black mustache; "and Miss Bertha needed you."

"I—thought—it was—father," replied the young lady colouring.

"Good, good! We're not expected to see in the dark," was the Borderer's sardonic answer; "and when Injuns are about, a woman may run into the arms of the first fighter she sees—faith, 'twas a pretty picture!"

A suppressed flash of the young lady's eye seemed to indicate that she discovered in these words something more than they expressed: but otherwise she betrayed no emotion.

"Well, well," added the Borderer, "let us think of the rascal we caught. I'm mistaken if we don't get out of him the real meaning of this little scrimmage in the dark—which I think was a wandering party only, that is safe a score of miles away by now in the South-west mountains."

Old John appeared at the door, as the words were uttered—his face elongated, his eyes full of meaning.

"Where's the copper-coloured rattlesnake—the serpent?" cried Wagner.

"Gone, sir! clean gone!" said the old body servant.

Captain Wagner rose with sudden energy, and hastened to the cellar, followed by his companions.

"Gone, as I'm a man!" he cried, twisting his mustache. "Look! Falconbridge, he got through there, the snake!"

And the speaker pointed to a low window from which two rusty iron bars had been wrested by main force.

"He managed to get his hands loose, and by this time is at the end of the world. I'm a hog not to see better to his tying up!"

And having thus disburthened his mind, the Captain slowly retired from the cellar, shaking his head, and returned to the breakfast-room. The sight of the smoking meal seemed to restore his equanimity; and his huge nostrils evidently experienced the utmost pleasure in snuffing up the savory odour of the rich broils and hashes.

"Faith! something yet remains!" was the philosophic remark of the worthy;

"life is not gloomy when a man can eat as I am going to. Come, friends, let us get to work!"

And first regaling himself with a huge gulp from the pungent "dram" which old John had concocted, the Borderer applied himself with energy to the business before him. It was a spectacle full of interest to see the piles of edibles disappear before him. It was not until almost everything had vanished that the Captain leaned back in his chair, like a son of Anak, twisted his mustache, and opened his lips for the purpose of conversation.

The movements of the entire party were discussed, and very soon every one had determined upon his plans for the day. There was not the least danger of any attack from the Indians, said the Captain, in broad day, out of the woods: but his intention was to scour the surrounding country, and pick up every detail. George declared he would go with him.

"And I," said Falconbridge, "shall accompany Miss Argal as far as her home, if she will permit me."

"I shall be very glad," said the young lady, looking at him with strangely fascinating glance, then casting down her eyes: "but pray do not let me inconvenience you."

"'Tis none, I assure you," he replied. Captain Wagner has spoken to me of a certain 'Van Doring's Ordinary' in the same direction, and here I purpose stopping until I arrange some business with my Lord Fairfax."

With these words, Falconbridge offered his hand to the young lady to assist her in mounting her horse, which stood ready at the steps. The young girl's hand was ungloved like his own, and—could he be mistaken?—did the soft, slender fingers press and cling to his own, as if she would retain the hand of the youth? His eyes filled with sudden light, and mounting his glossy white thoroughbred, he cantered off joyfully by the side of the young lady: Mr. Argal following more leisurely upon his oob.

"What a noble face!" said George, looking after them. "Do you know, Captain, that I can't help loving him?"

"Who—Falconbridge?"

"Yes—though I've known him less than a day."

"Well, you're right. He's as fine a head as ever I saw on human shoulders. There's only one fault I can see in it—not enough of gray hairs."

"Gray hairs!"

"Yes, my young friend; he's too grand and true and unsuspecting. All that won't answer in this miserable world, that's full of snakes, Injuns, rascals, and deception. Don't ask me what I mean—I never mean anything. Let us rather take a drink of this fine October air, that is better by far than twenty year old Jamaica, or I'm a dandy!"

And the Borderer inhaled the breezy atmosphere, drinking in life at every pore. His eye wandered over the great landscape of prairie, forest, mountain, and river, variegated by the shadows of vast floating clouds; and his whole face glowed with pleasure.

"His Lordship's got a splendid country here, friend George," he said: "I envy him the look he's taking at it now."

"Lord Fairfax?"

"Yes, he's in the mountains yonder *'unting*, as the worthy John says—is this good Baron of Cameron, and Earl of Fairfax. When we shall see him, the

devil only knows. He's a perfect Nimrod, a wild Injun on the trail of game, a real iron fellow, or I'm a dandy. I expect him back at Christmas—not before!"

A sonorous neigh arrested the Captain's remarks, and two servants led up "Injunhater" and George's sorrel. They were soon in the saddle, and the Borderer paused only to give old John his parting injunctions.

"Tell my Lord Fairfax, if he comes back before dinner, that I'm coming too—Injuns and wild beasts to the contrary notwithstanding. Also friend George, who rides with me. And hark you, John, have up some of that old Jamaica that we know about—and one of the old hams, a round of beef, some fowls, and other trifles. You know I'm one of the family, old fellow, and can take a few liberties—good day, my friend."

And leaving old John bowing hospitably and respectfully, the companions set forward.

We shall not accompany them, as nothing in the shape of an adventure befel them. After a wide circuit around the Greenway Court domain, they came to the conclusion that the wandering party of Indians had hastily fled from the region into the western mountains. They accordingly returned to Greenway to dinner, and rest. The Earl had not made his appearance—nor had Falconbridge.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## MARGARET.

BY FANNY FIELDING, (OF NORFOLK, VA.)

Oh, Margaret—pretty Margaret,  
I pray ye linger yet  
At the stile beyond the hay-field,  
When the summer sun is set,  
And I'll tell ye in the twilight  
What ye never shall forget.

Oh, Margaret—sweet Margaret,  
With face so lily fair!  
The sunbeams loved to nestle  
In the meshes of her hair,  
And gleam and gleam more golden  
From the light they borrowed there.

Oh, Margaret—sweet Margaret,  
With eyes of violet blue,  
Or, when she looked most lovingly,  
Of that celestial hue  
The heavens show when closed gates ope  
To let the good pass through.

Oh, Margaret—merry Margaret,  
Beyond the meadow mill  
My heart will listen, listen,  
For your gentle tripping, still,—  
All its pit-pat echoes waking  
As of old at your sweet will.

But Margaret—sweet Margaret,  
Ye'll never come again,  
Like the springtime after winter,  
Like the sunshine after rain—  
But I could kiss the blessed dust  
Where your sweet form hath lain.

But Margaret—sainted Margaret,  
The hay-field and the mill,  
The meadow-path, its windings,  
And its little running rill,  
Will speak more loving of you  
Than the grave-yard all so still.

And Margaret—blessed Margaret,  
In my heart's love-lacking dearth,  
I'll look upon the sunshine,  
And the flowers that strew the earth,  
And I'll think I see in each of them  
The types of your new birth.

Then Margaret—sweet Margaret,  
Like sunshine after rain,  
Like summer after winter,  
Ye will glad my heart again,  
For I'll say they are your messengers,  
And they shall not speak in vain.

## FUNERAL RITES IN THE EAST.

*Modes of Burning and Burial among Various Nations, &c.*

BY A TRAVELLER.

The Chinese bury their dead, and preserve with tender solicitude the tombs of their deceased friends; but in this particular they stand alone among all the tribes of Eastern and Southern Asia.

The Burmese *occasionally* inter the bodies of the dead, but, except in the case of a sovereign or other personage of exalted rank, the grave once closed, is bereft of all farther interest, and in a brief space the very locality ceases to be remembered even by the nearest relatives. The other nations of Southern Asia never bury unless too poor or too avaricious to pay the Priest's fees for *burning*, and this same poverty or parsimony preventing the erection of monuments to mark the locality, it is in a short time wholly forgotten. Hence it comes to pass that the traveller in oriental regions seldom encounters anything in the form of a cemetery at all in proportion to the populousness of the countries through which he passes; and but for the occasional sight of the lofty priestly Pagodah, or the gorgeous mausoleum erected in honour of some Mussulman Rajah—the beautiful hill-side burial-places of the sons of the Celestial Empire, or the small, unpretending enclosures that mark the last resting-place of the European traveller, or missionary—he might almost suppose that the tyrant death had made an exception in favour of those sunny climes, instead of being hidden in the petals of every gorgeous flower, lurking unseen in the velvet lawn that lures the unwary to his destruction, or stalking abroad in “the pestilence that walketh in darkness, or the destruction that wasteth at noon day.” Taking into view the denseness of the population of those regions, the fearful epidemics by which they are annually visited, and the well-established fact that of all born in tropical countries about one-third die under three years of age, and almost half the remainder are swept off by pestilence or famine, in untold

numbers during these periodical visitations, instead of by the ordinary course of natural decay—in view of all these circumstances, we cannot but regard it as peculiarly fortunate that burning instead of *burying* the dead, has been so generally practised. Otherwise these thickly populated regions would have been transformed into one vast burial-place, and the living have been wholly supplanted by the corpses of the dead.

Incineration is, throughout Southern Asia, the *general* mode of disposing of the dead, and is almost universally preferred, especially by the higher classes—not so much, perhaps, as a matter of convenience at the time, as for the sake of being able to preserve the dust of the departed and take it with them wherever they go. In old and wealthy families, it is not unusual to see arranged in the family receptacle, massive golden urns containing the ashes of six, eight, ten, or twelve generations of ancestors; and these are treasured up as precious relics, to descend as heir-looms through the eldest male branch of the house.

The Siamese, Burmese, Cambogians, and people of the surrounding countries, all burn their dead; but the time, expense, and character of the ceremony vary according to the rank and wealth of the parties, though always performed by a Buddhist Priest, and within the sacred precincts of one of their gorgeous temples.

Both these are requisite to give respectability to a funeral, as the presence of one or more of these yellow-robed officials to give legality to a nuptial ceremony. The only exception to the rule of burning *at the temples*, is, I believe, where the country is ravaged by pestilence or famine; when from the vast number of deaths occurring daily, it is often absolutely impossible to burn in the usual manner, and, as the only alternative, the bodies are heaped together indiscriminately.

nately and burned in any convenient place.

Among the very poor and friendless, the expenses of whose funeral obsequies fall on the local authorities, the flesh is frequently cut away in large pieces as soon as the corpse becomes cold, and is thrown to the birds or beasts of prey, to be devoured on the spot, after which the bones are reduced to ashes in the most expeditious manner possible, and scattered to the four winds of heaven. Thus it often happens that of a perfect human body, which at sunrise was tenanted by an immortal soul, living and moving in buoyant health and activity, before the close of the day not a vestige remains; and in a few more fleeting days none think of the being who has passed away, but as inhabiting some other human body, or it may be that of a cow, a horse, or a dog—perchance a worm, a gnat, or a musquito.

There is no tomb to be visited, no quiet burying ground to which the survivor may resort to weep, and in imagination bring back the loved one—no beauteous "Hollywood," or picturesque "Mount Auburn," where amid scenes of rural beauty he may fancy his dear ones sleeping till the resurrection morn—he may not picture to himself the calm, cold features, rigid and statuesque as he last saw him, now tenanted the lone grave—but if he think at all, he must think only of that which has passed away *forever*, of form and features now reduced to ashes, and of that which, though once a tenant of his abode, is scattered hither and thither by the listlessness of the passing breeze; for *him*, to be collected, never—*never*.

Among the better classes, the dead body is laid, unmutilated, (except the removal of the intestines and abdominal viscera,) in the coffin, and is more or less carefully embalmed, according to the time that is intended to elapse before the burning takes place. If the deceased has been a person in private life, with but moderate means, the body is kept only three or four days; if wealthy, but still a subject, holding no government office, or royal perquisite, it may be kept

a month, but never beyond that time; whilst the body of a deceased noble is laid in state from one to six months, according to his rank; and for members of the royal family, a still longer period intervenes between the death and the burning. But whatever may be the length of the interval, the deceased is laid in state, during the whole period, at the house of the nearest relative; the body is carefully embalmed with spices, aromatic oils, and fragrant perfumes, of the most costly description; and all the relatives make daily prostrations before the body, uttering the most piercing lamentations, declaring in dolorous accents that they cannot live without the departed, and beseeching him to return again to his disconsolate friends. This is, of course, understood to be only a necessary part of the prescribed form of mourning for the illustrious dead, and is never resorted to with any hope of bringing back the departed.

When the time arrives for the funeral, the body is laid on a stately pedestal, which contains, at the top, a hollow cavity large enough to hold the corpse. This pedestal, or platform, corresponds in height and richness to the rank and wealth of the deceased; the whole being sometimes very richly gilt, and the receiver, at the top, lined with heavy plates of the purest gold, where the deceased is of royal lineage, and has been the fortunate possessor of well-filled coffers; and the *last* is quite as essential as the *first*, in securing a gorgeous display at a funeral. Both these requisites were fortunately united in the person of the late *Queen mother* of Siam, at whose funeral there was such a display of Oriental magnificence as seldom falls to the lot of *western* eyes to witness. The body lay in state under a golden canopy, for the space of eight months; the myrrh and frankincense alone, used at the closing ceremonies, cost seven thousand ticks, (upwards of four thousand dollars,) and the golden pyre on which the body was burned, was purchased at a cost of nearly eighty thousand dollars. This was afterwards, with many other costly presents, bestowed by the dutiful son on the temple



where the Queen's obsequies had been celebrated—doubtless as an expression of the gratitude he could not help feeling to the petulant and tyrannical old termagant, who had at last condescended to relieve him of her presence. For, if report be true, not only had the old Queen rifled her son's well-filled coffers to supply her wants at the gaming table, but her domineering and irritable temper had robbed his life of everything like domestic comfort. And now, that she had condescended to "exchange worlds," or be "transferred," of course she must be disposed of with regal magnificence, especially as doing this required the time of only a thousand persons for about one year, and cost the nation only the trifling sum of half a million of dollars!\*

For less exalted personages, this funeral pedestal, or pyre, is composed of silver—on other occasions of sandal wood, and so on descending in value, till for the *very* poor it consists of only a few coarse boards of some rough-hewn timber.

Among the wealthy and noble, faggots of sandal wood, mingled with myrrh and frankincense, are used to light the funeral pile, others are placed beneath the body, which is separated by a sort of kiln from the fuel that surrounds it in such a way as effectually to prevent the ashes of the body from mingling with that produced by the incineration of the wood. The bier is covered with some costly fabric, sometimes with gold or silver tissue, with fine lace or India muslin above, sometimes white satin, and again velvets or fine linens are preferred. The body itself is profusely decorated with flowers, among which the tube rose, the golden blossoms of the clustering *kenna* and the sweet-scented *dank-malé*, are the most conspicuous; whilst graceful draperies and festoons of jessamines, japonicas, and every flowering shrub of that sunny clime, so surpassingly rich in floral treasures, beautify and etherealize the whole, and load the atmosphere with the most delicate perfume.

The nearest relations surround the bier; crowds of men, women and children, decked in holiday attire, throng every avenue; and the interval, till the propitious hour for the burning to begin, is filled up with rude jesting, ribald songs, and all sorts of uproarious mirth, by those who go thither only from curiosity, or to while off the tedium of a leisure or lonely hour. When the officiating priest announces that the lucky hour has arrived, his subordinates begin, in measured tones, the repetition of the required formula, old women rush into the arena with dishevelled hair, uttering piercing wails and lamentations, the assembled musicians play their mournful dirges; and amid the din and confusion caused by these discordant sounds, a Buddhist priest applies the sacred fire to innumerable small tapers, which are handed indiscriminately to all who are sufficiently near to reach the pyre, and each thus contributes his portion towards facilitating the work of complete demolition. While this is going on, mirth and music are at their height—songs and chants from the people, prayers and incantations from the clergy, dolorous wails from the hired mourners, and light jests from the thoughtless crowd—each striving for the ascendancy, and all combined producing an effect so ludicrous as effectually to dislodge every solemn thought. As the flames gleam more fiercely, and send forth their forked tongues of lurid glare, the music becoming ever more wild and fearful in character, the nearest relatives toss bundles of clothing across the flaming bier, uttering, ever and anon, in low, plaintive tones, prayers and incantations, which the next moment are lost in the solemn, wailing dirge, or wild, unearthly song. Meanwhile the priests, in their yellow robes, and shielding by their priestly fans their own sacred persons from the vulgar gaze of the despised laity, completely encircle the pyre, and one or two hold the end of the tube through which the ashes of the burning body is to be conveyed into a small urn

\* For particulars of the Queen's funeral, see *Southern Literary Messenger*, April 1856.—[AUTHOR.]

of gold, silver, or brass, according to the rank of the deceased.

And now the work of demolition is complete—the flames have all too faithfully fulfilled their sad mission, and of that which was once a perfect human body, the dwelling place of an immortal soul, made in the image and likeness of the Creator, there now remain but a few handfuls of smoking ashes; and to future generations, his last resting-place will be as untraceable, and far less sublimely beautiful than the sailor-boy's trackless grave beneath the deep blue sea, where old ocean plays a perpetual dirge, and sea-nymphs weave corals, rich and rare, in the raven locks that play about the noble and manly brow.

In these two modes of disposing of the dead, strikingly dissimilar as they seem at first glance, there is always not only the same strange fascination in both, but in each something that reminds the spectator of the other, and makes him feel that either would be preferable to the dark, damp vault, away from the cheerful sunlight, or shut in by stone walls, and hidden away forever from the eyes of the loving and the loved—where he might share neither the broad, boundless freedom of the sea-burial, nor his sleeping ashes be watered daily by the tears of those most dear. In the sea-burial there is something grandly sublime that moves every emotion of the soul, and makes one long *thus* to be disposed of, when he too shall pass away from earth and earthly scenes. Gazing on in rapt wonder, the unconscious lips but utter the heart's deep feeling as he exclaims, "fain would I rest beneath the foamy wave, old ocean should sing my requiem, and broad, boundless, and fathomless as the deep blue sea, should be my sepulchre—rather than the closeness and the corruptibility—the mould and the worm of the dark, narrow tomb!" Then is there not something pleasurable in knowing that the bodies of those most dear, when thus disposed of, remain for ages, or till the resurrection morn, incorruptible, unchanged as when last clasped in our arms. Sunk, as they may easily be by proper precautions, far below the depth of de-

vouring monsters; and preserved by the exclusion of light and heat, the saline properties of the ocean, and the super-incumbent pressure of the water, from the slightest *possibility* of decomposition, they must remain perfectly unchanged till "the sea shall give up her dead" at the resurrection morn. Surely, *this* were to be preferred for the precious forms we have loved so well, to their becoming food for worms or mouldering into dust.

Next to a sea-burial, I would select incineration for the sake of *retaining the ashes of a loved one always near me*, as the least painful of the remaining methods of disposing of the dead. Yet from the practice of reducing the body to ashes by burning, we, with our preconceived ideas and western prejudices, turn at first glance, as from a spectacle revolting to all the finer sensibilities of our nature, without suffering ourselves to view it in its true light.

But after all, it is the *accompaniments* of Eastern funerals which renders them so peculiarly revolting to the refined sensibilities of a European mind; and their attendant circumstances are of precisely the same character, whether the mode of disposing of the dead be by *burial or burning*. In the act of burning, *per se*, there is nothing more painful to the feelings of the survivors, than in our ordinary interments, the hollow sound of the clod on the lid that closes forever from our view the features of the loved one, and the sad consciousness of mould, the worm and the corruption to which we have inevitably consigned him. He is as surely, though more slowly, to be reduced to his primitive dust, as he could be on the burning pyre,—and yet we have not, as in the latter, the small consolation of keeping the precious dust always near, and bearing it with us wherever we roam, by sea or by land. And cherishing as we do the memories of the departed, it is a privilege precious indeed to the heart of the bereaved, to have even the sleeping *dust* where it may be watered by daily tears, and form a tangible link in the chain that binds him to the dear one in heaven. Not quite so pleasant perhaps as a visit to the quiet

resting-place, where, amid rural beauty and cherished memories, in the cheerful sunlight, and among clustering flowers, in scenes hallowed by the prayers of the good and the tears of the loving, our dear ones sleep peacefully beneath the green sod, their graves hallowed by holy thoughts, and by wholesome public restraints, kept safe from every possible desecration; but, on the other hand, infinitely preferable to leaving a lone grave, perchance in a foreign land, among strangers or barbarians, with fears for its desecration diminished only by the hope that it will be neglected or forgotten by those to whose tender mercies it is bequeathed. And sad indeed must be the alternative when a bereaved friend can *hope* for forgetfulness of the hallowed spot consecrated as the last resting-place of a loved one! We can readily imagine how terrible to the highly-wrought sensibilities of the ardent oriental, it would seem to leave the precious form of a loved one mouldering in a foreign land, far from all most dear in life—his grave untended by affection, and the flowers that bloom over the hallowed spot unwatered by a single loving tear. The vivid fancy of the imaginative oriental has clothed such a scene in his own glowing colours, by likening it to some beautiful wayside flowers, over which a traveller erected a temporary shed to protect them from the burning rays of the fierce tropical sun, intending to come again at evening to water the flowers, and remove the shed that they might inhale the refreshing dew. But he forgot them, and the little flowers soon drooped and died, pining, as the vivid imagination of an oriental would believe, rather at the unkindness of being neglected or forgotten, than for want of the cool, refreshing dew; and thus they deem that the spirits of the dead mourn if the bodies they once inhabited are left untended and unmourned.

With such views, it is not strange that they should have selected a mode of disposing of the dead, by which the precious remains can be ever near those they most loved while on earth. We all, though doubtless in a less degree than

these fancy-loving children of a sunny clime, cherish something of the same desire; and but for the prejudices of education and the trammels of habit, we should prefer retaining even the *ashes* of our loved ones, to consigning *all* together to the darkness of the tomb, to become food for the loathsome and devouring worm.

But these refined sensibilities belong only to the upper class. In the poor, ground down by poverty and oppression, even natural affection seems crushed out, and neither for the living nor the dead is any considerable degree of affection manifested. *Living*, the mother hesitates not to sell her child for gold, that she may indulge her inordinate lust for opium or for gaming—and when her little one breathes its last in her arms, she mourns for it less than the fierce lioness robbed of her cubs, and then it is carelessly laid away in its grave, and forgotten.

But we leave these generalities, to notice now, more in detail, a few of the various observances connected with funeral obsequies in the East. These differ largely in different countries, and are of course modified by position, taste, and religious feeling, both as respects individuals and communities.

Among the poorer class of *Burmese*, as before observed, the dead are occasionally buried. In such cases, the body is laid out immediately after death, on a long, narrow bench, clothed in the ordinary garments worn in life, but with the head and feet uncovered. Flowers are usually strewn over the corpse; and above it is placed a sort of canopy composed of a frame-work of bamboo, hung with tinsel paper, and various fringed and floral adornments according to the pecuniary means of the family and friends of the deceased.

The relations sit around weeping, in reality or in appearance, as their affection for the dead or the want of it may incline; but whether lamented or not, the deceased must be loudly bemoaned—etiquette requires it, and this capricious tyrant must in this, as in all other matters, be obeyed—from her requi-

there can be no appeal. In this onerous duty of weeping, the relatives are assisted, or rather *led*, by *hired* mourners, who, with torn garments and dishevelled hair, cast themselves on the ground, weeping, wailing, and howling, till utterly exhausted, when they lie writhing and panting on the earth long enough for their exhausted energies to be restored, then they arise and go through the same frantic cries and gestures as before. This is continued as long as the body remains *in sight*, and so perfectly is the rôle acted, that an uninitiated spectator would never dream of suspecting the reality of the grief, but would have all his sympathies enlisted in behalf of the fancied mourner.

Whilst these scenes are transpiring *within* the dwelling, or in the immediate presence of the deceased, groups of friendly neighbours assemble under temporary sheds of mat or bamboo, *around* the house, to construct the coffin, the funeral car and its adornments, the offerings for the officiating priests, and whatever else may be needed on the occasion. While thus engaged they amuse themselves in freely canvassing the character of the deceased, his conduct in life, his chances for happiness in a future state, and above all, the reputation he sustained for charitable alms-deeds and offerings to the priests. This subject exhausted, general gossip follows, interspersed with rude jests and ribald songs, till their task, which sometimes occupies several days, is completed, when they are summoned to join the group already assembled within. The body is then carelessly deposited in the rude coffin, placed on the car, and amid singing, dancing, and revelry of every description, is borne away to the place of burial. The body and the coffin are both covered over with flowers, and the car profusely decorated with tinsel and coloured paper; whilst uncouth figures of demons, ghosts, or genii—probably an admixture of all three, for we can scarcely believe that anything at once so horrid and so grotesque, ever really existed in our own world or any other—these are placed as sentinels or guards at the corners of the car to keep

off spirits still more “*uncanny*” than themselves, if such can be supposed to exist. The car is borne on the shoulders of ten or twelve men hired for the occasion; and when the procession starts, it is headed always by two or more yellow-robed priests, holding their long-handled fans between their faces and the new-made grave, and these are kept carefully up during the whole ceremony, that the sacred persons of these lordly priests may not be defiled, either by the vulgar gaze of the multitude, or by the inhalation of the air that has become unclean in its contact with anything pertaining to death.

Next to the priests follows a company of men or boys loaded with the fruit, rice, betel-nut, &c., that constitute the dues of these haughty sons of the church; then musicians with their noisy drums, gongs, tom-toms, &c., and their wild, unearthly songs, which, by a slight stretch of the imagination, might seem to issue from Tartarus itself, and to assimilate rather to the wailings of the lost than to anything earthly.

Next in order follows the car containing the dead body, and immediately in its rear the relatives of the deceased, in torn garments, dishevelled hair, and earth-begrimmed faces, escorted by and mingled with the *hired* mourners still wailing forth their dolorous plaints.

After the mourners comes a party of women and girls, bearing flowers, fruit, betel-nut, and cups of water, for the dead; and the rear is brought up by a motley crowd—an incongruous mixture of all sorts, ages and conditions, who, either from interest or curiosity, affection for the deceased or love of excitement, join in the procession that is escorting the remains of a fellow-being to its last narrow home.

Where the circumstances of the family are such as to enable them to afford it, intoxicating drinks are freely distributed among the bearers and the musicians; and in such cases the most revolting scenes generally ensue. The bearers becoming exhilarated by the fumes of the liquor, jump and dance with frantic violence, shaking and tumb-

ling about the corpse in the most shocking manner; while, under the influence of the same unnatural excitement, the musicians yell, and shriek, and breathe forth such appalling strains of diabolical passion, as might startle the archfiend himself.

When the grave has been reached, the car is rudely put down by its side, the priests take their station at the head, with the presents brought for them laid at their feet, the company, including the mourners, refresh themselves with food and drink, and then a drum announces that the interment is about to take place. The bearers then lift out the coffin, and rudely thrust it into the depository prepared for it; after which each relative throws in a handful of dirt, water is poured upon the ground at the head of the grave, betel-nut and rice are thrown in, and then, amid the din of drums and the loud wail of the mourners, the hole is filled up. The people then all bow and worship the priests, repeating after them a sort of incantation and a form of prayer for the well-being of the departed; after which a lively air is struck up by the band,—during the playing of it the company either disperse to their homes, or enter upon some exhilarating game, and thus the funeral ceremonies are ended.

No memorial marks the spot where the dead body has been deposited, and in a short time not even the nearest relative can designate the locality—unless, indeed, the deceased has been either a *priest* or *Nabob*, and *these* are not often buried at all. But when thus disposed of, a small *Pagodah* is erected over the grave, and constitutes thenceforth a temple of worship to these deluded idolaters, visited not from yearning affection, but from superstitious reverence, and to propitiate the favour of the departed spirit.

Young children are buried with eyeless ceremony—the bodies being thrown, without a coffin and almost in a state of nudity, into a hole often not two feet deep. The earth is then thrown in and stamped down upon the little body with a degree of haste and rudeness that is perfectly revolting. As the only redeem-

ing feature of this disgusting scene, the little grave is literally covered with the most fragrant flowers, fresh, fair, and beautiful as the bright spirit just passed away, of whose brief earthly career the frailty of these perishable adornments form so apt an emblem—and like them, when withered and decayed its resting place is neglected, and the beautiful casket of an immortal jewel consigned to everlasting oblivion. No tender mother comes at eventide to weep here for her loved one, or hang fresh garlands on its tomb; but the fierce hyena soon scents its prey, and ere the little body is scarcely cold, it is often torn from its shallow grave to be ravenously devoured by these prowling monsters.

Among the *Karens*, (a people wholly distinct from the Burmese, and in many respects vastly their superior,) who occupy the upper or mountainous portions of the Burman Empire, bordering on Thibet and Cochin China, anything pertaining to death is regarded with absolute horror. The clothes, books, and other possessions of the deceased are all consumed by fire, and any one would be considered as unclean forever who should knowingly appropriate any part of them. Even the work on which a man or woman happens to be engaged when a death is announced to him, must be at once abandoned, and however costly or valuable, it is never resumed. Thus a house or boat, in which is invested perhaps nearly all a poor man's little fortune; a valuable web of cloth, which has cost to some feeble woman months of wearying labour; a garden or field, which is just about to repay the whole season's toil and anxiety; and even the innocent volumes, on which a patient, much-enduring copyist has spent alike the midnight vigil and the long, burning days of exhausting labour, must be all alike consigned to irremediable destruction, if the operators should be so unlucky as to be engaged on their work when the announcement of a death is made. To touch again any of these after such a casualty, would, in the estimation of the superstitious *Karens*, involve a curse more fatal than the poisoned tunic of Ness.

conveyed to Hercules, since the latter brought with it death only to the *body*, while the former is supposed to occasion calamity through all future states, and to the soul as well as the tenement of clay. Infringement of the ordinary practices involving a penalty so fearful, of course there are few who possess hardihood sufficient to brave it, and thus the tyrant custom has continued, generation after generation, to bind his shackles more and more firmly around his willing captives.

Nor may we hope for a rescue, save from the benign influences of the Gospel of truth, when the "Star of the East" shall gleam forth in that distant horizon, and shed his cheering light over the thick darkness of that benighted sphere.

Among this people, as soon as a person has ceased to breathe, every part of the body, not even excepting the face, is closely enwrapped in some coarse cloth, and it is then laid out on a bench in the outer room of the dwelling, where all that come in may see and weep over it. Rice is poured down in a pile at the head and feet of the corpse, together with tobacco, cigars, betel-nut, and fruits; and at one side is placed a basket containing various cooking utensils, a drinking cup, knife, and similar articles. The spirit of the dead is then invited to eat freely as while on earth, and exhorted not to be ashamed; whilst his deceased friends who have preceded him to the land of spirits are urged to return and escort their brother across the Stygian gulf to a place in their own midst. Meanwhile all the relatives surround the dead body, and prostrating themselves before it, utter the most piercing wails and lamentations, imploring the departed to return to earth, and bless their longing ears with the sound of his lamented voice. Others sing dolorous ditties and chant choruses couched in figurative language like the following:

"A tree sprang up on high,  
Its branches soared aloft,  
Its fruit as cotton soft,  
And joy to passers-by.

But then a serpent came,  
Kub-lu-lu was his name,  
For hurt he came to spy.

"His deadly eye he bent  
Upon the boughs so fair,  
Which ripest fruit did bear.  
And 'neath his curse they went  
To darkness and to death,  
Cursed by the monster's breath,  
To fierce destruction sent."

It is a strange measure, but it is that in which their dirges are usually sung; and though possessing nought of literary merit, it is here inserted as an average specimen of poetical composition from a nation who but a few years since, had not even an alphabet. As such it may not be devoid of interest to the curious in such matters; and it possesses the additional merit of being probably one of the first Karen songs that has been published in the language of any western nation.

After the singing of these dirges, and sometimes while they are still going on, a large company of the friends and relatives of the deceased, engage in a curious game called "tiger and fowl," which is intended to symbolize the conflict of disembodied spirits with the "powers of the air," witches, demons, and hobgoblins.

Next to this, follow sundry marches around the corpse, fresh prostrations, and more mournful ditties. Then hot water is poured out near the head and feet of the dead, which is meant to supply the drink he is supposed to require in the land of spirits.

At night-fall small tapers are lighted, and placed for a brief interval at each end of the bench or stool on which the body lies, and at the same time one of the relations marches around it, while proclaiming to the dead, the points of the compass, the tops and roots of the trees, &c., but always directly the reverse of their true position, as the Karens believe that the place of departed spirits is directly at antipodes with our earth.

After the conclusion of these ceremonies, all remains in *statu quo* till the time appointed for the burning, and the inter-

val, whether long or short, is usually spent by the relatives and friends, in all sorts of feasting and carousals. At the burning of the body, a single bone is selected and carefully preserved, till a convenient time for bringing the relatives and friends together again. A great feast is then made, and ceremonies very similar to those performed over the body, are repeated over this bone, then a dirge is sung for the purpose of frightening off *Mukha*, an evil spirit of whom they stand in special terror, then one of the bangles\* of the deceased is hung up, and under it is placed a vessel of cooked rice, of which the departed is urged to come and partake. If the bangle and the string by which it is suspended, remain perfectly motionless, they believe it an indication that the departed spirit is a prisoner in hell, and the funeral party breaks up in dismay. But if the string should evince a tremulous motion, the bangle turn round, or the cord snap suddenly in two, they believe that the deceased has answered the call, and he is forthwith conducted to the grave prepared for the bone, which is then buried with the money, clothes, &c., which he is supposed to need in the spirit land.

The spirit is then dismissed with the admonition to go to his own place, among his kindred and friends in the land of Hades, to remember his surviving relatives, and await their coming. The money, he is told, is to ransom himself should he chance to be taken prisoner by any evil minded demon on his way. The whole company then clap their hands, saying: "Go in peace—this grave is thy small house, but thy grand and spacious mansion is on the cool bank of the river *Mandokwa*, where beauteous maidens recline on beds of fragrant flowers, and all is calm, quiet, and peaceful."

With this valedictory, the ceremonies are concluded, and the company disperse to their respective homes. The urn containing the precious ashes of the incinerated body is carefully preserved, but the

grave in which the bone has been deposited is never re-visited. It is thenceforth a spot devoid of interest, and would in fact, be supposed to entail evil on any one who should approach it.

The funeral obsequies of the *Chinese* are celebrated in a manner quite different. With the fondness for formal etiquette, that forms one of the most striking characteristics of that strange people, especially those of the higher class, they never say of a departed friend, that he is *dead*; but he is alluded to as "absent," "transformed," "roaming among the spirits," or as having "changed worlds." Of an Emperor or Priest, they say "he has become a guest of the upper regions;" and when such a calamity occurs as the death of a reigning sovereign, a proclamation is immediately issued throughout the Empire, commanding all classes, ages, and conditions, to refrain from marrying, feasting, sacrificing to the gods, attending at theatres, playing on any musical instruments, shaving the head, and the wearing of ornaments, for the space of a hundred days, and to wear badges of mourning (*white*) for the same length of time.

When a parent or elderly relative dies, the event is publicly announced by hanging long, narrow strips of white cloth on each side of the front doors of the dwelling, besides which a special courier is dispatched to all the relatives and family connections to acquaint them with the event, and as soon as possible they repair to the scene of mourning. They are all clothed in white, or have at least a piece of white cloth tacked on their garments in a conspicuous place, usually just between the shoulders, and this has the appearance simply of a common patch—rather a capacious one, it is true, and not very neatly put on.

Among the rich or noble, the body of the deceased is very carefully laid out, and the garments, often of the most costly description, are handsomely decorated with sweet-scented white flowers, and the

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\* NOTE.—Ornaments of gold or silver, worn by all orientals, around the wrists and ankles.—AUTHOR.

whole covered with a sheet of white silk, trimmed with fine lace. They use no shroud or burial suit; but the garments are made in precisely the same fashion as those worn in life; and as fashions among the Celestials never change, the cut is precisely the same that it has been for thousands of years. As soon as the dressing is completed, the body is laid in the coffin, which generally in wealthy families, is kept ready on hand, often for years before it is wanted. So generally is the propriety of this fore-thought, recognized by the Chinese, that a handsome coffin is considered quite a suitable present for a dutiful son to make to a parent on a birth-day or other season of festivity; and it is nothing unusual to see in well-furnished houses, one or more handsome coffins, placed in conspicuous parts of the rooms—not to keep death always in view, but simply that one may feel sure that suitable provision is made for the body after death as well as before. After the body is laid in the coffin, a plate is placed on the lid, containing the name and age, and sometimes the inscription that is designed for the tomb-stone. Thus encoffined the body lies in state for several days, during which period the relatives surround it, and weep and bewail his departure in most piteous tones, though far less boisterously than some of those already referred to in these pages. But this regard to decorum is not maintained when the time arrives for the burial. Here the oriental fancy for show and parade triumphs over good sense and good taste; and the same profusion of ornaments, the same deafening din of noisy instruments, characterize the scene as in the cases before cited.

The procession is headed by a band, whose combined efforts on gong, tom-tom, cymbal, and triangle, produce a din more insufferable than the horrid screech of a pair of infuriated cats, or the hideous yells of the prowling jackall. After the musicians, (if these nefarious disturbers of the public peace are entitled to such a designation,) come the bearers of the flags and pennants, on which are inscribed in enormous characters, the virtues, real or imaginary, of the deceased, his titles,

offices, &c. Then follow miniature altars, curtained round with tinsel paper, inside of which are placed barbecued pigs, (the Celestial's special delight,) poultry of various kinds, fantastically dressed to represent Buddhist Priests, boiled rice, fruits, cakes, and sweetmeats, in endless variety and abundance, and last, but not least, tobacco, betel-nut, and cigars. Next to these offerings comes the coffin, with several Priests at the head, and immediately in the rear, the wives, children, and other relatives of the deceased; all clothed in loose garments of sack-cloth, confined at the waist by hempen girdles, and their glossy raven hair, usually so beautifully braided, now hanging loose and disheveled over their shoulders. *Hired* mourners also mingle with the others, and add their piercing wails and horrid ditties to the din created by the band.

When the procession reaches the place of interment, the body is placed under a temporary shed that has been erected for the purpose, near the grave; and the fruits, meats, &c., in a similar one at a little distance. These are brought here merely for consecration, and are afterwards conveyed back to the former residence of the dead man, to embellish the feast that is always held there *after* the interment is concluded.

Many ceremonies are performed previous to depositing the coffin in its last receptacle. First jos-sticks are lighted, waved to and fro over the coffin, and then stuck in the ground, all around that and the grave: then suits of clothes made entirely of paper are burned and thrown into the grave that the fumes may ascend to heaven and furnish clothing for the departed in the next state; then rice is poured down at each end, and then water. After this the body is lowered to its final resting place, and sprinkled over with lime; jars containing rice, pork, and fruits, are placed at the head and feet; and gilt papers are lighted and thrown on the coffin, to drive off evil spirits, and to be converted into money to pay the ferryman's fare over the Chinese Styx, to the pleasant groves and flowery plains beyond. Various prayers are next said by the clergy, while the laity prostrate



themselves in adoration; and cash\* are distributed by the Priests, and eagerly scrambled for by the people, who believe that it is an omen for good to obtain one of these coins. After this the grave is filled up, a fresh, and if possible a still louder lamentation is wailed forth, and then the whole party adjourn to the other shed to witness the consecration of the delicacies of which they are afterwards to partake at the former home of the dead man.

For this act of consecration, a small idol is placed in the centre of the table, incense sticks are lighted and deposited before it, and then the Priests mumble out a succession of stupid prayers which neither themselves nor their auditors are thinking of, or caring for. The ceremony is concluded by one unanimous prostration, and then the entire company repair to the house of the feast. Here eating, drinking, and revelry are kept up for the entire night, after which things return to their old routine, and all moves on as before.

Once a year the grave is re-visited, and fresh offerings of food, incense, gilt papers, and paper clothes are burned to the manes of the departed. The burial places are kept in perfect order, and generally occupying pleasant sites on shady hill-sides or in picturesque groves, they form not an uninteresting feature in a Chinese landscape, especially to the foreign tourist. Flowers rare and beautiful, of such gorgeous tints as can be developed only beneath those sunny skies, twine their luxuriant branches around every tomb, a beauteous mingling of life and death, decay and reproduction—and the very atmosphere lulls you by its soft perfume into a dreamy forgetfulness of the realities of sober life, from which you are loath to awake—longing almost to lay yourself down forever amid so much beauty, and fragrance, and peace.

The tombs are shaped exactly in the form of *Omega*, the last letter of the Greek alphabet, which may possibly have been selected to symbolize the grave as

the termination of man's earthly career, since that letter, we know, was generally used by the Greeks themselves to signify *the end*. May not the Chinese have borrowed the type from them? And what a field is here opened for speculative fancy; a field we dare not enter upon *here*, lest the present article, already too long, should grow beyond the patience of our readers. We leave, therefore, the subject for themselves to pursue at will. It forms at least a curious *coincidence*, if nothing more.

The manner of *burning* the dead as practised by the Siamese, Cingalese, Cambodjians, and many others of the *Budhist* nations of Southern Asia, has been already given in the preceding portion of this article, and it now remains for us only to notice some of the festivities that precede and accompany the act of incineration.

These consist of theatrical representations, trials of strength by single combat, mock battles, the national games, feats of jugglery, songs and dances innumerable, and a varied and brilliant display of fire works. In the drama, both tragedy and comedy are duly represented, but among the exclusives of uppertendom the *former* always takes precedence. In every funeral of note, the plays are written especially for the occasion—cast with the utmost regard to effective representation, and the whole rôle carried out in such manner as to display to advantage the person and character of the deceased. The hero or heroine is always the person whose funeral rites are being celebrated, and the plot of the piece is an exaggerated epitome of his personal adventures. Where the life of the individual has been too short or too uneventful to furnish the requisite amount of spicy narrative, the inventive brain of the imaginative oriental readily fills out the picture—though sometimes in a manner so *malàpropôs* as to remind one of the trite remark that if most persons could read the inscriptions on their own tomb-stones, they would be fully persuaded that by some mistake

\* The smallest copper coin used in China, and worth  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a cent.—AUTHOR.

they had been deposited in the wrong graves.

In the trials of strength or prowess by single combat, one of the combatants is supposed to personate the deceased, and the spirit of the latter to inhabit for the time being, the body of the hero of the day. For with true oriental politeness, the victor on such occasions, always yields the palm to the dead, and declares himself wholly indebted for success to the skill and prowess of the disembodied spirit. Sometimes the combatants are so equally matched, that for a long time the issue seems uncertain, and victory to poise on uncertain wing between the two. Whilst this is the case, no one ventures an opinion as to which personates the deceased, but the moment one is unhorsed or disarmed, the deafening plaudits of the multitude proclaim the victor as the impersonation of the departed, and as such he receives the congratulations of the spectators.

The national games, feats of jugglery, &c., have been so fully described in a former article,\* that it is deemed wholly unnecessary to repeat them in this connection. These games are the same, whether the concomitants of a wedding or a funeral, a religious celebration or a national festival. One only will be here referred to, and that is of a character so unique, and so purely oriental, that it needs to be witnessed for its merits to be duly appreciated. Two enormous lanterns of oiled silk, elaborately painted, are so constructed as accurately to resemble, one an alligator, and the other a dragon or sea-serpent. These are brilliantly lighted from within, and each is occupied by a man, who, wholly concealed from view, guides the movements of the animal he inhabits, and thrusts a drawn sword from time to time, at his adversary, from its wide-spread jaws. These monsters first glide noiselessly into the arena, and then after a rapid survey of the ground, rush furiously upon each other, darting fire-rockets from their eyes, spouting forth flames and smoke from expanded nostrils

and fiery jaws, and uttering such deep, unearthly yells as seem to issue from some subterranean vault, and cause the very earth to quake beneath their feet. As soon as one triumphs, he leaps upon his discomfited foe, and with curses loud and deep, both rush from the stage into impenetrable darkness, and are seen no more. But with their exit, you observe a dense smoke arising on the stage, and spreading itself far and wide over the assembled masses, while horrid fumes of sulphur choke the breath, and lead to the fearful apprehension that Tartarus has opened wide its gaping jaws, in which anon you may be engulfed. But these horrid fears subside in an instant, as soft strains of ravishing music break on the enraptured ear, and a female figure, graceful and beautiful as an Houri from the Mohammedan's voluptuous paradise, glides on the stage, and casts herself, with her lute, on a bed of fragrant flowers, that seem to have sprung up by magic at her feet—for certainly five minutes before they were no where to be seen. Partly in song, and partly in graceful pantomime, she proclaims herself the vanquisher of both serpent and alligator, and the liberator of the spirit of the departed from the fangs of both. Then with a joyous, soul-breathing sweetness, purporting to be the song of triumph from the disenthralled captive, the lovely enchantress disappears, and you are left in dreamy uncertainty as to whether the whole is not an illusion of your own fancy, or whether your senses have been ravished by sights and sounds from Elysium itself.

The songs and dances at funerals, as well as on all other occasions, are of a highly voluptuous character, tending rather to excite the passions than to produce the solemnity appropriate to a funeral. Indeed the whole ceremonies, from beginning to end, would seem to us to do violence to all the better feelings of humanity, and to be the very reverse of our ideas of propriety. But "*de gustibus non disputandum*,"—and our antipodes, have,

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\* So. Lit. Messenger for May, 1857.

we may suppose, the same legitimate right to sing and dance as an exhibition of grief, as we have to weep. Assuredly our funerals would seem to them as wanting in respect to the dead, as theirs appear to us assuredly noisy and pompous. *Our tomb-stones*, on the contrary, are often the severest libels on modesty, common sense and propriety, whilst the inscriptions on the urns in which they deposit the ashes of the dead, are characterized by the most touching simplicity and yearning tenderness. "My mother,"—"the flower that lay in my bosom,"—"the true heart where once nestled the now desolate wife,"—"a withered bud,"—"my only loved,"—"earth's fairest flower,"—"the sun of my life,"—"the joy of the harem,"—"the light that illumined my darkness,"—"pure as the dew drop,"—or "sleep sweetly,"—with the name and age of the deceased, are often the only inscriptions on these massive urns of purest gold. Do they not speak volumes of the yearning fondness that follows the loved one even beyond the tomb, and would sacredly shelter the fond memories of the past in the heart's dearest sanctuary, within whose jealousy-guarded portals the stranger may not intrude?

Strangely touching is the sight of death beneath those sunny skies, where all around is so redolent with life, and joy, and beauty; and despite all our western prejudices against many of their ceremonies, yet it seems sweet to lay one down to die, amid the perennial flowers and fadeless verdure of those glorious climes. As one would choose to die amid the flowers of summer rather than the frosts of winter—in the noon-tide vigour of life's proud maturity rather than in the conscious feebleness of age—so it would seem sweeter to lay one down for his last, long sleep, beneath cloudless skies, where the joyous carol of the bird never ceases, nor autumn covers over earth with her sere and yellow leaf, than amid the frosts and snows, and pelting storms of our colder clime. Yes! "sleep sweetly," gentle spirits of those sunny lands—rest calmly in your shady groves, enshrined in the fond memories of loving hearts,

and let the hopeful *resurgam* be written on each costly urn, or sheltered tomb, where repose your ashes till the Resurrection Morn.

In speaking of burning the dead, we alluded casually to the prevalent custom of relatives tossing bundles of clothing over the fire that is consuming the body of the deceased. This is not an unmeaning ceremony; but a sort of necromancy by which they would peer into the unseen future, and catch a glimpse of the fate of the loved and mourned.

All Budhists believe in transmigration, or the passing of the soul from one state of existence to another; and their sacred books tell them that *six times at least*, the souls of even the best and purest, must cross the fiery gulf that separates this state of being from the *nigban* for which they pine—the Elysian fields, where shady groves, fadeless flowers, and dreamless slumbers await the faithful. Should an individual be guilty of any breach of Budhistic law, the number of his terms of probation is increased in proportion to the magnitude of the offence, often reaching to hundreds, and even thousands of states of being, till by oft-repeated trial and suffering, the soul is purged from sin, and rendered meet for the abodes of the blessed.

But six times at least, the soul must have inhabited an earthly body, before it can be admitted to that state of perfect rest; and if in tossing the bundles of clothing across the funeral pyre, they fall not a single time, the survivors believe that it is an indication that the deceased has passed his *last ordeal*, and is then safely housed from every future storm. But if the bundles *fall*, they read in it an omen of farther states of trial or probation, and just as many as is indicated by the number of failures in tossing the bundles. It is, to them, "no child's play," as many travellers have termed it, but matter of the gravest moment—of most heart-thrilling interest—and its results are watched with the most intense anxiety.

In this ceremony, may probably be found the reason why a Budhist never engages in any game that requires a ba'

or other object to be caught in the hands. To him such pastimes would be sacrilegious—a profane trifling with a thing sacred.

Such are the views and practices of these strange people—unmeaning indeed to us, but to them rife with interest; and

probably not more unaccountable to a European than many of our customs to an Asiatic. Would that their ignorance and infatuation led them into no more venial errors—errors whose results extend beyond the tomb, and involve the eternal well-being of the immortal soul.

GREENSBORO', ALABAMA, March 15th, 1859.

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### THE SONG OF LORONNAYE.

To sing a song of Loronnaye  
 Is all that now remains for me—  
 To cheer me on my fainting way,  
 Direct me o'er this dreary sea :  
 To sing that song, once more my heart  
 Must throb against its better part,  
 And close its eyes to hope and day,  
 Thinking of him who passed away,  
 The pearl of splendour, Loronnaye!

How I did love him! Crawling hours  
 Bear witness how I pined and moaned,  
 When summer laughed in leaves and flowers,  
 When winter wrapped the shivering ground  
 In his white shroud. 'Twas in the spring  
 He left me hopeless—glittering  
 In silver armour, like the day  
 The fount of joy, from far away,  
 That came to strike on Loronnaye.

The amber clouds deep in the west,  
 Died dolphin-like in roseate gleams,  
 The dove was moaning in her nest,  
 The shadows creeping o'er the streams  
 And mountain sides, what time he went,  
 Leaving my soul with anguish rent—  
 And all the face of nature lay  
 Wrapped in a vapor cold and gray;  
 Then when I lost my Loronnaye.

He stood against the hanging blue  
 Like a bright star in azure skies—  
 His smile so noble, fond and true,  
 The joy of combat in his eyes!  
 And as that smile shone down on me,  
 On heart and soul with agony  
 Surcharged—blind in the dazzling ray,  
 I moaned—Oh! do not go away,  
 My life, my spirit, Loronnaye!

He struck his sword-hilt with his glove,  
 His iron heel rang clear and free;  
 "What hold me here, my gentle dove,  
 When Arthur bends beside the sea  
 Like a great forest pine, and stands  
 With quivering knees and fainting hands,  
 Ready to yield and pass away  
 For want of me in that mellay!"  
 So spoke, so went my Loronnaye.

The trumpet sounded—clashing hooves  
 Were on the court-yard: Oliviere,  
 His other heart—two mighty loves  
 Joined in one breast—called to him clear—  
 "Thou Loronnaye! the battle now  
 Is roaring past the mountain's brow  
 In Lyonesse, and there to-day  
 Does kingly Arthur fiercely pray  
 For aid from mighty Loronnaye."

'Twas said—and turning in his pride—  
 A kiss left on my cheek of flame—  
 He went, and from the mountain side  
 My hero never came again!  
 Struck down by something mightier far  
 Than foeman in the ranks of war,  
 His gaze fixed on the god of day,  
 He gave his noble life away,  
 My other life, my Loronnaye.

But still he lives for me in dreams,  
 He visits me in happy sleep,  
 His clear, soft eye upon me beams,  
 He smiles: I often wake to weep.  
 The earth seems like a dungeon dark,  
 My life a dreary storm-tossed bark—  
 Black is the light of the bright day,  
 With shuddering pain I turn away,  
 Seeking for Loronnaye!

## THOUGHT.

What is Thought? Reasoning, sentient being—made in the image of God—endowed with immortal powers—what is this little stream winding through thy life? breathing out in sunshine and in shade—at midnight and at noon day—in the busy marts of trade, or the deep solitude of the closet—bearing Peace upon its waters, or lashing its waves to fury in thy breast? Thou answerest “Thought.” Yet what is thought? A gleam of the lightning’s quivering wing? A spark from the Promethean fires of Heaven? A ray from the Throne of the Infinite Glory? A breath from the Triune Deity on High? Who may analyze its being, or seek to grasp its form? Invisibly it cometh, invisibly it passeth on its way, but its footprints are written on the soul, and its echo is in the life of man. In the Land of Shadows it has its being, and noiseless and shapeless is its busy moving—but it cometh to *all*, sparkling with dew from the River of Life, or burning with fire from the Regions of Death. Borne upon the wing of Hope it cometh to the youth on the threshold of life—spanning with rainbow hues the stream of his destiny, across whose waters Honour and Fame have spun their cobweb glories, and he speedeth on to the years of his manhood, knowing Thought only as a form of beauty. To the man it comes, and it calleth up the past, and maketh the pleasures of his childhood seem trivial and worthless, and the dreams of his youth grow cold in its torchlight. Then it leadeth him beside the graves of his buried joys, whilst its touch awakening the dead maketh them to walk with him once more upon the earth. Or perchance it points towards the setting of Life’s Sun, and biddeth him work on whilst the day lasts, that he may go at its close with a crown of glory to his rest.

Soft, sweet, and pure as the whispers of a first affection it stealeth to the maiden’s heart, wreathes her young life with flowers, strews her pathway with brightness, and encircles with its halo of peace her bridal vow. Blessed if it go

with her *thus* through life—thrice blessed if her Hope never be less joyous, her Faith never change save to full fruition.

To the rich it comes, and its voice lures them from the contemplation of self, and bids them go forth from their luxurious homes, spreading comfort and light upon the earth—and its strain in their hearts hath a note from the Angel’s Song, its smile a ray from the Seraphim’s wing as the blessing of the poor ascendeth to heaven.

To the captive it comes, and its magic glass brings the loved ones of home to his longing gaze—and the clasp of his wife’s familiar hand, the thrill of his children’s embrace is felt by him in his prison cell.

To the doomed it comes, and amid the writhings of remorse, the torture of guilt, the agonizing certainty of a malefactor’s doom, its little wand lifteth the veil of the Future—its “still small voice” whispers of a Tribunal where repentance may avail, and the Blood of Atonement may be the sinner’s plea—where He who “gave His life a ransom for many” maketh intercession with a Judge whose “darling attribute” is Mercy.

To the Christian it comes, and who shall count up its treasures or fathom its secret springs, who shall tell its brightness or stay its arrowy flight?

A whisper from the God-head caught,  
It comes to his soul with blessings fraught,

and his life may be weary, and his hearthstone silent, and his lot meted out with the children of sorrow—Poverty may bring its thousand burdens—Pain and Sickness may wear away his strength—Envy, Hatred, and Malice may dog his steps with their petty, poisonous wrongs—Riches and Pleasure may spread their temptations in his path, or Death may bear away his loved until he hath nought left to cling to on the wide, wide Earth—and the first crushing anguish of his woe may even wring from his heart the cry, “my burden is greater than I can bear,” yet Thought shall rise like a star from

the deep waters—forms from the unseen world shall fill his soul with companionship—light from the Great White Throne shall illumine the darkness—Faith shall spring triumphant o'er the grave—its voice shall tell of the Resurrection morn—its Hope shall point to the Son of Man with His Holy Angels around Him—and he shall forget his anguish in the Thought that there is a home where there is no parting—there is a land where “sorrow and sighing flee away,” and in the “green pastures, and beside the still water,” of

whose far off shore “eye hath not seen nor ear heard what God has prepared for them that love Him”—when they have been faithful unto the end, and have passed through the Night of Death, to the Easter Morning of Everlasting Life.

Oh, Thought! busy Thought, revel on in thy power, and measure thyself only by thy Infinite Source. The never-dying soul is thy resting place—the immortal mind thy throne—and there shalt thou forever reign coeval with thy God.

VIOLET.

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## MEMENTOS FROM A LADY'S MEMORANDUM BOOK.

### GENERALS OF YORE.

Phocion, an able General and an Orator, a man of talents without ambition—intelligent in speaking, firm in principle, upright in conduct, and unmoved by disapprobation and applause.

Chares enjoyed a great reputation, but was an unskilful General and a *knave*. By his example he taught the Athenian youth openly to profess corruption.

Timoleon, a Corinthian General, having sacrificed his brother, for what he deemed the welfare of his country, voluntarily exiled himself for twenty years, when he was recalled and sent to the aid of the Syracusans, whom he delivered from the yoke of Diogenes the Younger, and at the same time from the Leontines and Carthaginians. The Syracusans afterwards revered him and expressed their gratitude for his services, by decreeing him an elegant residence in their capital, and a summer retreat in its neighbourhood, and by consulting him in all affairs of importance. While living, the Sicilians celebrated his birth-day by festivals, and resolved that in time of war they would never fail to request a commander from Corinth in compliment to him. They bewailed his death, and instituted games in honour of him. Timoleon merited these proceedings, for he was virtuous, brave and wise, and gained the hearts of all that knew him.

Thucydides lived about the time of Theodotus, and was about eighteen years younger than he. He was a native of Athens, and an able General in her service; but the Lacedemonian Commander, Brasides, having surprised Amphipolis, although Thucydides was not to blame, his countrymen, with their usual ingratitude and injustice, banished him. In his exile he wrote his History of the First War, and Twenty Years of the Peloponnesian War. He is a strict adherent to the truth, and is more careful to instruct than to please. This history has been continued by Xenophon in an excellent manner.

## REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS.

RICHMOND, APRIL, 1859.

JOHN R. THOMPSON, Esq.

*Dear Sir*—I send you some Revolutionary letters, written by Richard Kidder Meade, General Lincoln, and others, to General Everard Meade, of "the Hermitage," in Amelia County. They were placed in my hands for publication by the gentleman from whose collection they are taken; and I think that you will find them both curious and valuable, in their bearing, upon the events which they refer to.

I offer them to the Messenger, and am

Yours, very truly,

J. E. C.

HEAD QUARTERS, WILMINGTON, }  
Sept. 1st, 1777. }

DEAR BRO.

I wrote you once since you left Camp, and now a second time—not a line from you: I do not wish you to be troubled with too constant a correspondence, a letter now and then will content me, but one on your arrival would have afforded me singular satisfaction, from your state of Body, after a long journey; the situation you met with your family in, too, would gratify my anxiety, as I seldom hear of them. I cannot but expect to receive a letter from you before this arrives.

A few days past I heard from Butler. Your old Friend, the Gen'l, and himself were [manuscript defaced] he will, with other Gen'l officers, conduct our affairs in that Quarter [manuscript defaced] destruction of Burgoyne's army; of late matters [manuscript defaced] successfull blows that have been struck, have been reversed, by every happy appearance. The militia have turn'd out with spirit—the Indians rather on our side, or gone home (the few left) after the slaughter made among them. Their loss in different actions, in killed, wounded, and taken, cannot be much less than 2,000; a pretty good reduction of that army.

Gen'l Howe landed a few miles below the Head of Elk the 25th inst., after coasting along the Bay and making feints, in hopes to deceive and mislead us; but these schemes are baffled—they find us in front ready to oppose them should they attempt Philadelphia. The Divisions here and in the neighbourhood,

are Green's, Stephen's, Lincoln's, Sterling's, Sullivan's, Nash's Brigade, and militia by thousands. Since the landing of the Enemy we have in possession, Prisoners and Deserters, about 60. One man only has deserted from us, and one Light-Horse they have taken, without the rider, he escap'd. H. Lee is at his old business, detach'd to make observations, and pick up prisoners, in which he has succeeded well, but had nearly been paid for it, as they made a push at him the day before yesterday with a superior force, horse and foot—and as I hear, his horse fell, and he narrowly escaped with the loss of his cap. He is a fine fellow for this business. . . . The enemy plunder as usual, but I have the pleasure to say the Inhabitants above them have, with spirit, driven off their stocks, remov'd their Families, and boldly taken up their Muskets. This, I fancy, must discourage Mr. Howe, tho' he has friends, you know, below him: however, he has Enemies enough, I hope, beyond a doubt, to repulse him whenever he begins his March; he now lies at and about the Town of Elk.

As the Post does not go off untill tomorrow or next day, I shall not seal this, lest I may be able to give you something interesting, should I have time to do it,—and for the present must remind you of my Horses, as the sorrel will not keep his flesh, and you know the mare alone is not equal to the service my horses must now undergo, which is much more than usual. Claiborne, too, presses me for the sorrel, whom I shall [manuscript defaced] me one. I must beg you'll endeavour to



get [manuscript defaced] remember my request, the one to be as fine [manuscript defaced] as you can get, the other a serviceable Nag, that I may ride upon a pinch.

Butler wrote Kennon, if I remember right, to collect and pay some money to Markham and Col. Craig for you. This I shall do without waiting for any collection, and I should have been glad you'd desir'd me to have done so when we parted. . . . An express says they are at it below—shall give you something in a P. S., and conclude here, wishing you all health and Happiness.

I am, My D'r Eve'd,

Your most Affect'ite Bro'r

and Sincere Friend,

R. K. MEADE.

3rd Sept. WEDNESDAY MORN'G.

P. S. Since writing the above we have Letters from Gen'l Gates enclosing copy of a letter from Gen'l Arnold, Dated at Fort Schuyler, informing that on his approach to reinforce Col. Ganswert, the Enemy retreated with the utmost precipitation, leaving Tents, Ammunition, Provisions, and immense quantity of Baggage behind. Col. Ganswert sent a light Party after, who took 4 Howitzer, several Prisoners, and many Deserters came into them. Gen'l Arnold, on their retreat, too, sent off a party of Anida Indians, who are true to us, and 500 Men beside.

Deserters and Prisoners still continue to come in. You may have heard of Gen'l Sullivan's expedition to Staten Island, and I can only tell you that it was no great affair to us, as the Enemy have a majority of Prisoners, Major Tarlton Woodson of the number. We got a good deal of Baggage and some Arms. Col. Barton is a Prisoner of ours.

My horses.

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VALLEY FORGE, June 14th, '78.

DEAR BRO.

A few days past I was favoured with a Letter from Major Rice, enclosing the one I now send you; I wish you may re-

ceive it safe and speedily, knowing the pleasure it will afford you to hear from your Friend, and so good a man as Gen'l Lincoln. I am informed that he will again have the perfect use of the Limb, and perhaps by Sept. next. I heartily wish the event may prove it so. Gen'l Arnold has been in Camp for some Weeks, but I am sorry to think his prospect of even saving his leg is not certain; he, however, discovers amazing fortitude, and keeps his spirits to a great pitch. His coming from home was an imprudent step, and I wish it may not have added to his danger. They are two valuable officers, whose services are much wanted in this Army.

I have not yet seen my horse, nor even heard that he is on his way; nor has Lee any knowledge of F. Thornton: where is he? and when will he be on?

I have wrote but few letters of late to my Friends—you are one among others omitted—and may, perhaps, not have heard from good authority that Philadelphia is to be evacuated; it most certainly will be the case, and would have taken place before this, had it not been for the arrival of the commissioners about Ten Days ago. These Gent are, Lord Carlisle, a macaroni; Mr. Wm. Eden, a Man of Genius, and Bro. to the late Gov. of Maryland, and Gov. Johnston, a very artful, sensible Scotchman—to these, by an Act of Parliament, are added the Commanders-in-chief of the Army and Navy; a Duct. Ferguson is their Secretary—a Gent'n famed for his extensive abilities and knowledge of the world—he is, too, a North Britain. The present Prospect of affairs affords but little reason to expect a Bloody campaign; every piece of intelligence from Britain informs us that the confusion there increases—the minority are bold beyond conception, and all are sick of the War: so much for a weak King and rascally Ministry. I shall not be surprised to hear that Howe is put to death by the populace on his arrival: he merits this punishment, at least from us, as an inhuman Brute. At length our Commissary of Prisoners has agreed with theirs for an exchange; happy this for our poor wretches, so

many of whom have perished by a rigorous confinement. During this winter at least 50 of our officers have escaped from New York, Philadelphia and other places; so much for Mr. Howe's Idea of Policy. About 100 Privates not long past contrived means to get out of the new Jail in Phil'a. Many of these have arrived here, and others secreted in the City untill opportunities of a full escape may offer. The 9th V. R., who were taken at Germantown, behaved as Americans ought to do. Out of 150, 63 perished rather than enlist; 6 enlisted, every man of whom have since come out. I shall never forget the Virtue and firmness of these men. Heaven will reward them, and I wish their Country would; but Bed time approaches, and here I must end, with my Love to Molly and the children, assuring you that I am, with my usual attachment,

Your Friend and Bro'r,  
R. K. MEADE.

HEAD QUARTERS, BRUNSWICK, }  
July 6th, 1778. }

DEAR BRO.

Yesterday Doct. Rose delivered me a letter from you, and told me he had a horse, which you sent; I expect to see him every hour, and make no doubt he will answer my purpose. Whenever I meet with Frank Thornton, I shall speak to him, and conduct myself towards him as a Bro'r; his disposition and connection with you entitles him to it; and you may depend I shall act the part of a friend, tho' am apprehensive I shall seldom meet with him.

Your Brotherly and truly friendly offer made me, of a part of your possessions, I shall only answer by saying, that of no man I would sooner accept a service than from my Bro'r E. M. I cannot state to you my future plans until we meet. I have, 'tis true, built upon my little claim in Virginia, and should I be disappointed in the receipt of it, I must acknowledge, tho' it shall never make me unhappy, that it will disconcert my schemes in life; and this, should it hap-

pen, must be acknowledged by every one to be a hardship, when, for 3 y'rs I've been sacrificing my health, my fortune, and I may well say risking my life; but thank Heaven, the latter has been preserved in every action; and of the last I shall give you a very short account, knowing that at your distance you get but very imperfect ones.

On the 28th June a select corps from our army was advanced from the main body, chiefly with a view to bring on a general action; they engaged, but soon gave way: (I shall not mention the officer's name who commanded; time will do that, and acc't too for his conduct;) however on the advance of our main Body things took a different turn, and we became masters of the field of Battle, and buried about 250 of their dead, besides what they covered with earth themselves. Our number of dead did not exceed 50. They left near 50 Officers and Privates wounded, who are now our Prisoners. Many of their dead have been buried by the Country people; and other Bodies since found. Desertion from their army is almost incredible, at least 1,000 since the evacuation of Philadelphia; and by a moderate computation, their whole loss more than 2,000 men. A Col. Banner, of Pennsylvania, and Major Dickenson, of Virginia, are the only Field Officers we had killed, and very few wounded. They left Col. Moncton and 4 others dead on the field, and to conclude were exceedingly sick of the action. A more particular acc't you nor any other fr'd will get until I see Virginia. Excuse me to my Nephew for not answering his little letter; shake hands with him for me, and kiss your Wife and Molly.

Believe me, &c., Eve'rd,  
Y'r Fr'd and Bro'r,  
R. K. MEADE.

P. S. This day I've seen the Miss Van Hornes, who asked after you. I promise myself the pleasure of being with you at least by Xmas.

HEAD Q'RS, WHITE PLAINS, }  
August 14th, 1778. }

DEAR BRO.

I have the pleasure to inclose you a letter from your friend, Gen'l Lincoln. He arrived here about 5 days ago, in better health than ever I saw him, and his Leg in a condition beyond my most sanguine expectations. This, I know, will contribute to your happiness.

I find from him, and probably he has mentioned it to you, that tho' he is anxious to see you, yet he would not have you be at the expense and trouble of so long a journey, that could not add to his belief of your having the most sincere Friendship and respect for him. I would have you to follow your own inclination upon this occasion, but cannot forbear to remark, that every man with a Wife and family is bound to rob them of as little of his time as possible; these, I know, are your sentiments; and that you have conducted yourself consistent with them, and I now only mean that you should weigh the two objects, and determine whether or not your absence will be proper. I love your wife, and believe you happy in her.

I wrote to you as well as David some days after the last action; whether or not I mentioned having rec'd the sorrel I don't recollect; however, he is in my possession and thriving, but was delivered lame and very poor; how long he may be mine, is uncertain, for I've had his character, and indeed some proof of it—(he has not strength to exhibit as he would)—for yesterday he dismounted Wormsley, and discover'd the most vicious temper; I have rode him, but he behaved well; should he give me a fall, I will not put it in his power to do it a second time, for I've no notion of broken bones in that way: so much for the sorrel.

I know not how you are off for news, but shall give you the only interesting circumstance with us. On the approach of the French Fleet at Rhode Island, the Enemy quitted and burnt the King's Fisher and Two Gallies; since that they have done the same with one 36 and two 32 Gun Frigates. The grand object yet

remains depending—the reduction of the Island. All enterprises are precarious, yet I can assure you the prospect in this is favourable, and the event may prove a capital stroke; every moment we expect will bring us the news, which, if good, I should not doubt will drive the remainder of the British army (if they can get there) home.

If anything interesting comes to hand before this letter goes off you shall have it; for the present I only offer my sincerest love for every Friend.

I am, D'r Everard,

Y'r fixed Fr'd and Bro'r,

R. K. MEADE.

WHITE PLAINS August 11 1778

MY DEAR MAJOR

I arrived in camp last Thursday in health, am able to walk considerably—my wound is almost healed. I hope to have a visit from you as soon as your health will admit of it, altho' such an event will afford me the highest happiness, yet suffer me as a friend to beg that you do not take a journey at the risque of your own health.

No news, worth communicating, in camp saving that it is probable our troops are landed in Rhode Island, that ye enemy have left ye town of Newport and have taken a height in its rear; they have burnt a number of their armed vessels and are sinking obstructions in ye channel. They must soon, I think fall into our hands.

I am my dear Majr. with every wish for your happiness and for ye happiness of your family

Your affectionate, hum: servant

B. LINCOLN.

STONE 13 Mile House June 6 1779.

DEAR MAJOR

I have not had the pleasure of receiving one line from you since you reached Congress. I suppose they must have been lost on the road, but had the pleasure of hearing from my friend Mr. Lovel

that Congress had agreed that I should return. I thank you for the friendly part you took in bringing about an event so interesting and desirable to me. Matters are in this quarter in the same disagreeable state as when you left us. We attempted the beginning of May to execute an original plan of crossing the Savannah near Augusta and marching down the country with most of our force in expectation that the 1000 men we left under General Moultrie with the force he could collect and the strong passes of which he could possess himself, that if the enemy should attempt Charlestown he would be able to stop their progress untill we should come up, but we were very much disappointed in our expectation, the militia left him in ye hour of danger and he was obliged to retreat to Charlestown and throw himself within the lines. The enemy appeared before the town, summoned it on ye 13th, left it on the 14th, and are now on John Island and on the main at Stono ferry about six miles from us. I hope Major Rice will see you and give you the particulars—accept my warmest wishes for your happiness and the happiness of your family

And believe me to be with the warmest Affection, esteem and regard

Your sincere friend and  
most obt. Servant

B. LINCOLN.

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CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 1, 1779.

MY DEAR MAJOR

From various Causes I have been detained here untill this time. My friends I suspect will think I have neglected their kindness in procuring leave for me to return. I assure you, Sir, that no person feels himself more obliged to his friends than I do to mine, and none wishes to return to his family more than I do, but notwithstanding I have been detained here, such hath been the situation of affairs since you left us that there hath been no moment when I could leave the department with honour to myself or when I could reconcile it to my own mind.

Count D'Estaing arrived off Savannah the beginning of Sept. sent on shore to ye Governor to announce his arrival and inform us of his disposition to co-operate with us against our common enemy; the 16th we formed a junction before Savannah—23rd Ground was broke, the batteries were opened on the 5 Oct. (33 cannon and 9 mortars) They played on ye enemy's works and the town, with some intervals untill the 8th. without the wished for success. When the Count informed us of his arrival, he also informed us that he would not remain on shore but eight days, that time being far elapsed he could not wait to continue his approaches, which might have been done even to ye enemy's lines, which reduced us to the necessity of raising the siege or attempting the town by storm—the latter was thought advisable—the attempt was made on the morning of the 9th. We failed in the attempt and retired with some loss—preparation was then made to raise the siege, the stores &c were removed and the siege raised in the evening of the 18th, the 19th we recrossed at Lubly's ferry without opposition; after giving orders to remove the sick, stores and army to Sheldon I left camp and came to town 21st. Thus ended a matter which failed from ye necessity the Count was under to leave the coast, for could he have remained I see nothing which could have prevented our success.

I expect large reinforcements from the north and that matters will soon wear a better face than at present.

My best regards to your dear family and believe me to be, Dear Sir, with every mark of respect and the greatest affection your assured friend & ob't

B. LINCOLN.

Maj. Meade.

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June 20th, 1780.

DR. SIR

I return herewith the bill of your Assembly, which you lent me. I think they would not refuse to pass a short Law, for relief of those who are obliged to bring their Slaves from the Southward, to this

State, as a temporary place of Refuge— Either by suffering them to remain here (on Condition that they shd. not be sold, by the owners) untill they could be returned with safety, to their former place of Residence, or by suffering them to pass thro' this State to Maryland (where I do not find that the Importation of them is prohibited) with't being intitled to freedom, by coming hither and with't any Penalty on the persons bringing them. I wish you wd. take the Trouble of moving this Matter, in the House, and of having the sense of the Legislature declared, by an ordinance, as soon as possible, and be pleased to send to me by the most expeditious Conveyance (of which you can hear from the Governor) a Line under Cover to Governor Reid, at Philadelphia informing me of the Result of such a Motion when it is determined— also a Copy of the enclosed bill, and of that which may be passed to alter it if such a one shd. pass—I do not know that I shall be so fortunate as to get away any of my Negroes (many I am sure of losing) but I shd. wish to know, if I shd. be so lucky as to have some bro't off, what I might be permitted to do with them. I think the Bill shd. have a little Retrospect in order to relieve those who may already have under Similar Circumstances bro't in Negroes, within a short Time past. However I wd. not have my Name mentioned in the Matter. If the application shd. be rejected, I still request to be informed of it as soon as possible that in Case the Negroes can't be bro't in I may send and stop them in No. Carolina on the Borders of this State. I am sorry to give you so much Trouble, but hope you will excuse it. Indeed, I know you will, otherwise I would not offer it.

I am in haste Dr. Sir

Yr most Obed. Servt.

J. RUTLEDGE.

June 30th 1781.

MY DEAR MEADE,

Your letter handed by the expresses I have this moment received. To-morrow

I set out for Charlottesville, and consequently shall have no occasion for the lads you were so good as to send me. As it is of the greatest moment that the Marquis should be informed of the movements of the enemy on the So Side James river, (if they make any) I think you can do no greater service than to proceed as low down on that side as to be opposite their fleet, and to be in continual correspondence with the Marquis; from your knowledge and fidelity he will be informed of every thing, as it is, which will enable him to act with certainty. The two expresses I send back, they may be employed by you very beneficially. Was I remain with the army I would even then give up the pleasure of seeing you and the benefit which I should have reason to expect from your advice and assistance, that you might undertake the above necessary business.

The Continental line of this army lay (lies?) near the bird ordinary (*sic*), the Militia at this place abo. 7 miles above the bird. The British are 2 miles below the town of Will'sb'g. At present we can form no conjecture of their intentions.

With real esteem

I am Dear Meade your friend  
and Humble Ser't

STUBEN, Maj. Gen.

HIGH HILLS OF SANTER  
29th. Sepr. 1782.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have just met with a late Charles-town Paper which has almost taken from me all Hopes of Peace. I find from it that the Marquis of Rockingham died the 1st of July, & that the resignations of Charles Fox, Ld. John Cavendish & Mr. Burke immediately followed. These men were violent Advocates for American Independence, & left their Employments because of their Disagreement on this Head with Lord Shelburne the present prime Minister. I find from the Debates in Parliament on the 13th of July, that this last Nobleman has most explicitly avowed his Opposition to this measure; and says that whenever it is

done, the Sun of England will set never to rise again. George the 3d. too in his Speech on the Prorogation of Parliament, seems to have *plucked up* new Courage, & talks of no Peace but such as is perfectly honourable, and says much of his Victories in the East & West Indies. He talks of *Reconciliation & Amity* with America. From all these Circumstances my Conclusion is, that there will not be a Peace until the Sword or some future Change brings it about. But if I may be allowed to boast a little, this is no Argument against my former *sagacity*; for if the casual Circumstance of the Marquis of Rockingham's Death & the consequent Resignations had not taken Place, we should have had a Peace.

The Army I am told is extremely un-

healthy, but well clothed. There is nothing certain about the Evacuation of Charlestown. Their Measures seem to tend that Way.

After a violent fit of sickness which reduced me lower than I ever was before, I have with great Difficulty & Fatigue reached this comfortable Spot, where I shall stay a few Days to endeavour to regain some of my Flesh and Strength. You cannot imagine how I am reduced. How is our Friend Major Scott? I hope his Shoulder no longer affects him. Give my Love to him & believe me with much Affection,

your sincere Friend & Servt.

Jos: EGGLESTON jr.

Colo: Meade.

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### THE POSTILION.—A SKETCH.\*

The postilion was a philosopher. I don't say that he had read Ennius, Ælian, Philo or the Scholiast upon anybody; but he was a philosopher, nevertheless. He had garnered up one sage apothegm within that red-waistcoated bosom of his: that it is fitting and proper to make a good beginning and ending—a good entrance and exit in life. Fortune and the Frankforter postal authorities had bestowed upon him a portentous whip with a short stock and a tremendously long lash, whose crackling sinuosities were horrible to behold and hear. Never did postilion make so good a use of his whip—not a better use, indeed, could any human being make of an instrument of torture whose accursed employment is fading out of prisons and barracks, and families and schools—whose lacerating agency is now confined chiefly to dumb animals, and on those poor brutes even

verberated mainly by drivers brutal and unskillful, and which, ere long, this writer hopes, will fade away from the world altogether. For no more good ever came of whips and scourges than of racks and thumbscrews. The best use the German postilion made of his *flagellum* was this: that he did not beat his horses therewith. Poor, ill-groomed, ragged-tailed, scantymaned, hollow-eyed animals, with their painfully-defined anatomical development, the rope harness chafing their baggy, rough hides, and their general look of being twin brothers to that lamentable quadruped, standing on a bleak heath, and taking a Pisgah view of a knacker's-yard at Cow Cross, that you remember in Bewick's splendid but unfinished wood-cut, "Waiting for Death." Small good—only needless aggravation of their sorrows—would it have been to lash those woe-begone ones. So the postilion con-

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\* From "Make Your Game," a new work by the Author of "A Journey Due North."

fined himself to flourishing the whip gayly and incessantly, as the scarlet *post-wagen* rattled over Frankfort's stony streets, brandishing the stock above his head, making the lash gyrate in concentric circles, and in somewhat unpleasant proximity to the faces of the outside passengers, and producing a most astounding series of cracking reverberations. The stout gentleman compared them to fire-works, and affected to be able to distinguish between catherine-wheels and Roman candles; the man with the iron chest shamelessly avowed himself to be in an agony of terror; and the slim gentleman (who was in the box seat—the others were behind) prudently pulled his hat over his brow, and shielded his face with his Bradshaw's Foreign Guide.

"He'll cut my eye out to a certainty," he remarked, somewhat nervously. "I wish, before I'd left, that I'd taken out a policy in the Accidental Death Insurance Company. They gave a pig-jobber the other day ten pounds as a compensation for falling out of a gig, and a civil engineer fifty for breaking his shins over a coalscuttle."

"How would the law affect us if we were to throw the postilion off the box?" the stout gentleman inquired. "There are precedents for such a proceeding. Don't you recollect the case reported in —; well it doesn't matter; I haven't my law library with me. A sailor had taken an outside back place in a mail-coach, and sat beside the guard, who fancied himself a dab at the French horn, and played a selection of popular airs without cessation all the way from the Bull and Mouth to Highgate Archway. The sailor had no ear, hated music, and repeatedly entreated the scarlet-coated functionary to desist. Guard laughed, and played 'All round my hat' louder than ever. Suddenly there was a dead silence. Coachman surprised at the defection of his musical coadjutor, turned round in his box, and, to his horror and amazement, saw his friend's seat in the rumble vacant. 'Where's the guard?' he cried to the sailor. 'Do you mean that confounded trumpeter?' he made reply, cutting a fresh quid; 'I chucked him

overboard!' What if we were to serve the guard in like manner? But they have strange notions of law abroad, and it might be high treason to chuck a postilion overboard.

"You had better take care as to what you are about in a 'free and imperial city,'" observed the M. I. C., with grim significance. "They're the most absolute tyrants in the world; and the Syndic of the Senate is a greater autocrat than the King of Dahomey. If you object to an item in a hotel bill, I believe the Senate banishes you from the city for ever; refusing to marry a tobaccoist's stout daughter, if she condescends to make eyes at you from the parlor window, is imprisonment for life in the dungeons beneath the level of the Maine; smoking other than Frankfort manufactured cigars is fifty thalers fine; and neglecting to purchase fifths in the Frankfort lottery is excommunication."

"You're always bothering about that Frankfort lottery; I think you're an agent for it," the slim gentleman retorted, peevishly. "Hang that whip!" he exclaimed, in painful continuation; "there it is again. One might fancy we were lightning conductors."

But the postilion was a wary man. It was not unadvisedly that I imputed philosophy to him. Rapidly as the whip gyrate, and loud as were its smackings, it did harm neither to man nor beast. It was full of sound and fury; but it signified nothing beyond a continuous vaunt of the speed of the horses, the agility of the postilion, and what a first rate turn-out the *Frankfurter-Hombourg Post-Wagen* was altogether. It was an invitation for bearded workmen and plump damsels to come to the casements, and cry "Ho! the brave equipage! Ho! the swift horses! Ho! the gallant postilion! May the high, well-born British lords be generous unto him, and give him much *trinkgeld!*"

I call him postilion, when, lo! he was a coachman, for he sat on the box, and held the long reins—hempen, pieced with frayed worsted, and bits of ragged chain. And he was a postilion, too; at least his costume seemed common in

these parts to those who rode, as well as to those who drove post-horses. A very brave make-up he had now, shiny hat of *cuir bouilli*, "boiled-leather" they call oilskin abroad; tremendous cockade with the free imperial city's colours: no ribbons—those were fripperies fit only for the frivolous French; a short blue, two-inch tail jacket turned up with red, and with a multiplicity of leaden buttons, all in the wrong places, much resembling the "dibs" that school-boys play with, and more "the stage-money," the coinage of harmless counterfeit which the bounteous lady counts, from a tawdry purse, in the hand of the virtuous peasant in the melodrama. A flaming waistcoat with an eruption of buttons thereupon. A scarlet badge on the left arm with an embossed brazen shield, bearing Frankfort's free and imperial arms—an eagle in a seeming state of dubiety whether to have two heads or one—probably designed by way of compliment to the rival powers, Austria and Prussia, and so making up its mind to look like a griffin with some Isis blood in its veins. A battered bugle, suspended *en bandouliere* by a parti-coloured worsted cord, finished off behind by two bulbous, pendulous excrescences, coloured red and white, that were neither dumb-bells, Broldnagian tassels, nor worsted turnips, but that bore an equal resemblance to all three. Nether-stocks of buckskin, yellow and rigid; and long, straight, greased boots like candle cases. Spurs? no; but spur traps and buckles. It will never do to be poor and seem poor. This is the accoutrement of the German postilion. He is not so conversational, so full of anecdote, as his French brother of Lonjumeau; he is taciturn, somnolent, almost sulky. His face is very like suet pudding, and he smokes eternally either a rank cigar in a wooden tube, or a cloudy meerschaum. He wears earrings, and a silver ring on his left thumb. His nails are in perpetual half-mourning for the death of the flesh-brush. He is, to tell the truth, a stupid lout, and reeks of sauer-kraut and bock-bier; but on the other hand, he does not beat his horses; does not swear at them, as does the

Frenchman, nor even apply to them such epithets as "pig's cousin," "Beelzebub's uncle," and so on; but incites them to their work by uncouth gibberish, now soothing and now exhilarating. Such is the postilion, whose name, as a rule, should be Franz as that of a German waiter should be Ludwig, and of a German student Fritz. His attire you will say is sufficiently gay; but you should have seen him three hours since, when the three were booking their places to Homburg. He is curled and brushed and trimmed into a semi-military spruceness, now; but then he was off duty, and shambled about the court-yard of the Posts-Bureau, dodging about among the wheels and axle-poles of the horseless vehicles, a weazened, shabby, spindle-shanked scarecrow of uncertain age, in a ragged old stable-jacket, and trousers patched and rent, and a canvas shirt of dubious colour. So have I peeped through the half-opened door of Knightsbridge barracks, and beheld the gallant life guardman, the magnificence of whose boots and leathers, the brightness of whose cuirass, and the terror of whose nodding plume I have marvelled at as he stood sentry, his steel-scarbarded sabre trailing, and his carbine resting on his gauntleted arm beneath the Horse Guards portico:—beheld him a gawky, common fellow, in bagging shirt and seedy overalls, trundling a wheelbarrow full of refuse, or sweeping the barrack-yard with a plebeian birch-broom. Oh, the virtues of fine clothes! Oh, the advantages of peg-top trousers and long waisted coats!

"Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;  
Furs, and rich robes hide all."

In his undress the postilion looked a sorry knave, very like a hunter of beer-cellar and *taggies*, and but passing honest. In his "full fig" he is almost a government official, is obeyed in his office, and well spoken to by passengers and passing peasants. Oh! the excellence of fine clothes. What would Louis Quatorze have been without his towering periwig and high-heeled shoes, their soles



painted with Vandermeulen's victories? Titmarsh has so shown him to you in undress, a lean, forked radish of a man; no Ludovicus Magnew, but a pinched starvelling, and short in stature. Take away Doctor Dirchmore's master's gown and trencher-cap, with which he awes the trembling scholars nearly as much as with his rod, and with which he impressed his parents and guardians when he offered them cake and wine in the best parlor—what is he unfrocked but a brutal semi-illiterate pedant—a vast quantity of Latin and Greek floating about in a vast quantity of bile? Strip off the peer's ermined robes, and a shameful padded old man in stays and a wig totters down Regent street, leering under the bonnets of the milliner's girls. 'Tis the brass that makes the man in armour at the Lord Mayor's quondam show. Unplate him, and he is but a mechanical varlet; a ticket porter, or a warehouse sweeper. The very Pope! what is he without the Tiara, the Pallium, and the Fisherman's ring? Only a shivering sexagenarian in a flannel gown, teased by purpled-stockinged dry nurses—*monsignori* and *cammerari*! Sam Johnson sleeping on bulks with reckless Savage for company, and dressed in a ragged horseman's coat, has a plate of victuals handed to him behind a screen. He is not fit to sit down with Mr. Cave's well-dressed contributors, who were so respectable, and of whom nobody hears now. Doctor Samuel Johnson in a suit of well-brushed broadcloth, and his wig new-powdered, dines with Burke and Topham Beauclerc, is toadied by the Laird of Auchinlech's fap son, petted by Mrs. Thrale, and converses even with King George. Great is Diana of the Ephesians; and great also are the successors of Stultz and Nugee. Mr. Shears from Snip street shall come, to-morrow, to measure me for a new coat with a velvet collar, and a dress waistcoat with a pattern on it like a bow-pot.

To the postilion there was delegated a *conducteur*—a fat man in a fractured accordion cap, and a dark burnous bridled all over in the most fantastic manner. He sat by the side of the whipster—the

slim gentleman on the other—and had a bugle to himself (the postilion never played on his, and the stout gentleman surmised that it was a "property," one very likely made of pasteboard covered with Dutch metal) from which, from time to time, he discoursed most melancholy music. But he gave it up soon, as did also the postilion his whip-gymnastic and acoustic feats, when a massy gate having been passed through, the last of the stony streets faded into a *chaussee* road—so long, so straight: and the gas lights of Frankfort were left behind, and the first of the eight miles that lay between the city and Hombourg accomplished. Guard, postilion, and outsiders wrapped themselves in the mantle of silence, the coats and cloaks of a material world, and the environing togas of tobacco smoke; and if the insides didn't go to sleep, I think it a very foolish act on their parts.

For the winds whistled cold, albeit the day had been sultry, and their way, for the first two miles out of Frankfort, lay across a flat plain, which, smiling and fertile enough in the sun, seemed uncommonly bleak and barren now. A long, narrow, straight, powdery road; and the horses plodding therealong in a wearisome jog-trot manner. No "spanking-tits;" no complimentary adjurations to the "old girl" to come up; no recommendations to the off-leader to "mind" what he was "up to." The wheels were not greased, the springs were stiff and rebellious; the "axle-pole," notes the stout gentleman, was as thick as a man-o'-war's bowsprit; and slowly and painfully the unwieldy machine toiled along. The fields were very still: only the leaves of the thin trees by the roadside sighed among themselves, and seemed to whisper, "We are gay with our autumn livery now, with orange, and crimson, and purple; but ah! we shall fall, we shall fall! and the unkind November blast will sweep us, and drift us, and send us eddying even from Taunus' foot to Frankfort's barred-up gates."

Four miles an hour—maximum German horse-travelling speed. I suppose this is the *Schnell-post*—the fast coach!

As to the ordinary vehicles' rate of locomotion, I presume it is driven by the Seven Sleepers in succession, and that it is drawn by the foals of the great Tor-

toise, on whose back, according to the Hindoo mythology, the elephant stands that supports the world.

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"WILLIE.—MEET ME IN HEAVEN!"

It was a morn in Spring—  
The flowers were dressed in all their brightest bloom  
Shedding their fragrance through the darkened room  
Where Death stood lingering.

A young disciple lay  
With folded arms upon her dying bed.  
And friends drew near with light and noiseless tread,  
To hear the sufferer pray.

"Saviour!" she whispered low,  
"Let me thy blessed will, in faith obey,  
And guard my spirit, as it soars away,  
But heal his fearful woe!"

"Sooth all his grief and pain—  
Let him with Faith's consoling hopes be blest,  
And guide him to thy house of blissful rest,  
Where we may meet again,"

Then turning to those near,  
She waved her hand—and with beseeching tone,  
She asked that she might now be left alone  
With the chief mourner, there.

And as, with anguish bowed  
He knelt beside her bed, and heard her speak  
Her last farewell, and kissed her fading cheek,  
Calmly, she said aloud—

"Willie!—my race is run—  
And now I am to leave this earthly sphere—  
This world of sin and sorrow, pain and care—  
My work on earth is done.

"Meet me in that bright land  
Where grief no more shall come, and troubles cease,  
Where dwelleth holiness, and love, and peace,  
And joy at God's right hand.

"May grace to thee be given  
To follow me, to purer worlds away—  
My Saviour calls me home—I cannot stay  
WILLIE! MEET ME IN HEAVEN!"

CLAUDE.

## EDUCATION.

To every one who feels an interest in the progress of learning, it is gratifying to witness the attention which is being paid to education in every section of our country, and among all classes of society. It is an evidence that the *people* are beginning to appreciate it, that they are becoming sensible of its importance. The well-patronized country academy, the village high school, the city college, the State University are all unmistakeable signs of a growing interest on the subject, and point with prophetic certainty to the time, when our country, as she is now a model of political freedom, will be a model of intelligence and refinement. But, while it is true that a laudable zeal in behalf of education is everywhere manifested, it is also true that this zeal is for the most part sadly misdirected. It is a fact that no candid man will attempt to disguise, that in reality there are very few educated men among us. This serves to introduce the purpose of this article which is *to inquire why it is that amidst all our educational advantages, we have so few educated men, and to offer some practical suggestions on this very important subject.*

The truth of the proposition, that there are few educated men among us, we think admits of no question. We know that there is a class of opinionated men who will, with affected astonishment, tell us that as a nation we possess, in a high degree, intelligence, learning and refinement.

They will refer us to the high estimation in which the arts are held, the great love of literature, the admiration which amounts almost to enthusiasm for authors, as so many evidences of education. Nay, they will run up to a rhetorical climax and with a kind of triumphant sneer tell us that the child of twelve years knows more of science than his father.

It is true that these are evidences of a certain degree of cultivation, but not of education.

Mr. Locke has somewhere said that "a man may be greatly learned but little knowing." This distinction is a pertinent

one, for upon it, in a great measure, will rest the observations which we propose to make upon the first part of the subject. We will take Mr. Locke's knowing man as distinguished from his learned man. His knowing man is our educated man, and our educated man is a man capable of thinking, that is of earnest, concentrated, consecutive thought upon a single subject. A man who has had that mental training, which enables him to take up a single subject, however profound or difficult, to eliminate from it all extraneous matter, to consider it thoroughly in all its bearings, and to study it through and through, is an educated man. We care not whether he was trained in the college or the school of practical life. Such, and only such a man is educated.

With this definition, no one with any claim to intelligence, will deny the proposition that there are few educated men among us. Why is this the case? To the solution of this question, we now address ourselves.

We believe that the reasons are various. The first which we shall mention, is our unnecessary haste. It is the habit of parents and teachers, in this country, to hurry children on, from one study to another, regardless of the wise maxim—*mens sana in corpore sano*—so rapidly, that by the time they get through, the physical development bears no proportion to the mental, and as a consequence the body is incapable of performing its functions in the human economy.

The man, for the want of physical energy, finds it impossible to summon the force of the *will*, which would enable him to grapple, for any length of time, with a subject that is at all difficult. Of the truth of this statement, we have direct evidence, which may be obtained by a visit to any of our college commencements. Take a survey of the graduating class, at any college of respectable standing, on commencement day. They are a group of physical shadows. They have exhausted their bodily energies in obtaining collegiate honors, and are turned out upon the world to seek physical developmen-

by some manly exercise, or to become shadowy dreamers in the fields of literature.

How different is it where things are done more in accordance with reason and sound discretion! Look at England, the land of Bacon, Gibbon, Hume, and a host of profound thinkers. What is the system by which such men have been trained? What is the present system? Is it to catch up the child from his toys at six years old, and keep him under a strain until he reaches nineteen or twenty, and then send him forth into the world as an educated man?

By no means. On the contrary, they rarely enter college at so early an age as they leave it in this country. With them, twenty-five is early for a young man to leave college, and thirty a reasonable age. Now, one year after a man reaches twenty, is worth more for genuine mental development, than two at any previous time.

And hence the man who has five or ten years of training, after he has reached the age for appreciating learning, and knows how to study, must be a far better educated man than he who abandons it ere yet he can appreciate it. Almost the same remarks will apply to the method pursued on the continent. In Germany and France, the period of education is, if anything, still farther extended. And the result is a far greater number of thinking men.

We adduce as a second reason why we have not more educated men, the custom of giving a child all he can do, from the time he commences at the A B C school, until he completes his college curriculum. This is rendered more objectionable on account of the early age at which children are put to study. By commencing so soon, each gradation of study is reached before that faculty of the mind which is most requisite for the successful prosecution of it, is sufficiently developed. Let us explain. Every one knows that there are three periods in the mental development of a child, in each of which a different faculty of the mind predominates.

The first is the period of fancy and imagination, the second of memory and the third of reason. Now if by commencing

too soon, we place the child in advance of these natural developments, we fall into the error of giving him mental pabulum, unsuited to the development of his faculties.

If nature is to be consulted at all in the matter, she plainly points out the course to be pursued.

It does not take a wise man to see that it is wrong to give a child that which calls for the vigorous exercise of the memory, ere that faculty is at all developed. Or that it is unwise to give him that which requires an exercise of reason, before the reason is at all developed. This is one of those common-sense propositions which carry conviction along with them and can be appreciated by all. Yet we see, day after day, boys whom nursery tales would both please and profit, forced to toil at that which they can not remember, and which only serves to disgust them. Let parents think of these things, let them attend to it, let them see that their children are trained in accordance with the principles which nature dictates, and we shall have cultivated men of the first order.

We mention as a third reason why we have not more educated men, the want of any well-defined system of instruction. Each school is conducted on its own independent plan, without regard to the systems of those around it.

By this means the courses of instruction are as various and different as are the teachers themselves. Of this we should not be disposed to complain so much if it were not for the fact that parents change their schools so frequently. Some mental improvement is inevitable, even under a bad system of instruction. But the great fault, and that which gives rise to most of the evil consequences of this want of a well-defined system of instruction, is the frequent change of teachers. A child not unfrequently goes to a new school every year until he enters college. By this means he is always commencing and never gets started. By the time he becomes familiar with the mode of instruction in one school, he is introduced to another entirely different. He is hardly familiar with this, ere he is ta-

ken to a third, and so on, without limit. Now, if by the free intercourse of professors and teachers either by writing, or in conventions assembled for the purpose, a system of instruction should be adopted which would become universal, we believe it would be productive of an immense amount of good to the cause of education. He who has the power, and will exert it, to bring about this desirable end, will confer a blessing on the rising generation which will entitle him to their lasting gratitude. Let us see what are some of the results of our system of instruction. It gives us instead of *well-trained thinking men*, a people fit only to receive impressions. They can follow in the wake of thinking men, and appreciate what is done in any department of thought. They can easily comprehend relations when properly set forth and explained, but to take up an unexplored subject, to study it, and to explain it, belongs not to them. It does not come within the range of their capacity. They are the mere passive instruments in the hands of a few thinking men. In politics a select few do the thinking, while the *people, sovereigns* of the land, vote at the discretion of their leaders. Hence the demagogue with a good address stands on an equal footing with the real statesman.

In matters of religion the clergy do the thinking and the people the feeling. The latter being more emotional than intellectual, take hold of the doctrines of Christianity with the heart and believe unto righteousness without inquiring whether with the lips they can make a reasonable confession. In matters of art, the people profess to be good judges. They have an exquisite sense of the beautiful. But if questioned as to why they admire one artistic production more than another, they are at a loss for an intelligent answer. And the real truth of the matter is in many cases, that they admire because it is fashionable. The judges, the connoisseurs have pronounced it good.

In literature, they admire what the critics admire, and what the critics condemn as common-place, they cry down with loud denunciations.

They are usually pretty well informed

on the ordinary topics of the day and with a full measure of confidence, acquired by their rapid development, they are capable of being quite agreeable in the social circle. They will entertain you in the parlor, in the railroad car, or at a public gathering, but when this is said all has been said in their favor. They are totally unfit to advance the intellectual condition of the race, either by originating anything bold or striking, or by improving anything already originated. Let these facts be well weighed, and we feel certain that the public will see the necessity of doing something for educational reform.

We will now offer a few practical observations. First, we think great caution is necessary in regard to the age of commencing. Of course the precise age for beginning cannot be made the subject of a rule, but will vary according to constitutional differences, and the circumstances which surround them. Ordinarily, however, we think that the age of nine or ten is sufficiently early to begin to task a child. This need not, however, prevent him from learning something at an earlier period. On the contrary, we think a plan combining instruction and amusement may be adopted by which a child may be taught without injury, as soon as it can talk plainly. It is this. Let the alphabet be printed on thick paper, with each letter on a separate piece. Take the child and select any letter, A for example, tell him what it is and throw it across the room. Now send him for it. When he brings it, make him tell you what it is. After a little practice in this way throw two letters at once, conducting the exercise in the same way. One would be surprised to see how soon the entire alphabet may be scattered, and with what ease the child will bring any letter he may designate. In this way the names and the sound of the letters may be learned. At the same time it would afford him as much amusement as playing marbles or trundling hoops. After this the child may be taught to read very easily. After he has learned to read he should be kept for several years in simple reading exercises. Short biographies of good :

or women would perhaps be better than anything that could be given him. They would not only afford him interest, but also exert a healthy moral influence by leading him to form ideas of human character from a knowledge of it in its purest state. When the child shall have reached the period of memory, which usually, I think, will be found to extend from eleven to fourteen or fifteen, the character of its studies should be varied. He may then with profit be taught the technicalities of arithmetic, together with geography and the prominent facts of history. The study of grammar is more of a logical exercise, and may be fitly reserved for the period of reason. At least it should not be pursued to any considerable extent until that faculty comes into play. These are, however, mere outlines which every intelligent instructor can fill up for himself, and as this article has already grown beyond our expectation, we will conclude with a single remark.

All education should be conducted with reference to the development of the mind, the thinking power. We should not seek knowledge for its own sake. It is true that there is a certain pleasure in knowing facts, but if we have only the facts

without their relations, we lose half the enjoyment. We only sip, as it were, of the fountain of pleasure, while it is left for him who grasps both facts and relations to enjoy to its full extent the pleasure which flows from Piera's spring. I might, for example, have a good idea of heathen mythology, and yet if I never thought of its connection with any influence upon the Christian religion, its relation to the arts, its influence upon the political institutions of antiquity and its remote results through these upon the art, religion, and government of modern times, my information would be comparatively valueless. It would profit me little to know that Alexander lived and conquered, if I could go no farther, if I could not trace the relations of his eventful life to the extension of the Roman Empire in the East. Nay, I might know the entire history of the ancient world, and if I could not see how the events of each age grew by necessity out of those of the preceding one, how that each successive development of the world was but an antecedent and consequent in the great scale of progression, my knowledge would be incomplete and my education defective.

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### SONNET.

What is my lady like? thou fain would'st know—  
 A rosy chaplet of fresh apple bloom,  
 Bound with blue ribbon, lying on the snow :  
 What is my lady like? the violet gloom  
 Of evening, with deep orange light below.  
 She's like the noonday smell of a pine wood,  
 She's like the sounding of a stormy flood,  
 She's like a mountain-top high in the skies,  
 To which the day its earliest light doth lend ;  
 She's like the pleasant path without an end ;  
 Like a strange secret, and a sweet surprise ;  
 Like a sharp axe of doom, wreathed with blush roses,  
 A casket full of gems whose key one loses ;  
 Like a hard saying, wonderful and wise.

[*Mrs. Kemble's Poems.*]

## Editor's Cable.

Many of the pleasantest and most valuable contributions to literature are made by men of thought and culture who do not pursue letters as a profession, but are engrossed in the cares of some laborious pursuit from which they rarely enjoy a moment's respite. As a general rule, we know that work of any kind is best performed by those who are trained to its performance, as in journalism, the man accustomed to write leading articles for a daily paper will turn out a more striking and effective article on any given subject, than one, with double his scholarship or strength of mind, who has never learned to condense what he has to say within the limits of a few paragraphs. The ideas of the latter do not crystallize so readily, and though they may be really the more valuable, they do not assume such brilliant and harmonious forms. And so of almost all labour, intellectual or mechanical, the practised hand or the disciplined mind will be most successful in its accomplishment. But there are striking exceptions to this rule in the literary history of all nations. Given a love of polite learning, such a habitual exercise of the reflective and analytical powers as qualifies one to take strong and rational views upon most subjects, and an earnest desire for sympathy, and whether the individual thus endowed writes once a year, or gives us but two or three literary offerings in a lifetime, they will belong to the best mental productions of his day. Mr. Roscoe certainly did not regard authorship as his *metier*—his early studies were given to the law, and his later years were devoted to the Stock Exchange, yet the "Life of Lorenzo de Medici" and the "Pontificate of Leo the Tenth" are universally admitted as among the finest books on biography in English literature. It might be a profitable inquiry to look into the reasons which determine this interesting fact. Perhaps the success of the unprofessional *littérateur* is measurably due to the circumstance that he must have thought deeply and carefully upon a subject before he was impelled to express his opinions concerning it for the public consideration, or that

literature being to him a resource and a refreshment from the drudgeries of his calling, he turns to it with delight and then only regains the elasticity of his nature. It is no task-work to him. The pen is his slave, and not his master, the little mighty instrument does his bidding rather than tyrannizes over the hand that wields it.

We have been led into these remarks by a lecture which we have recently read on the "Moral and Political Economy of Leisure," delivered three or four weeks ago, before the Mercantile Library Association of Baltimore, by S. Teackle Wallis, Esq., from which we propose to make some extracts for the gratification of our readers. Mr. Wallis is a member of the bar, in extensive practice, and is justly held in high repute by the courts and the public as a gentleman of great legal learning and ability. We are sorry that this is so. We are jealous of Themis in having such a devotee. Years ago (not a great many, let us say, as Mr. Wallis is yet a young man) he afforded the reading world a gratifying evidence of his literary capabilities in two works on Spain, in which the social, political, natural and artistic features of that most interesting and romantic country were sketched with such keenness of insight, fidelity of description and delicacy of sentiment, that the volumes have found their way into the libraries of all scholars as books for future reference and careful preservation. Since that time he has indulged himself but rarely in literary relaxation, and the lecture into which we are about to run our editorial scissors, is the most elaborate effort we have seen from him. It is a manly protest against the meanness and materialism of the age, by which all the humanities are crushed out of life, and our daily routine rendered a joyless experience of toil without the compensations of leisure; it is a lofty plea for art and letters and something in our civilization beyond and above the sordid and vulgar greed of gain; and it has a pathetic significance as the appeal of a man, overworked, against the merciless exactions of his trade and the habits of the community in which he lives, making him a drudge or nothing. In

the opening portion of the lecture, Mr. Wallis boldly assails Mr. Carlyle's "Evangel of Labour," and after referring to the agreement of philosopher and poet in claiming for work a dignity which does not belong to it in itself, he says :

While moralists and political economists thus combine to teach and poets to sing the sanctity of work, it would be quite unreasonable to expect that those who are called the "practical men" of the day should lag behind. I dare say you have all heard and read many discourses, in your time, concerning the dignity and nobility of labour. I myself have had the benefit of a great many, but I confess that the feeling which they have generally awakened, has been that of profound disgust. The most of us understand, I am sure, from our own experience, the very unpleasant though indispensable relation between the sweat of our brows and our daily bread. Upon that point, we certainly need no prompting—but to go beyond that—to collect a crowd of weary and toilworn men together, and talk to them about the elevation and grandeur of the burden which weighs them daily to the ground—"no blessed leisure for love or hope"—is to pass, in my poor judgment, into the region of unmitigated cant and twaddle. No man, I believe, who is chained by necessity, along with the rest of the galley slaves of this earth, to his toiling oar, can acquire from his own experience, unless he be strangely constituted, or from his observation of other people, any very lofty idea of the dignity of labour, in itself. Respecting, for one, as far as respect can go, the manhood which treads the path of toil, however humble, to honorable independence—admiring, with heartiest admiration, the vigour and the constancy which hold men, through difficulty, sacrifice and pain, unswervingly close to the duties and responsibilities of social and domestic life—I still can but regard the absorbing labour, which makes the sum total of most men's existence, as one vast pool of Lethe, into which high faculties, and generous feelings, joyous susceptibilities and graceful tastes, and priceless hours, and noble and gentle aspirations, go down—and are drowned out of hope and memory forever! I make no exclusion of any calling whatever, in this respect. I mean none. One may be more intellectual than another. One may give play to higher intelligence than another. One may develop more of the purer and better nature than another. But I mean to say that the tendency of any exclusive calling or profession which a man pursues for his bread—or for money, after he has bread enough—an occupation in which he merges himself and his

thoughts—which dawns on him with the morrow's daylight, as it folded its raven wings above him, when he sank to his needful rest—is a plague and a scourge to him—his descended share of the hereditary blight of his race—bear it with what resignation and cheerfulness he may. And when I hear men peddling rhetoric, about its dignity and its nobility, I am lost in surprise that the patience of the world should abide such infinite imposition. I wonder how they bear to be taught, as philosophy—as the economy of individual and national life—that their noblest earthly purpose and occupation is to toil up a weary hill, from which, when they reach the summit, they see nothing but a descent—perhaps precipitous and sudden—on the other side! And yet there is small cause for wonder, at such patience, when we look around and see and feel that the doctrines, thus promulgated and applauded, are the law which governs you, and me and all of us, and that the whole mass of the society in which we live, and the nation of which we are citizens, are moving onward to the quickstep of that false and fatal music. Who that is well thought of, or desires to be, can afford to pause in the mighty onward movement of labour, and, as we call it, progress? Who is allowed to stop? A man who will not mount the hurrying train is left behind in despised and disparaging isolation. He who has once mounted, let him grow ever so weary, or be ever so content with travel and anxious for repose, finds no resting point at which to leave it, and cannot leap from it without peril or destruction. Onward, forward, like Mazeppa :

"So fast they fly—away—away—  
That they can neither sigh nor pray."

Can this be life? the life of men and nations? the intended orbit of a world which rolled into existence amid the songs of the morning-stars, and arched over whose advancing pathway is the beauty of the bow of promise?

Referring in terms of warm appreciation to the politico-economical writings of Sismondi as opposed to the school of Adam Smith, the lecturer says :

Political economy rises from the field of toil, to the labourers who plough its furrows and reap its harvests—from things material to higher things—from territorial and commercial wealth, to the ease and enjoyment of the millions that dig its mines. So regarded, it enters into the wide range of human relations—of men as between themselves—of the rich to the rich—the poor to the poor—and the rich and the poor to each other. It goes into men's houses



like a blessed charity, to kindle their hearth-fires and feed and clothe their children. It sweetens toil and nurses weakness. It comforts destitution, and has the oil and the wine of the Samaritan for the wayfarer, whom the Scotch philosophers would leave, to be stripped of his raiment, according to rule, by the thieves among whom he falls. It thus becomes, not a science merely, but a living, loving, human thing. And more especially—and in this it comes within the range of our discussion to-night—does it investigate the relation of man to his allotted labour—not as inquiring of how much labour each man may be capable, so as to swell an aggregate result for the community at large—but as determining the extent of the labour which it is necessary for each man to undergo, so as to provide for his wants and the fulfilment of his duties and responsibilities, and yet leave him something of time, and its precious and manifold uses to himself.

There seems to us to be a great deal of truth in the following :

We have high authority for saying that "Wisdom \* \* cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise." How many do we know—any of us—who, in the maturity of their faculties, are willing—we will not say to desert their career, but to pause in it, merely—nay, even to slacken their pace, so that they may gather the fruit from the trees under which they pass—that they may have the opportunity of wisdom, of which the good man speaks? How many will say—cheerfully, or at all—"the labour of half the day suffices—I will devote the other half to myself?" Few, sadly few! I grant you, that in the latter case the thing is not so easy, even where a man may have the will. We cannot be part of a system and yet be detached from it. If we are in the current, we cannot linger in the eddies. We must move on, or be left behind altogether. For this, the system is, in the main, responsible. But the other thing, the retirement of those who can afford to break off from a system which coerces them—ought not to be difficult, and is not, where the will exists. It is a matter of every day occurrence, in other countries, certainly on the continent of Europe. Men wind up their affairs, invest their money, accommodate their expenses to their means and sit down to be happy, while there is yet enough of the vigour of life left to make enjoyment healthy and robust, and while there is enough of taste, appreciation and thought left, to be cultivated and developed—to be made useful as well as graceful.

What an outburst of joyous freedom—what a dance upon broken manacles and chains sundered forever—what a hymn of

gratitude and deliverance, is that inimitable essay of Charles Lamb's—"The Superannuated Man"—wherein he tells the story of a servitude of six and thirty years, in a counting room, brought happily to an end! How he dwells, like a liberated prisoner, on the toils and the privations of his prison-house—the infrequent holydays, which were over before he could determine how they were to be enjoyed—the Sundays which brought no relaxation—the week at Easter, which was gone before its leisure was tasted—the wood of his desk, which had entered into his soul! And then the tumultuous gladness of his emancipation—the time that first, in all his life, he could call his own—the plans, the pleasures and the independence upon a pension of two-thirds of a small salary! "Had I a little son," he exclaims, in the rapture of his soul—"I would christen him Nothing to Do. He should do nothing." I am afraid that even in England "Nothing to Do" would have had a hard time of it. With us, I am quite sure that his name might have interfered with his getting a situation. The humourist would have found it an unprofitable business to speak irreverently of the Evangel of Labour.

The felicitous language and exuberant fancy of Mr. Wallis, are richly displayed in this very beautiful and eloquent passage—

In the Columbian Library at Seville, I saw an old book on *Cosmography*, which had belonged to Christopher Columbus. It seemed to have been the text book of his meditations, so full the margins were of notes in his hand-writing. I noticed that he had not failed to mark, with most especial care, each passage in the ancient author which told of spices, or of precious stones or metals, to be found upon the hills or through the valleys of the Indies. Indeed he had condensed such observations on some pages, and mountains all of gold, and islands strewn with pearls were what he had prefigured as before him in his journey towards the setting sun. And yet, who dims the glory of that pure and lofty soul with one suspicion of a sordid thought? The wealth that made the Indies precious, was but the embroidered raiment of his dreams, and moved him none the more to grovelling appetite, than did the golden fringes of the clouds beneath which, evening after evening, he sailed into the darkness—manhood and hope, like the angels in the legend, standing through its watches by his helm!

So, in the good old times, when merchants were princes, and deserved to be, the increase of wealth seemed, of itself, to work an enlargement of men's ideas.

There was a perpetually expanding purpose, in its pursuit—a "large discourse, looking before and after." It had a past, on which it built, and a future, for which it laboured grandly. Commerce was not, then, the speculation of to-day, or the hasty adventure of to-morrow—the short turn—the sharp bargain—the keen-scented thrift, snuffing news in advance of the mail. Glorious breezes filled its sails. The "love-sick winds" that wafted Cleopatra's barge, did not hover round more gorgeous canvases. Its freight was art, and literature, and civilization. The sea-weed, clinging now, like mourning drapery, along the marble walls of Venice, does but assert a rightful fellowship with splendour, to whose triumphs the whole wide sea was tributary. The pictures and the statues—the temples, the palaces and gardens of Genoa and Pisa—of Florence, Bologna and Sienna—all tell the story of great thoughts and noble tastes, which gold and trade may nurture, when nobleness and greatness deal with them. Judged by such standards—making all allowances for change of time and circumstance—conceding on the one side all that it has done for freedom and intelligence—requiring from it, on the other, fulfilment of the obligations since imposed on it, by all the grand discoveries which science and genius have given it for handmaids—Trade, as we find it now, is surely, in its spirit, far below the level of the high and intellectual calling, which has made itself so bright a name in history. I speak of its spirit and not of its material progress—of its influence on the men who pursue it, and not of its statistics. I am looking at the hand of the dyer, and not at the garish colours which flaunt from his door. The Son of Sirach has said, and I hope I may venture to say it after him, without offence, that "a merchant shall hardly keep himself from doing wrong, and a huckster shall not be free from sin." I waive the question as to whether the Hebrews, in the days when Ecclesiasticus was written, furnished the most advantageous models of mercantile deportment, but I am quite persuaded that the great moralist, whom I have quoted, told a truth in this, which was intended for all time. And if it be so difficult for men, in the legitimate paths of commerce, to avoid its corrupting tendencies, I fear that they hardly improve their chances by entering the still narrower walks of what commonly is known as mercantile retirement. Does a man widen the scope of his faculties, think you, or improve the opportunities of competence and of leisure because he withdraws himself from actual trade, to look after letting his money out on interest? Does he enlarge the domain of his heart, or open new sources of human sympathy, by watching the fluctuations of the stock exchange?

Does the old age of mercantile industry grow in dignity or reverence under such influences? Does it heighten its claims, thus, to sway the opinions, and rule the counsels, and fashion the tastes and habits—nay, form the very destiny of this magnificent republic? Has it not rather let itself out on usury, with its capital, and made a sordid trade of its faculties and opportunities? There may be—undoubtedly there are—some characters so privileged, that they can walk through the daily temptations of any calling, without a stain on their raiment. There are, in the professions, men fortunately constituted, who can find leisure in the midst of absorbing employment, and expansion in the very pressure of the most contracting influences—to whom literature blossoms, a spontaneous wayside flower, along every path, and art and taste and fancy and graceful and refining thought and occupation, come smiling and ministering, like a reaper's joyous children, who troop around him in the harvest field. So, too, in the pursuits of trade, are men, who gather and are generous—who grasp and yet give—whose hearts grow with their fortunes, and whose intellects expand with their experience—men with whom labour seems compatible with leisure, and whose manly nature has the ring of a metal purer than their gold. But such is not the common experience of the world, and it were not wise to write philosophy altogether for the Happy Valley, whose soil is the salt of the earth. We must deal with the rule—though we be thankful for the exceptions.

We can make but one more extract from this admirable discourse, and this refers to the restlessness of life in the United States:

There is, I am aware, a great deal of rhetoric on the other side of these views—a great deal of very obvious declamation, about ignoble ease, individual sloth and national stagnation. But all this is merely a begging of the question in dispute. I deny that a life of repose—not of idleness, but of leisure and rest—is more ignoble or more unprofitable, in man or nation, than the throb and throes—the convulsive preternatural activity of labour, without enjoyment and without end. I do not mean that rest, which is typified by the Chinese hieroglyphic of happiness—an open mouth and a handful of rice. I mean the repose which is the parent of wise activity, and the restraint, as well as the substitute, of activity, which is not wise. I mean the rest which is won and deserved by labour, and which sweetens and invigorates it, and furnishes its reward. Whence comes this doctrine that life, to be anything, must

be forever in motion? There is no process of earthly development, which does not need and depend upon repose. To all the green and beautiful things which deck the earth—the flowers that give it perfume and the fruits and foliage that make it glad—there is needful the calm sunshine and the tranquil shade—the gentle rain and the more quiet dew. Not a gem that flashes, but has been crystallized in the immovable stillness of the great earth's breast! It is impossible to look on the most wondrous scenes of physical grandeur, where the convulsions of nature have left their traces on mountain and valley, without feeling that the quiet centuries, gliding in between, have woven the tranquil vesture of their beauty. I know no difference from this, in the laws of our moral and intellectual nature, and I believe that to be false philosophy and pernicious morality which denies to individuals, as it is misguided and perverse political economy which takes away from nations, their seasons of leisure and meditation—teaching them that existence was meant to be nothing but a struggle, and that it stagnates and is worthless when its strife grows still.

✓ Apropos of a new volume of poems by "Owen Meredith," the New York *Albion* claims that the earliest appearance of young Bulwer Lytton in print was in the columns of that paper, under the signature of "A Harrow School-Boy." The *Albion* is mistaken in this matter. The credit of having been the first to give this rising poet the encouragement of publishing his verses, if credit it be, belongs to the *Messenger*. We remember the pieces of the "Harrow School-Boy," to which the *Albion* refers, but before their publication the future "Owen Meredith" had contributed to the poetical department of this Magazine some stanzas, in which we thought we could discover the fire of genius—and the editor of the *Messenger* having at that time the opportunity of talking much with him on the subject of modern English poetry, of Tennyson and Poe, Browning and Longfellow, was not greatly surprised when subsequently, in a quiet apartment of the Rue Decouras, just out of the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, he heard the fine poems of "A Soul's Loss," "Good Night in the Porch," and "A Wife's Tragedy," recited by the author from his London proof-sheets. Their authorship was then a secret, and it was

maintained inviolate by the editor of the *Messenger* until the fact transpired in England, and the *nom de plume* was acknowledged by our gifted young friend. Just previous to the preparation of his volume of "Clytemnestra and other Poems," for the press, he had written for the Dublin University Magazine a series of papers, remarkable for one so young, under the caption of "Mosses upon Grave-Stones." We remember one passage of singular beauty, descriptive of Rome, which we have taken the trouble to look for, in order that the reader may enjoy, in the poem with which it concludes, what we consider as one of the most exquisite things ever set to the music of rhythm. The song sings itself, the language is so wonderfully instinct with melody:

In a golden, warm afternoon of the soft Italian autumn I arrived at Rome. Blessed be the day and hour! Rome surely is the city for disappointed men. There the harshest outlines of this raw present are evermore blended into the serene and fathomless azure of the twilit and infinite past, whose ghost-cities are of stars and clouds, and wherein is no sound. Who, amid the ruins of the Colosseum, but forgets the jar and fret of his narrow, noisy days? Not a footstep that falls on a Roman pavement but echoes centuries back into the past. I had never before been at Rome; yet did the whole city seem to me familiar. Nothing struck me with surprise. It seemed to me, indeed, as though, in some forgotten ante-natal dream, I had visited the place. This was one of those strange feelings I never yet accounted for, which often cling about the mind, and puzzle all reason.

Suddenly, however, in walking down that street which leads to the ancient Forum, it flashed upon me that exactly such a street had I traversed in that strange dream which I have already related to you, wherein I seemed to be wandering somewhere with the walking corpse of my wife's sister. The same sky above, the same ruins around, the same silence and desolate beauty! Here had Classicism and the glittering train of all the Cæsars passed and reeled away—a dying pageant! Here, too, had rolled the feudal deluge from the forests of the north—barbaric surges of Hun, and Aleman, and Goth, and Lombard, and Frank, sweeping bare and clean the world for Christ's high creed—fresh ideas, new men. Here Astolphus, "like a lion roaring," (*velut leo furens*), had threatened the pale pope, and all but Arianised Rome. Here had marched King Pipin, with his

black-bearded heroes, to lay at the feet of St. Peter the keys of kingdoms. Here now did I hear the bare-footed friars chanting hymns under the walls of the Pantheon. Such things are and have been here. Then I bethought me of Gibbon musing among the ruins of the Colosseum, and how here first arose within his mind the magnificent conception of his great work. And then of all those great sorrowful souls that had, by instinct as it were, come to this city of ruins—earth's disinherited kings! Poor proud Byron, "grieving with the dart he drave;" and Shelley, he that spake "with the tongue of angels."

Thus, I suppose unconsciously, my thoughts had led my steps; for towards the last hour of yellow daylight I found myself in the shadow of the great pyramidal tomb of Caius Sestus, which overlooks the little English burial-ground, wherein now moulders all that was "of frail mortality" in the starriest of poets.

I entered the cemetery, and sat down beside the grave of Shelley. Now, indeed, that flat grey slab of stone, under which repose those ashes, is cracked sadly, and defaced, and choked with moss and weeds; and near it has grown up a great sepulchral edifice of marble, heavy with urns and cups—a purse-proud thing, looking all out of countenance the simple stone beside it.

Is there indeed among all our countrymen and women in that great city of Rome none that will spare a few *bajochi* to do honour to their poet's grave—even were it but a wreath of *immortelles* they gave to lie upon the tomb?

As I sat here, in the twilight, thinking sweet and bitter thoughts, I was suddenly startled by the sound of a woman's voice—a voice of silverest melody—singing, in some remote angle of the burial-ground, a song of which I could not catch the words. The notes, however, were most melodious, clear, and bell-like. It seemed as though the silence were sprinkled over with a cool refreshing spray of musical sounds. I looked curiously all around, but could not discover the singer. My eye fell upon the grave beside me. There I read the words—

"Nothing of him doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange."

I could almost fancy that it was the voice of the spirit-poet that I heard, singing, as it were, phoenix-like, over his own ashes.

Soon, however, the music ceased, and I rose up, and followed the direction of the sound. On turning an angle in the wall, I perceived sitting on the grass at some distance, and clear-outlined against the waning light, the figure of a young woman. She was dressed in white, and a large

straw hat concealed her face from me. As I paused, on beholding her, with a sudden reverent feeling, she began to sing again. Now, however, I was near enough to catch the words distinctly, and, to my surprise, they were in English. Even if I had not since often heard those words, I think I could yet repeat them to you, so clearly did they rest in my memory. Here, however, I have them copied out

Morton then showed me a paper, written and entitled thus:—

*"The song of the Lady whom I heard singing  
in the English burial-ground at Rome, near  
the tomb of Caius Sestus."*

"SONG.

"Out of her heart the snowdrop grows  
(Ah! me)  
In sweet green England over the sea;  
And the bramble-rose that o'er her blows  
I shall not see.

"The dew that wets the violets,  
And the pensive-leaved pale primrose  
there,  
All thro' the night falls down so light,  
So light, it frets  
No tress of her golden hair.  
And neither starshine, nor yet moonlight,  
Wake her out of her sleep all night.  
She sleeps so well that she forgets  
Our foolish care.

*"The garden I love, and the cherry-tree,  
And the musk-rose that aches to the heart with  
the bee;  
And the daisies that nod o'er the church-yard  
sod;  
And the quiet blue steeple that looks up at  
God;  
And the book that my father read to me  
(In dear green England over the sea).  
When the swallows dipp'd, twittering, by two  
and by three,  
Thro' the porch muffled up in the sweet  
briony,  
And I was a little child on his knee,  
I shall not see.*

"I can only guess how my father looks,  
Poring over his ancient books;  
And the long green grasses bend and wave,  
And the violet blows on my sister's grave;  
And the long white lily that swung with  
the bee;  
And the swallows— the same old company  
No doubt; and the rose and the cherry-  
tree;  
And the daisies under the churchyard  
wall;  
And the true, kind people all,  
In my green England over the sea—  
Do they think of me?"

Surely nothing could be more deftly musical than the stanza we have italicised, and the lines which follow are almost as delicious. The "Mosses upon Grave-Stones" was a novelette, which we are not aware that the author has claimed as his own since his *debut* in the literary world, but it is surely no betrayal of confidence to accredit it to him now that he has assumed literary honours. As the most elaborate of his youthful efforts, it will have a great interest for his friends, and the circumstance of having produced a work of fiction at nineteen cannot injure him in diplomacy, which is his destiny, any more than the verses which he has admitted to be his, and which have little connection with red tape and the Embassadorial arms. Here is another bit of versification from the "Mosses," which breathes more of sentiment than a government despatch usually does:—

"SONG.

I.

"In April's lap I cast a seed—  
On tears and smiles she nurs'd it;  
June loved the flower you called a weed,  
And half to blossom burst it.

II.

"I meant to rear this bud for you  
To wear upon your bosom,  
Because my tears were with the dew  
That kindled in the blossom.

III.

"But, ere the leaves had fully split  
Their green-silk cradle even,  
An angel pluck'd and planted it  
Between the palms in heaven."

We are glad to see the Poems of "Owen Meredith" announced by Ticknor & Fields, in their beautiful style of blue and gold. They will fill two volumes, of which the latter will contain "The Wanderer," and other recent pieces just out in London.

We observe with great gratification that two new literary journals are about to be established in the South under auspices the most promising of brilliant success. One of these will be published in Columbia, S. C., with the title of the "Courant." Its issues will be weekly, and its aim will be to elevate the public taste by its criticisms upon literature and art, to furnish another

vehicle for the utterance of Southern opinion, and to supply a source of high intellectual entertainment for our Southern people. No more suitable place could be found in the slaveholding section of the Union for the publication of such a journal than Columbia, the beautiful Capital of South Carolina, that sweet, shady city of villas, where taste and cultivation and refinement have their abodes, the seat of a flourishing college, and the centre of an enlightened State sentiment; and no more competent person could have been chosen to undertake its editorial management than Howard H. Caldwell, Esq., the graceful poet and accomplished scholar, whose stirring lyric of the "Battle of King's Mountain" has been so widely admired. We shall expect great things of the "Courant," not only from the ability of its editor, but from the strong corps of contributors which has been enlisted in its support, embracing Alexander B. Meek, J. Wood Davidson, Paul H. Hayne, John W. Overall, the Abbé Rouquette, Mrs. Caroline H. Glover and others, well known in all parts of the country. Every number, we feel confident, will come to us freighted with noble thoughts and high imaginings. The melody and perfume of the Southern woods will be wafted to us in its tender poetry and delicate musings, while the conservatism of the Southern mind in morals, philosophy and politics, will find in its columns a steady support.

The second literary enterprise to which we take pleasure in referring, will soon be started in Augusta, Georgia, under the suggestive name of the "Southern Field and Fireside." This will be partly agricultural and partly literary; and as only its literary character specially interests us, let us say that the gentleman who will preside over the critical department is William W. Mann, Esq. Our acquaintance with Mr. Mann extends back several years to the time when he was the Paris Correspondent of the Messenger, and wrote regularly for the pages of this Magazine, whose excellent letters, which attracted so much attention in every quarter. We can truthfully declare (and we feel an obligation to do so at the present moment) that in our judgment there is not in the United States a person more admirably fitted for the conduct of a literary journal than Mr.

Mann. Of the largest scholarship, uniformly accurate in his facts and clear in his statement of them, somewhat severe perhaps in his literary tastes, but prompt to recognize merit wherever it may appear, with a style at once simple and opulent, and possessed of a capacity for labour equal to any demands that may be made upon him, Mr. Mann is the model of a journalist, as in private life he is the model of a gentleman. To those who have the good fortune to know him, the above humble tribute to his worth will seem inadequate, certainly it is not extravagant, and we are impelled by a sense of duty to make it, now that he is about to assume a position so well suited to his talents. We hazard nothing in the prediction that the "Southern Field and

Fireside" will speedily become an authority in literary matters which even the Northern cliques and journals will not be able to disregard.

And now, most pensive Southern public, good masters, we appeal to you in behalf of these new organs of the Southern mind. Will you not give them at once your hearty encouragement, will you not welcome them to your family circle as visitors whose appearance will always profit and delight you, or will you withhold from the most deserving claimants that substantial and liberal favour you have so long extended to Northern hebdomadals filled with the merest inanities, and often charged with the most gratuitous abuse of your social institutions and your civilization?

## Notices of New Works.

The opening of Spring has imparted an increased activity to the book trade, and our table is covered with a large variety of new works, which we shall be compelled to notice briefly, and with such regard to economy of space as to forego the usual exhibition of their full titles. The three leading publishing-houses of the country, the Harpers and the Appletons of New York, and Ticknor and Fields of Boston, are, of course, in advance of all others in the number and character of their recent publications, and we shall glance at these in turn as comprising what is best worth the attention of the public among the literary novelties of the day.

The third volume of Dr. Barth's ponderous work on Africa, has made its appearance, and is the largest and perhaps the most interesting of the three. The Dr. is not remarkable for vivacity, and his account of explorations in Northern and Central Africa is too prolix to be exceedingly popular, but the amount of new and accurate information he gives us, must render his volumes of permanent value in the library. The Harpers have performed a great service to the American student in republishing the work. The same house

has just brought out a diary of travel in Madagascar by the Rev. William Ellis, an English Missionary to the South Seas, who in three visits to the Island familiarized himself with the manners and customs of the people, and became acquainted with the singular and eventful history of religious persecution there, connected with the attempts to evangelize the country made during the last twenty years. The Rev. Mr. Ellis was himself an actor in some of the stirring scenes narrated in his diary, which has therefore a very vivid interest. A portion of the book is devoted to the Mauritius, the sweet, sunny island of Paul and Virginia, and the whole is embellished with engravings from photographs taken by the author, representing, necessarily with perfect fidelity, the features of the natives and the peculiar aspects of the country. A third and smaller work of travel just published by the Harpers, is "*Pankwari, or the San Jacinto in the Seas of India, China and Japan,*" by William Maxwell Wood, a Surgeon in the United States Navy, and author of several previous volumes which have been well received by the reading world. The title is an affectation, which we may pardon for the difficul-

ty of so naming books in this age of immense production that they shall strike upon the attention of the million. Fankwei in the jargon of the East, means "foreign devil," and Dr. Wood assumes the uncomplimentary designation in detailing for us his experiences among the antipodes. His style is lively and agreeable and the San Jacinto on this particular cruise was fortunate in its historiographer. A book of a different kind is to be found in "*Adam Bede*, by George Eliot," from the same press. This is a novel and an admirable one, the incidents of which transpire in English middle life, the love passages being conducted between a brave-hearted carpenter and a pious young woman in humble circumstances, who have no aristocratic friends, do not patronize the opera, nor in any way touch upon the circle of fashionable ecstasies and sentimental sorrows. We are not familiar with the name of George Eliot, but he has written in "*Adam Bede*," a story that makes us wish he will write more. *Episodes in French History*, by Miss Pardoe, also from the establishment of the Harpers, is a collection of sketches differing widely in manner from any of the books we have hitherto mentioned. Miss Pardoe's previous writings on the Court celebrities of France, have enjoyed a wide favour, and these "stray leaves" of a royal biography, which she tells us she was constrained through a sense of self-respect to decline following to its completion, will be received with delight by her numerous admirers.

The most considerable volume lately given to the public, by the Appletons, by the Fifth of the New American Cyclopædia. The fulness, clearness and impartiality, which have marked the preceding issues of this admirable compendium of knowledge, are displayed as well in the present one, and despite the cavils of certain small critics, the work is every day increasing in popularity. We have undiminished confidence in the catholic spirit of the editors, so far as the Cyclopædia is concerned, and we are glad to know that the enterprise is already assured of a brilliant success. To the numerous works on Spain, the Appletons have just added another in the Letters from that country, by the poet Bryant. The letters comprised in the volume are not all, indeed, devoted to Spanish affairs—some being descriptive of France, Switzerland, Holland, Algiers and Italy. The prose of Mr. Bryant has a peculiar claim in its unruffled flow; always temperate and kindly, fresh without enthusiasm, and passing lightly from topic to topic, without being altogether superficial, he encourages us to follow him from land to land by the promise of never offending or fatiguing us, and this promise is kept. Mr. Bryant's Spanish Sketches are not to be

compared with those of Wallis, to which we have already made allusion in this number of the Messenger, but they are nevertheless graceful and pleasing. These adjectives apply well to the *Diary of Lady Morgan*, another of the Appletons' new books. This is a curious relic of a buried generation. Lady Morgan's novels are well-known, as is also her work on Italy, and by all who are acquainted with the social souvenirs of the literary world, forty years ago, her life on the Continent will be remembered as one remarkable for the eminent men and women surrounding it. It is odd to read memoranda in which Auguste Thierry is spoken of as "a promising litterateur" and Ary Scheffer described as "a clever young artist," and it is delightful to go with the diarist to La Grange and see Lafayette at home. Charming days, says Lady Morgan, and charmingly has she recorded them. In effective contrast to this record is the quaint narrative of John Brown, the proprietor of the University Billiard rooms at Cambridge, England, entitled "Sixty Years' Gleanings from Life's Harvest," handsomely gotten up by the Appletons. The claim is made for it on the title-page that it is a "genuine autobiography" and no one who reads it will doubt the fact. John Brown had many ups and downs in life, he saw men, cities and countries, he went to sea, he appeared in tragedy, he wrote very pathetic little poems in the style of the Rat-Catcher's Daughter, and finally settled down as keeper of the billiard-rooms in which the young gowmsmen of Cambridge are taught the proper management of the cue, where he now lives philosophically content. The book is highly diverting, for the De Foe-like simplicity with which he narrates the commonest incidents and the rapidity with which he turns from grave to gay, from lively to severe. Thus without a break in the narrative, he passes from the burial of his "aged parent" to the matter of a water supply for his billiard-room, and when his sister whom he has not met for thirty years comes to see him, he merely tells us they breakfasted together on ham and eggs, with a reticence that is truly pathetic. Phelan could doubtless teach John Brown something of billiards, but Phelan could not write such poems. A volume of English University experience from another point of view is the *Foster Brothers*. The author conducts two young gentlemen, a nobleman and a commoner, through college, and by the way indulges in many satirical touches upon the social and academic curriculum, which will be highly relished by the knowing reader. The "*Foster Brothers*" is a good companion for "*School Days at Rugby*."

Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have at last published the concluding volumes of their

beautiful Household Edition of the *Waverley Novels*. *The Surgeon's Daughter* and the Indexes and Glossary complete the series which now challenges the public attention as by far the most desirable form in which Sir Walter has ever been presented for the family. In full calf this edition must be perfectly luxurious. The long line of books on the lives of eminent men which Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have issued during a few years past, has been yet farther extended by several recent memoirs of decided interest. The *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, the flower of knighthood, is offered, as it should be, in typography of rare attractiveness, and the literary execution of it is eminently worthy of the subject. In the decay of gentlemen, which marks so mournfully the age in which we live, it is well that our youth should be often referred to Bayard and Sidney and such spirits, as models of character, and we therefore most cordially welcome this excellent little work as calculated to impress happily the youthful mind. The First and Second Series of *Arago's Biographies* make up two handsome volumes which have the solid look of English publications. The eminent French Savant was remarkable for his courage not less than for his lofty intellect, and his career was one of far more adventure than that of most philosophers. In these pages he has set himself before the reader with great apparent fidelity, and with the penetration that belonged to him, he appears to have reached a very correct appreciation of the striking qualities of other distinguished men of whom he writes. Biography from such pens as his, is as exciting as fiction, and his lives of Bailly, Laplace, Fourier, Carnot, Watt, are characterized by wonderful energy. All that is wanted to make these volumes eminently satisfactory, is a good portrait of Arago himself. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has performed with excellent judgment and much to the satisfaction of the public, the task of preparing for the press the *Life of his father*, and the Boston house has issued it in a style worthy of its literary merits. Douglas Jerrold is somewhat redeemed in these pages from the imputation made by the *Specimens of his Wit* heretofore published, that he was a man of bad heart, finding a pleasure in the wounds he gave other people with that polished lance. That he was an accomplished scholar and a very powerful writer, there can be no doubt, and if he sometimes employed his wit recklessly, we must remember that he had been harshly used by the world, and rose to distinction by persistent toil. The temptation is strong to pay off old scores of unkindness with steely sentences, and few men had so facile a use of epigram pointed to sting as Douglas Jerrold. But no one can read this *Life* without recog-

nizing in him warm human sympathies. There is much of pleasant anecdote scattered through the volume, but our only regret will not admit of quotation.

Of the foregoing publications those of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have reached us through James Woodhouse & Co. and Appletons have sent through the same channel through Mr. A. Morris, while to the last gentleman alone we are indebted for the issues of the Harpers.

Mr. Morris has also placed us under obligations by laying on our table a copy of "A Collection of Poems, By James Barron Hope, author of 'Leoni di Montona.'" This modest little volume embraces the Inauguration Ode, and the Phi Beta Kappa Poem at Williamsburg, two elaborate efforts never before in type, together with many minor effusions not first presented to the public. We think the reputation of the author, already enviable, will be greatly enhanced by these offerings of his muse. The Inauguration Ode is marked by grand imagery and a lofty music of versification, although intended for a special occasion, will be read with pleasure in time to come. Mr. Hope is an independent thinker, living wholly apart from literary cliques, and writes from the impulses of his own heart. We trust that his present volume will be welcomed by the people of Virginia and the South as a garland of poesy which they may hang up with pride in the temple of our national literature.

Another contribution to Southern literature in the department of song has just been made in "The Pleasures of Piety, and other Poems," by Richard Furman, of South Carolina. The book bears the imprimatur of S. G. Courtenay & Co. of Charleston and was printed by Walker Evans & Co. of the same city. We mention the latter fact because as a specimen of book-making, it is exceedingly beautiful. Mr. Furman's longest poem, which furnishes the title to the volume, is written in the heroic measure, with the regularly recurring caesura, as Pope wrote, and in the general treatment of the subject as well as in the title, must suggest resemblances to Akenside, Campbell and Rogers; there are also passages bordering closely on Milton; but on the whole it is an effort of great merit, which could be best judged of from extracts, and that we cannot make. We confess, however, to be better pleased with the smaller rhetorical compositions of Mr. Furman, especially with the fine translation of the noble old Latin hymn of the "Dies Irae," which he has rendered most effectively. Mr. Furman is a new acquaintance to Southern literature, but we greet him with a hearty welcome.



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J. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.



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# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

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RICHMOND, MAY, 1859.

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## INTELLECTUAL CULTURE OF WOMAN.\*

*The Delight of Knowledge—Desire for Knowledge Universal—Different Knowledge Desired, according to Mental Cultivation and Natural Aptitude—The Metaphysician—The Lover of Natural Science—Retailer of Scandal—Office of Education in awakening Proper Curiosity—Superiority in this Respect of Educated Women—Results of this Superiority—What Conduct it Should Produce—Haughtiness to Inferiors—Gratitude and Obedience to Parents—Ordinary Household Duties—Another Office of Education—Empiricism and Quackery—Political, Social and Religious Quacks—Noted Examples—The South Sea Bubble—Joe Smith—Relics—Strolling Pedlars—Foreign Dignitaries—Humbug—The Triumph of Right—Empiricism and Science Contrasted—Advantages of Thorough Instruction: to One's Self, to the Family, to Society, and to the State—Authors Recommended—Monod's Mission of Woman—Conduct at Home, in the Circle of Families, in Society—Society Described—Slavery—Duty of Educated Women to master the Subject, and to Educate a Proper Sentiment Concerning It—One of Her Duties to the State—The Highest Knowledge—Conclusion.*

Augustin Thierry, a man distinguished for intellectual power and indefatigable research, who lost his sight in making the investigations the results of which he has recorded in his history of the Norman Conquest, at the close of his long and brilliant career, writes thus of his employment:

"If, as I delight in thinking, the interest of science is counted in the number of great national interests, I have given my country all that the soldier, mutilated on the field of battle, gives her. Whatever may be the fate of my labours, this example, I hope, will not be lost. I would wish it to serve to combat the species of moral weakness which is the disease of

our present generation; to bring back into the straight road of life some of those enervated souls that complain of wanting faith, that know not what to do, and seek everywhere, without finding it, an object of worship and admiration. Why say, with so much bitterness, that in the world, constituted as it is, there is no air for all lungs, no employment for all minds? Is not calm and serious study there? and is not that a refuge, a hope, a field within the reach of all of us? With its evil days are passed over without their weight being felt; every one can make his own destiny; every one employ his life nobly. This is what I have done, and would do again if I had to recom-

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\* An Address delivered before the Hollins Female Institute, at the Commencement, on the 6th April, 1859. By ALEXANDER H. SANDS, of Richmond, Va. Published by request of the Faculty and Board of Trustees of the Institute.

mence my career; I would choose that which has brought me where I am. Blind, and suffering without hope and almost without intermission, I may give this testimony, which from me will not appear suspicious; there is something in the world better than sensual enjoyments, better than fortune, better than health itself; it is devotion to science."

I might multiply examples of similar character, in illustration of the hold that the desire for knowledge obtains over the mind which has once experienced its delightful and soul-stirring effects. This desire is universal. It is common alike to the swarthy African and the red men of America; to the cold, calculating and conservative Englishman, to the mercurial Frenchman and the keen-sighted, sharp-witted Yankee; to the refined and educated and polished scholar, and to the clumsy and uncultivated clown. In a term of life now nearing middle age, I have never known a man who had not a thirst for knowledge—to a greater or less degree. It may have been thirst for wrong knowledge; for knowledge not of the right sort and of the right things. It may have been confined within narrow limits and called forth by unworthy or trivial objects. Every where, at all times, among all peoples you will find this principle at work. For knowledge man digs into the *strata* of the earth to find there the record written by the Almighty's hand of the earth's history; for knowledge, he scales the summit of the skies and marks with wonder and delight the movements of the spheres; for knowledge, stretching forth with expectant look, he gazes into the opening vistas of the future, and with equal zeal grasps at and commits to imperishable record the transactions and doings and dealings of the present and the past. At one time, he traverses wide and perilous seas to hold converse with the rude and unlettered peasantry of some distant country, that he may record their modes of social being—what they think and what they do; at another, with almost infinite danger, he perils his life to fathom the mysteries of State secrets and to unfold State intrigue. At one time, he tells us

of the accomplishments of mind, at another he witnesses and records the varying changes of matter. At one time, with immense labour and toil, he masters the mysteries of an unknown and barbarous tongue; at another, he is clothing in living forms of beauty and eloquence the emotions of the passing hour, that they may be caught by sympathetic hearts and "echoed down the corridors of Time."

Now we find him engaged in minute and laborious effort, spending his weeks and months and years in the solitude of his study in the solution of some difficult problem, and crying out at its successful close, almost with a mad joy, "I HAVE FOUND IT! I HAVE FOUND IT!" And then, with toilsome footstep we follow him amid the varied realms of Nature's boundless limits as he gathers from her caverns, from her hills and valleys and streams, from her ocean-depths and her mountain summits, fact after fact to enrich his treasury, and discovery after discovery awakening the pleasurable emotion of knowing!

While the desire is thus universal, it is, by no means, equally diffused or called forth alike by the objects of interest around and within us. One thirsts for knowledge with an irrepressible longing. He desires truth for its own sake, and would willingly forego enjoyments of no common type to realize and reap the golden fruition. It matters not to him whether the great world without shall repeat his name with honour, or allow it to sleep in obscurity forever. Another pursues it, for the gain it brings, for the crown it bestows, for the reward it proffers. A third, stimulated by a languid desire to know, would willingly resign the ripe enjoyment of knowing, if he could thus 'secure exemption from the toil of accumulating, or the trouble of safely keeping it when already acquired.

The desire will be ample or contracted; will be various and useful, or narrow and mean, according to the measure of the mind's original capacity and its aptitude for acquiring, and its opportunities for enlargement.

Take a familiar illustration, drawn from our physical constitution.

We have been so formed by our Creator that every exertion of power brings its enjoyment. We cannot stretch out an arm, if it be in a healthful condition, without experiencing a pleasurable emotion. The senses are so many channels of gratification and delight. For sight, for hearing, for feeling, for the senses of smell and taste, there are appropriate objects and excitants, communicating in the contact at times inexpressible pleasure. We all remember the beautifully apt remark of Paley, in evidence of the Divine beneficence. "If He had wished our misery, He might have made sure of His purpose by forming our senses to be so many pains and sores to us, as they are now instruments of gratification and enjoyment; or by placing us amid objects so ill suited to our perceptions as to have continually offended us, instead of ministering to our refreshment and delight. He might have made, for example, everything we tasted, *bitter*; every thing we saw, *loathsome*; every thing we touched, *a sting*; every smell, *a stench*; and every sound, *a discord*."

Now, if we take from any part of our physical frame any of its original functions, either in whole or in part, we shall, to that extent, rob ourselves of the enjoyment we should thence derive. If an arm be maimed, or an eye bleared, or an ear deaf, so far as we could have experienced pleasurable emotions from these, so far will we be deprived by the defect of the sum total of enjoyment. This will be the more apparent, if we shall select some power of the body which has not its counterpart. Take from us the *sense of hearing altogether*, and we shall lose all the emotional excitement occasioned by the harmony of sound. The ravishing notes of Mozart and Handel, the liquid music of the summer's waterfall, the majestic roar of the Niagara, even the crash of the terrible voice of the lightning will fail to excite on the one hand *delight*, and on the other that sense of positive enjoyment derived from the highest sublimity of terror. In some sort, the mind which has not compassed

a particular department of thought, which has not "realized" the entireness of a complete area of sentiment, is deprived of one of its faculties, and has excluded itself from sources of delight open to the mind of him who has conversed familiarly with such topics and fully mastered them. Here is one, who ignores altogether the department of metaphysical research. He has learned to echo the stale and absurd reproaches of the superficial and arrogant empiric, who denies that the world of mind needs to be explored, and who ridicules all attempts on the part of mental philosophers to fathom its depths. To such a one the sublime speculations of Kant and Cousin, the nervous, strong and practical good sense of Reid, and the severely logical acumen of Sir William Hamilton, afford neither entertainment nor delight. He prefers to follow some explorer into the realm of physical being, to number the penfeathers of the antennæ of an insect, or to analyze the parts of the most insignificant animalcule. Another stalks through life utterly unconscious of the world of matter around him. He delights in knowing what in himself is worth knowing. He finds there enough, he says, of nobler type to engage his thought, and until he has explored the depths of his own consciousness, he is unwilling to take the time to learn the comparatively unimportant matters of physical nature. A third has no higher employment for the principle of curiosity which nature has implanted in him, than the amusement of the passing moment: and the incidents of daily life, its little scandal, its trivial conversation, the news of the hour, afford him sufficient mental food, and gratify to the full his intellectual appetite. The whole realms of fancy and imagination—of the highest art and of the loftiest aspirations, are to him an utter blank; and for all practical purposes, he is living as if not endued with the capacity to understand, appreciate and enjoy them. Alter now if you will the modes of life of the three. Convert the lover of natural science into the severe student of the laws of the mind. Transform the daily retailer of the latest news

in the market-place, or behind the counter, or on the farm, into an intelligent and wise observer of the wonderful operations of Nature, and you at once introduce them into a new world of emotion and delight. So to speak, they have become by the transformation changed into new beings; they have had added to them the possession of other faculties, whose existence they had not suspected or imagined before. The man feels—he knows—new things; and the possession of this new knowledge creates new and fresh sympathies; and he realizes the enjoyment of putting forth hitherto undiscovered or unused powers!

Now it is one of the offices of education to kindle and keep alive the entire intellectual man—to open to him the widest fields of intellectual research and emotional sympathy—and in proportion as we have secured the true advantages of such acquaintance, in proportion as the area of science or art we have explored is enlarged; in proportion to our natural or cultivated capacity to understand aright the objects of thought or of feeling with which we are brought into contact, in *that* proportion are our opportunities for intellectual exercise increased, and in *that* proportion is the enjoyment of pursuing such objects enhanced. We shall find then that the truest and best education is that which capacitates us for the amplest enjoyment and secures for us the ripest attainments, is that which awakens into active life all the faculties and powers of our minds, and suggests for them all appropriate exercise and employment. To be, in other words, a mere lawyer or a mere doctor, a mere professor of languages and nothing else, suggests to us the idea of but half-manhood-ness, and the mind instinctively revolts from it. To be a mere seamstress or landlady, a mere teacher of music or a mere writer of poems or of novels, suggests the same idea of incompleteness, and the mind instinctively recoils. We must have for complete happiness something more than these would indicate the possession of.

If properly instructed, I remark, the educated lady has had a proper and in-

telligent curiosity awakened—she desires to know proper things, and to know them thoroughly.

In this she has an inestimable advantage over her less favoured sisters, whose views are contracted within narrower limits, and who have not cultivated or enlightened sympathies with much that brings out and develops, in highest and noblest form, the capacities of the mind and heart.

But this superiority does not beget haughtiness of demeanor or a neglect of so-called inferiors: least of all does it inspire contempt for any living being? The school-girl who imagines that an acquaintance with the classics or facility in music or in painting exempts her from the obligation to respect her acquaintance, and allows her to ignore and neglect altogether the companionship of her neighbours, has much indeed to learn not only of the *humility*, but of the enjoyment of true learning? Depend upon it, my young friends, it is no mark of superior attainments, in any department of study or school of science, to despise any of the beings God has made.

I need not, I am sure, add to this, that gratitude and obedience to your parents will characterize the truly educated lady. If fortune has not favoured them—if they be rough-handed and toil-worn—if they cannot enter into discussions of topics most interesting to the scholar and the woman of ripe attainments, the educated lady will gently, carefully hide the defect, and remedy, as she may, their want of information by imparting to them what she knows in an unpretending and unassuming way.

Into what infinity of contempt does the daughter sink, who, by the *toil of an honest* and rough-handed father, has secured the advantages of ripe training and requites the service with contumely or neglect. Ask the universal opinion entertained of such an one—whether by young or old, rich or poor, male or female, and the kindling glance of indignation in every eye, and the prompt response from every lip, condemn almost beyond reprieve, the crime of ingratitude and folly.



No! no! Young ladies who have been trained at school, who have been well educated, know that it is their first and main duty to love those who, by honest labour and with many prayers, have aided them in their efforts to acquire knowledge. This sentiment should not expend itself as mere sentiment. It must live in the life—it must speak alike in the tongue and by the act. "The old folks at home" are to have the earnest and undivided sympathies of the child of their love; and even though the tuition be harsh, and at times their conduct be rude and uncouth, a heart that has learned the lesson of love aright and a head well instructed, will be led into proper deference and respect.

Again: Least of all should this instruction be imagined to exempt one from the ordinary routine of household duty. It begets a contempt for learning when it contents itself with moping over books and dreaming of sentiment, when the objects and occasions of duty are all around us neglected and unimproved. We shall find, (I doubt not,) ample employment for the largest wisdom and for the utmost stretch of capacity even in managing the ordinary occasions of difficulty as they arise.

But I must return from this digression. *Another office of education is to deliver one from empiricism.* By empiricism I mean quackery of every kind. There is an empiricism in science, in morals, in religion, in politics as in medicine. There are "universal nostrum" men, who go about in search of victims to their impostures; who forego no effort to make disciples of the unwary; and who would be willing, in order to compass their favourite object, to sacrifice not only the fortunes, but the lives of individuals, and to peril the happiness and welfare of entire communities. In looking over the wrecks of fortune and of honour scattered as monitors along the reefs of time, we shall find not a few who have been stranded on this rock; not a few who started in their career with high hopes and unfaltering purpose, who fell victim to some mad delusion, the vagary of some vile and vicious impostor or

madman. Human history is crowded with examples—in the moral and mental—in the political and commercial worlds! And we shall do well to hear and to heed its voice pleading for suffering humanity. In politics the wild extravagancies of the first and second, and third French Revolutions are recent and convincing instances; in commerce, the Southsea bubble and its almost innumerable copies on a diminished scale, which while not equalling it in the extent and enormity of the conception, have vied with it in the mischief and injury they have effected; and time would fail me to tell the numberless examples of empirics in morals and religion whose Babel voices have assaulted the heavens from the day on which heavenly harpers hymned the praises of the Infant Redeemer until the present. Look to the collection of sects and divisions of opinion; to the leaders and followers of leaders who have been named in the religious world, gathered into some modern Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge; and you will confess that surely here, on the highest and most momentous interests, there has been the amplest display of folly, and that the magnitude of the topic has but served to allure into its domain empiricism and quackery.

In an entertaining article contributed to one of Chambers' Papers for the People, I find the following:

"Superstition has in nothing more plainly manifested at once its foundation in ignorance and its mighty hold upon the popular mind than in the extraordinary variety of *relics* which have claimed and received the homage and adoration of mankind. It is but a few weeks since at Stonyhurst College, in Lancashire, we were shown a piece of the real wood of the Cross; and the following are some mentioned in Brady's 'Clavis,' which either have received, or are receiving the wondering adorations of folly:

"*A finger of St. Andrew.*

*A finger of St. John the Baptist.*

*The thumb of St. Thomas.*

*The hem of our Lord's garment which cured the diseased woman.*

*The seamless coat.*

*A tear which our Lord shed over Lazarus.* It was preserved by an angel, who gave it in a vial to Mary Magdalene.

*Two handkerchiefs,* on which are impressions of our Saviour's face; the one sent by our Lord himself as a present to Agbarus, Prince of Edessa; the other given at the time of his crucifixion to a holy woman named Veronica.

*The rod of Moses* with which he performed his miracles.

*A lock of hair of Mary Magdalene's.*

*A hem of Joseph's garment.*

*A feather of the Angel Gabriel.*

*A finger of a cherub.*

*The waterpots* used at the marriage in Galilee.

*The slippers* of the antediluvian Enoch.

*The face of a seraph,* with only part of the nose.

*The snout of a seraph,* thought to have belonged to the preceding.

*The coal* that broiled St. Lawrence.

*The square buckler,* lined with red velvet, and the short sword of St. Michael.

*A vial of the sweat of St. Michael,* when he contended with Satan.

*Some of the rays of the star* that appeared to the Magi."

Do we laugh at these follies? In our own day, we have witnessed the rise of a sect, led on by an impudent ignoramus, who declared to us another gospel, and who bid defiance to the government of law and the decency of morals, and yet professed to be an inspired prophet of the Almighty; and not a few have followed him in his wild and wanton crusade against law and order, and have abandoned home, and country, and kindred, to take up their abode in the haunts of depravity and vice, and to be the willing serfs, and worse than serfs, of the deluded followers of this false prophet.

That Joe Smith has numbered among his adherents some who ought to have known better—some who were trained in the schools and had the advantage of thoroughly furnishing the mind with useful knowledge, I will not deny; but the mass of his followers were found among those who could scarcely distinguish the right from the wrong, and of those who have followed his fortunes,

above the capacity of idiocy, many were induced to do so by motives very far removed from sheer fanaticism.

I must apologize for taking up so much time in the discussion of these glaring examples of empiricism. It is not here, alone, that the woman of true education is superior to those who have not had her training. In the ordinary routine of daily life, a thousand temptations or occasions occur to mislead the unwary. In the choice of companions, in giving and heeding advice, in yielding to solicitations, in refusing proffered friendships, in rejecting useless or hurtful remedies, opportunities almost innumerable occur for the educated lady to vindicate her good sense and the advantage of ripe training. Let me say it. It is a burning shame that a lady of education should yield to any of the latter day superstitions—it is a burning shame that she should give countenance, even under the stress of repeated importunity to strolling imposters and quacks, to fortune tellers and the like. Every act of the kind lessens the respect entertained for them by intelligent and competent men, and should lessen their own. I know it is sometimes very difficult to throw off and disencumber one's self of the superstition of youth, but the mind well regulated will strive against every such occasion of superstition, and will never yield itself willingly to its sway. Examples are frequent in which a strolling pedlar, peddling some innocent or noxious nostrum, has amassed a princely fortune in the course of a few years: And instances crowd upon the memory in illustration of the fact that honest and intelligent merit at home is overlooked, while with eager gaze and almost Oriental Idolatry, we seek the favour of some arrogant pretender, who has at once the impudence and the shrewdness to affect a profound (or a foreign) air, and pass for a distinguished savant. This evil has grown to such an extent, that at our watering places of common resort, French Counts and foreign dignitaries are the only individuals in the masses that gather at them who can be quite sure of meeting with a cordial and gracious reception. The lat-

ter day philosophers tell us with a knowing look—"Great is the power of Humbug! Men will not live without it." And the idea is gaining currency, that the man or woman who utterly ignores and rejects it, forfeits a considerable share of opportunity to make his or her mark in the world! It is a low and specious philosophy, nevertheless. It betrays the corrupt condition of public sentiment which produced it—a sentiment we trust which will soon sink into decay. Bad as man is, there is some good in him after all; and the great heart of humanity will only respond to the truly noble and pure. Petty villainy, and sharp and shrewd empiricism may for a season hold their sway; but the barriers to a right public opinion will, after a while, be swept down, and it will resume its appropriate course, and right will reign. Now it is the province of the educated man or woman to stem the tide of error—to change the current, and to direct public opinion into proper channels. So far from following popular error, it is his office to renounce and expose it, and lift up the standard of truth and purity. Instead of embracing every newly fledged system, because it is new, he ought to question its authority and doubt its verity on that account; with the *modesty* of true science, he will pronounce no harsh, or impulsive, or vehement denunciation against the promulgator of any new system, but with its *honesty* too, he will question closely and examine accurately, and test with rigid scrutiny its claims to credence and support.

Empiricism is intolerant—science is tolerant. Empiricism is impulsive and bows to one idol, the idol of its peculiar devotion, whose priestly office it fulfils. Science knows no idol but *truth*, and accepts its teachings, though the lesson may never have been learned before. Empiricism teaches one to know every thing, and is content. Science boasts only of its present possessions, and craves to be instructed. Empiricism would disorganize and disarrange the world to enforce obedience to its maddest behests: true science sits at the feet of Nature as a scholar, and asks to know yet more of her revealings.

Time would fail me to enlarge farther upon these thoughts. Thus far we have learned the true offices of education—

—In educating and training a proper and intelligent curiosity; creating a desire to know proper things and to know them thoroughly—and

—In delivering us from the power of empiricism and quackery; in other words, in bestowing upon us an accurate judgment.

I might mention, in detail, others—but you will find them embraced under one or the other of these divisions.

Having briefly detailed your advantages, I approach the second topic of discussion—your responsibilities; and these I shall consider under a four-fold aspect; to yourself, to the family of which you are a member, to the society in which you live, and to the State.

To yourself!

I have already hinted at some of these duties. If it be worth your while to spend at school or some collegiate institution the best years of childhood in amassing information and in quickening into active exercise your mental faculties, it surely would be a matter of surprise and mortification if you should leave at the school door all the desire for knowledge you have acquired—it would surely be marvellous if you should put off all your possessions as no longer fit to be used, so soon as you began to reap other pleasures; so soon as you entered upon "the wide, wide world." You will find, I doubt not, the companions of your school hours, the writers you have studied, your wisest monitors and sincerest friends, your most certain guides and helpers in the hour of need. And then you go out from your school, as I have said, with enlarged and ever active sympathies. The triumphs of science and the trophies of literature, will be to you an ever fresh and delightful source of enjoyment. Nature's volume is being constantly unrolled to the student, and every year contributes its quota of hitherto undiscovered truth; and in literature how ample are the stores of information and pleasurable excitement. The really "*good*" books

already written, the product of the giant minds of our race, are waiting to be connoised over and learned. You have just been introduced to their society, and have barely learned their names. A brief course of lectures may perhaps have afforded you a passing glance at their various merit and ample instruction. Perhaps you have followed with delight your professor in the departments of English literature, and are already acquainted with the master-work of Milton, the plaintive notes of Blair, the elegy of Gray, the rich and varied eloquence of Cowper, (one of England's best poets, and her most inimitable letter writer,) the stirring and passionate appeals of Burke, the ripe learning and sonorous periods of Johnson, and the sweet, tender and natural descriptions of Goldsmith and Irving. But these men have had their history—a history sometimes crowded with incident of more thrilling interest than the works they produced, and each of these has excited, or will excite, your eager curiosity. And there, too, are the ample pages of the history of nations, and of intellectual philosophy, and of physical research, some of which have already been adorned and illustrated by woman's genius—a Mrs. Somerville in the old world, and a Mrs. Willard in the new.

In some sense, these responsibilities are peculiar to yourself; but the capacities you enjoy may afford occasion of entertainment and instruction to your family. Let not, I beseech you, the list of favourite authors embrace any production, however sparkling with genius, if it be not pure and chaste—if it have aught to corrupt or contaminate the heart—if it be the work of a low and cringing or merely carnal philosophy, or boast the liberty of the libertine, or the irreverence of the profane.

As on this point I must of necessity assume the office of a Mentor, if you ask me should you "altogether ignore the reading of works of fiction," I should answer unhesitatingly, no. Many of the writings of Edgeworth and Cooper, not to mention all of those of the prince of novelists, Scott, and the sketches of

Irving are worthy of all praise, and may be read with profit; and there are some, a few of the writings of the more recent novelists, Dickens and Thackeray, and the later works of Bulwer, which you would do well to read. Do not—oh, do not let this form the staple of your reading. Of religious writers, I should select among the old divines the writings of Taylor and Barrow, Chillingworth and Butler, and among the moderns, the discourses of Robert Hall and Thomas Chalmers. I will point you also to a young man of extraordinary genius, and (it is said) of sterling piety, who has recently arisen in England. His sermons, though hot-pressed and fresh from the mint, are weighty and powerful, and grapple with the mind of the young especially with startling power. You have already anticipated me. I refer to the distinguished and evangelical Spurgeon. Again: another writer of sermons, and I shall close a catalogue of divinity, perhaps already too amply extended in an address of this kind.

Adolphe Monod is a recent French divine, who, we are told, was as distinguished for "simple and truly Christian manners," as for a fascinating eloquence and great and almost unrivalled talents. His "*Mission of Woman*" is a gem of priceless value, and I commend it to you as a wise counsellor, assistant and friend.

If you shall converse with such companions as these, your minds will be improved, and your hearts enlarged, and you will more faithfully discharge some of the offices you owe to yourself.

And to your family!

The meekness of true learning will exhibit itself in arrogating nothing of superiority over your seniors in age, or superiors in position. You will find it even a pleasant thing to yield to authority, sometimes when its exercise is in your opinion inexpedient; because from large considerations of right, you will feel that the right to rule should be placed in one hand—the head of the family—your father, or mother, or husband, as the case may be. To your younger sisters you will be kind and considerate, having regard to their welfare and not to your

mere caprice, in chiding a fault or correcting a blunder. For your brothers you will ever have a kind word of encouragement, when right, but not a word of reproof when wrong. If you should unfortunately be afflicted with an intemperate brother or husband, you will find his habit not cured by a harsh or bitter tone, but rather by persuasion and the tenderness of affection, which a sister or a wife only can feel and appropriately express. You will not, you dare not, under such circumstances, and I would hope under any, offer to your brother the inebriating cup. Remember the curse it has inflicted on our earth—remember the families it has ruined—the fortunes and characters it has wrecked—the splendid intellects it has destroyed for all of good, and nerved to all of ill—the hardships, and sufferings, and agonies of body and mind it has entailed on your sex and on ours—and shun as you would shun the sting of an adder or the deadly bite of a serpent, the occasion of leading your brother into temptation and wrong-doing.

And to the circle of families around you. No wise counsellor would say, "select them all for companions!" Many of them have not similar tastes; they have not common sympathies with you—their enjoyments and your own might, and probably would, widely differ. You could not, if you would, choose them for companionship. But they have their claims upon you, and to these you will promptly respond, in acts of beneficence and benevolence; in courtesy and politeness; in refusing to believe ill of them until compelled to do so by inevitable necessity, and even then in refusing to retail the evil or the scandal you may have heard. And many other things which would as a woman of sense readily occur to you.

You owe also a duty to "Society," strictly so called. "Not the society that boasts itself of splendid array and brilliant equipage; that flounces in silks and flirts in brocade. But the society of the truly noble, gentle and pure; in which thought and heart are the masters, and

form, and so-called Fashion shrink into their native diminutiveness of proportion. The society in which to do a good action lends a sweeter flavour to the life, and to utter a pure thought gives a charm to the conversation. The society of men and women, rather than of puppets and shams; of the gentle and the good, not of the vain and vicious. *This* society has its claims upon woman, and they are not slight. The society, which this is not, needs the reforming touch of woman's genius, before it can lawfully lay claim to its boasted title. Did woman always aspire to occupy the position for which nature designed her, society, ordinarily so called, would be quite a different thing from what it is. Woman would then be as little seen, and perhaps excite as little, or even less attention than now, but she would more surely secure the approbation of her own conscience, and receive more of true homage—would excite more respect and win less admiration. 'The social life of the country is the reflected image of woman's character and culture.' Men may rule 'the court, the camp, the grove,' they may dictate the statutes for the regimen of the State; their mere physical power may nerve its arm, and as counsellors they may give voice and aim to the wisdom of the nation; but after all, the social problems which are the subject and the origin of laws, the manners and customs of the people which originate and produce these laws, are the product, directly or indirectly, of the women. It is no slight duty, then, to which woman is called, in the discharge of her offices to society. She finds it a thing of form, she should give it substance. She finds it a hypocritical sham and a pretence; she should tear aside the veil from hypocrisy and make it real. She finds it cold, without true sympathy, and selfish; she should make it heave with the emotions of earnestness, beat responsively to the calls of sorrow, and cause it to prefer another to itself. She finds it boasting of wealth, gloating in the splendour of its retinue and the pomp of its luxurious entertainments; she should make it rather rejoice

in truthfulness and virtue, and adorn itself with quietness and humility." \*

In this necessarily hurried glance at the responsibilities of educated women, I must overlook much that it would be well to dwell upon in detail. I pass to notice the claims of the State upon educated womanhood. I call especial attention to but *one*—a matter of vital moment, and one which our women are (shall I not say) culpably neglecting.

It is well known that we have an institution in the Southern States of this confederacy, around which some of the dearest interests of the State are gathered. Thrust upon us at first without our consent, it has grown into our social system and has become a part of the fibre of the body politic. To rend asunder the ties which now bind it to us, would be rudely to sever relations which are of the tenderest character, and would redound to the lasting injury of both parties to the relation—would inflict a curse both upon the slave and his master. This species of property is now estimated as worth, at the least, \$1,600,000,000. Its products furnish staples of commerce for the world. One article alone, the product of this relation and almost wholly dependent upon its existence for continued production, furnishes a commerce to our country amounting to more than \$150,000,000 per annum. To emancipate our slaves instantly or in any brief space of time would thus reduce us to poverty if not to beggary; and as a nation we should be put back more than a half century in the scale of enlightened improvement.

Granting that emancipation were feasible, and that Northern beneficence would step forward and generously supply the means to transport and settle our slaves abroad, the actual diminution of labour, and the cutting off of this single article of commerce from the South, would entail upon us and upon the country at large an amount of evil not readily to be estimated.

I do not mention these facts as bearing

upon the moral question of slavery, but simply to show the magnitude of the interests at stake in the proper solution of this difficult problem. In debating the question of emancipation it is surely not out of place to consider what *we have to lose*,—if for no other reason, at least for this, that if in other regards, there be a balancing of the scales in the argument, the consideration of cost alone should determine our proper course of action. This question of slavery is a question, I admit, on which even good men are divided into opinions.

There are those who maintain the utter immorality of the institution; and, on the other hand, there are those who with equal zeal and ability, support its expediency and affirm that it is morally right; and there are those who go further still, who assert that the institution is a blessing to the inferior party to the relation. Time would fail me here to enter fully into a discussion of the topic. I have no hesitancy, however, in declaring the conviction of my own mind, formed after some attention to the subject, and a somewhat elaborate examination of it in its various phases, that the Southern position is impregnable when viewed in its political and social aspects; and that it can be successfully maintained by the argument from the Scriptures. I have no hesitancy, moreover, in saying that I do not believe any man can approach the question, not having the prejudices of education against it, without saying that the institution has the clear sanction of the Omnipotent and Omniscient Being, who has ordered the relation for the wisest and best purposes and ends. This being true, it is not to be wondered at, that improper and illegal interference with the healthful operation of this institution should have bred dissension and strife in our national councils, and should have arrayed the one section of the country against the other. If it were merely a transient question—if it contained within itself the seeds of its own dissolution, it might not be worth

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\* From an article contributed by the writer to the *Messenger*, 1857.

while to vex with the question those who ought only to seek for the quietude and seclusion of a private station. If it were such a question, I should be the last to commend it to your study and attention, when so many questions of less difficult solution and of riper enjoyment in the solving are inviting your inquiry. But it is not a transient question. It is intertwined with the dearest and best interests of your homes and firesides. You shall need to know its full import and significance; and whether you will or not, by the rending of domestic ties, by the clash of popular opinion and clamour; it may be, in civil and fraternal strife; you may be called on to take a part, and no slight part in its settlement. I do not propose that you shall prepare yourselves for the national councils, or for seats in the legislature of your native State to settle it. I do not propose to arm you with arguments that you may mount the rostrum and dole out political instruction to your husbands or brothers or sons. I am not prepared to import into Virginia this new-fangled system of Woman's Rights, any more than any of the other thousand and one empiricisms and isms which have been poured upon us by the North. But I do ask you to look well to the surroundings of this question—to read and understand the argument urged in behalf of slavery, and to correct a false sentiment, which I fear is already too prevalent among females, that the institution is wrong. It is not wrong. It is right. The Bible sanctions it. True philosophy sanctions it. The wisest and truest statesmanship has found in it the conservative power of the South—and our educated women ought to know it that they may imbue their children with it and educate in the truest and best method a popular sentiment in conformity to right reason and to the word of the Living God.

This is one of the duties (and but one) which an educated woman at the South owes to the State,—that she may contribute to its good order by promoting the growth of a proper popular sentiment on this subject and lend sympathy and encouragement to her home in its

strife with Northern fanaticism and folly.

But a truce to farther discussion of this kind. I began by telling you of the delights of knowledge. It is the chief aim of our existence *to know*. My language is not unguarded. I mean what I say. Take, however, into your mental view, in ascertaining the delights of knowledge, the interests and endowments of two worlds; and you will acknowledge it true. For perfect happiness, unquestionably, nothing save infinity will suffice. No merely temporal exaltation, however high; no transitory sensation of pleasure, however thrilling; no present attainments of the mind, however grand and magnificent, will meet and fully gratify the immortal thirstings of an immortal spirit. You need an object of contemplation and study, infinite—infinite in resources, infinite in duration, infinite in capacity—you need a life long enough to measure infinity. To meet these wants is to meet, and fully meet, the measure of your capacity and satiate this thirst. Add to this high knowledge, what indeed is inseparable from its full attainment, other attributes of emotion and delight experienced by a change of relation to the only Being in the universe we can properly adore—a change which involves the transformation of his attitude towards us, from Judge to Parent, from Condemner and Accuser to Protector and Justifier—add the gratitude and adoration consequent upon the forgiveness of sin and salvation from ruin—a ruin infinite, immeasurable, utter and irretrievable—to a condition of security and bliss, security infinite and bliss which language may not aptly express; add the ripe enjoyments of *home*, and the companionship of beings like circumscribed with yourself, rescued from a similar ruin and saved to a similar security—and you have fulfilled all the conditions of happiness without alloy. To *KNOW* *THUS* is indeed to swell the heart with gratitude, to kindle affection into its liveliest exercise, and to give sweep to our highest and noblest powers. When the human mind converses with and studies an Infinite God, in the state of pure spirits, in the

courts of heaven, in the expanse of the      no other or higher excitant to action ;  
 universe of worlds, and during the du-      it needs no other and no farther stimu-  
 ration of eternity, it needs no farther,      lant to perfect enjoyment and perfect bliss.

## MY GRAVE.

### I.

'Neath the wooded shade, oh lay me  
 In my long unbroken sleep,  
 In some spot where e'er the twilight  
 Will each evening o'er me weep ;  
 Where no earthly noise or tumult  
 May disturb my sad repose,  
 And the lofty forest monarch  
 His protecting shadow throws.

### II.

Let no useless stone or emblem  
 Mark my lonely place of rest,  
 But be ever o'er me bending  
 Those wild flowerets I loved best :  
 Where each night in sweet midsummer  
 Wildly dance the woodland fays,  
 And the bonnie birds at morning  
 Carol forth their notes of praise.

### III.

I would the loving sun might ever  
 Kiss me with the opening day,  
 And as evening veils his glories  
 Gild my grave with his last ray.  
 At the cold, calm hour of midnight  
 I might break the earth's dark mould,  
 And might wander as a spirit  
 Through those scenes I loved of old.

### IV.

Woodlands where in youth I wandered  
 You with joy to me so fraught,  
 It was with your whispering voices  
 That I first communed in thought.  
 Woodlands where in love I trysted,  
 And with happiness was blest,  
 Take, oh ! take me to your bosom,  
 There forevermore to rest.



## SLAVERY AMONG THE INDIANS.

A writer in one of the daily papers discusses this subject with so much earnestness, that we have thought it worth while to put it in more permanent form, on the pages of the Messenger. If this writer has accurately ascertained the cause of the high degree of improvement in those Indian tribes who own slaves, the fact to which he calls attention is of no little significance and importance to the South; and will go very far toward establishing that slavery ought to be coveted as a means of civilization. Mr. Ruffin, in his essay on Colonization, proposes, as a means of giving a full and decided success to the enterprise, that the colonists of Liberia should enslave the savage inhabitants of Africa. This is hinted, too, we think, in the essay on Slavery by Professor Dew. It would be a novel method of promoting the best interests of the African race; to send to their own shores "civilized" Africans to redeem them from the curse of barbarism, by subjecting them to a long and severe servitude. Yet who will doubt that on account of their condition here, the slaves of the Southern States of the Union have progressed more rapidly in mental and moral improvement than they would have done in any other way. The only difficulty, perhaps, attending such an experiment, would be in finding fit material for the task of civilizing—masters sufficiently cultivated to undertake the work. The article to which we have alluded, here follows:

"My attention has been drawn to some notices which have recently gone the rounds of the newspapers, in relation to the condition and prospects of the Indian tribes on our South-western border—the Cherokees, Choctaws, &c. In these articles much was said in relation to the rapid advance of several of these tribes in civilization and the arts of life and government. Various reasons were hazarded as to the causes which had enabled these tribes to make greater progress than those in the North-west;

but no one, as far as I saw, mentioned the true solution of the question. And yet it is manifest, and really it seems to me, that no one could long remain in doubt, after perusing the closing statement of some of these articles, setting out the fact that 'these tribes have adopted *Southern institutions*; negro slavery prevails among them, and many of them are large slaveholders.'

"The fact, that the four leading tribes now located in our South-western region—the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, and Chickasaws—had adopted slavery on a large scale, and that it also prevailed to some extent among the Shawnees and Delawares, had attracted my attention some years ago; nor was I ignorant of the further fact, that the advance which those tribes had made in the arts of civilized life, corresponded almost exactly, in a ratio, with the extent to which they had adopted the 'peculiar institution.' Where the most negro slaves were found there had been made the greatest progress in civilization and improvement among the Indians. Where few or no slaves were to be met with, there the Indians remained mere savages. A little reflection served to connect the two things together, and to convince me, that civilization among the Indians was the result of their adoption of negro slavery.

"Circumstances enabled me to prosecute an inquiry into this subject, with much advantage; for, though debarred from opportunities for an extensive personal intercourse with the tribes I have named, yet I was thrown into contact with persons of intelligence and observation, who had possessed the means and the capacity to form trustworthy opinions in regard to the matter. In particular I derived much information from a gentleman formerly a resident in Virginia, now an inhabitant of South-western Missouri, almost on the line of the Cherokee country, and whose avocations lead him frequently, at regular intervals, into the Indian territory. Like all others with whom I have discussed this subject, he

represents these people as having made great and wonderful advancement in civilization. The country is much improved—good roads, fine farms, handsome houses, flourishing villages, churches, schools, court-houses,—in short, all the means and appliances of an advanced civilization, are found among them to such an extent, that the traveller can barely distinguish the Indian territory from the States occupied by the white men. Books and newspapers are issued in the Indian languages; regular elections take place; legislative bodies assemble; laws are duly enacted and published; justice is administered in formal and decorous courts, by judges and counsel before juries regularly empanelled; the Sabbath is decently observed, and religious services performed; the sound of 'the church-going bell' is heard through the land, and all the avocations of trade and industry are systematically pursued. And all this, I contend, is owing to the existence of negro slavery among these people.

"Such is the concurrent testimony of all who have written or spoken on this subject. Numbers of slaves are found among these tribes, and some Indian gentlemen, especially among the most advanced tribe, the Cherokees, possess large bodies of slaves,—in some instances as many as a hundred and fifty. But the most convincing proof that the ownership of slaves alone has produced this condition of things, is, that it does not exist where there are no negro slaves. None of the Indian tribes have made any advance without slaves. And even among the slave-holding tribes the fact is established; for the Indians who have no slaves, even there, are vagabonds, loafers, dependent upon their more prudent or more fortunate slave-owning brethren, still idle savages, half hunter, half thief, altogether worthless.

"And the reason is manifest. All civilization depends primarily upon two things,—*labour* and *subordination to law*. Without these, civilization is impossible; and domestic slavery among the Indian secures both, whilst in its absence neither can be found to any

beneficial extent. The Indian will not work, *but he will make a negro work*. Refusing to labour, the Indian cannot remain in one place; he must wander about in his hunting, his fishing, his fighting, his trafficking; he feels no love for any particular place, and therefore no interest in its improvement. He has no *home*. But once possessed of slaves, he must locate—he cannot drag them around after him, through and over forests and swamps and mountains and great rivers—nor would his wild and uncertain resources furnish means for their support. Perforce he must select a home, and this is the foundation of progress. Soon he finds peace, too, to be necessary to his interests. He cannot engage in wars with every neighbour, upon the least pretext when he has a good home, fair prospects, and valuable property at risk. The responsibilities of civilized life grow upon him. Savage isolation must end. And, above all, his mind is impressed with the necessity of law and subordination to regular government. How is he to maintain his own authority over his slaves without the aid of others and the sanction of legal enactments? To him, obedience to law becomes as much a necessity as we white slaveholders find it to be to us; and slavery among the Indians exercises the same restraining and conservative influence which it exerts in the slaveholding States of the Union.

"And with the adhesion to a settled home and the submission to an orderly government, come all the advantages and improvements of civilized and Christian life. The school-master, the missionary, the artizan, and the artist cannot follow the wandering savages through their migrations; or if they could do so, their lessons and labours would be of little worth amidst the energies of a nomadic and predatory life. But once induced to establish a permanent residence, the Indian is open to all the influences of education, art and Christianity—his faculties are developed, his aspirations are elevated—he becomes a refined and respectable man.

"Last Winter, several delegations via-

ited Washington city from distant, savage and almost unknown tribes of the West and Northwest; and with one of them came a half-breed, an educated and cultivated man, with whom I enjoyed more than one agreeable conversation. Speaking of the state of his own and some neighbouring tribes, I at length asked him what he thought would be the effect of the introduction of negro slavery among his people? At first, he was startled, and declared that it would render his people yet more idle and dissipated—their two great evils. I asked him whether he had ever been among the Southern Indians—those who owned slaves. He never had been, and had never thought of the matter. A few questions, a few statements of the condition of the Southern Indians, and I could see that his own good sense and knowledge of the character and wants of his tribe, satisfied him of the benefits

they would receive from the adoption of slavery. His conclusion was, 'I believe it would save my people.'

"It is with the Indian as it has been with all other nations. No people has ever become civilized *except upon the basis of domestic slavery*. It is the foundation upon which all improvement has rested; without it, all mankind would yet be savages. It is the sole hope of salvation for the Indian; without it, he must perish; with it, he can be saved; and, if our Government, instead of wasting millions of dollars in the vain attempt to civilize wild and poverty-stricken savages, would purchase a few thousand slaves and divide them among the different Indian tribes, they would have taken *one* sensible and practical step towards the civilization of the red man.

C.

"WYTHEVILLE, VA., Jan. 29, 1859."

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## ASHES OF ROSES.

(INSCRIBED TO L. C. B.)

BY AMIE.

Thy heart a summer-time bath found—  
 Oh, rarest time and sweetest!  
 Sad hours alone roll slowly round,  
 The sunniest are the fleetest.  
 Though here and there some blossom opes  
 To bless our life's endeavour,  
 The heart, the heart has some rare hopes  
 That bloom but once forever!  
 Once chilled and sere by frost or bane,  
 By adverse tempests shaken,  
 A thousand summer suns were vain  
 Their light to waken.

Summer hath dawned within thy heart—  
 Season divinely tender—  
 Serenely may its hours depart,  
 Oppressed with dreamy splendour.  
 And softly, slowly, bud and bloom  
 Those hopes so rare and glowing—  
 Filling long years with rich perfume.  
 Dear years with magic blowing.  
 If ever, all too soon must pass  
 The charm their light discloses,  
 When thy sad heart shall shrine, alas,  
 ASHES OF ROSES!

## MY POWHATAN PIPE.

You may talk as you please of your snowy Meerschaum—  
 Of your jewel'd Chibouque, like a lily in bloom—  
 Of amber-mouthed Hookah, and Narghilâ fine,  
 But water they are to the best of good wine,  
                                 By my Powhatan Pipe.

'Tis rude in design, and so dusty and dark,  
 That a star in black midnight, 's the glimmering spark  
 In the grimy old bowl—or the moon in her ring,  
 I'm a poet, you see, and the praises I sing  
                                 Of my Powhatan Pipe.

I smoke only Southside tobacco, but hold  
 Its perfume more sweet than the pastille of gold  
 You put on your Shiraz or "rich Latakîe"—  
 It suits not your taste, may be—yet it suits me;  
                                 In my Powhatan Pipe.

Sure you know where the honest old pipe had its birth!  
 On the soil of Virginia, the Garden of Earth!  
 She has glittered with jewels the brightest and best:  
 Above all, she produced—let it stand for the test—  
                                 My Powhatan Pipe.

Why not? 'Tis the soother of pain and of gloom—  
 Its odour the gardens of Gul in their bloom!  
 Far sweeter than Lubin, or attar of rose  
 Is the scent of the nosegay that blushes and glows  
                                 In my Powhatan Pipe.

What friend is more true?—am I rich, am I poor?  
 The world may deride me—you smile as before:  
 In sunshine and storm, you are still by my side,  
 My comfort and solace, my joy and my pride,  
                                 My Powhatan Pipe.

And woman? We worship and love and aspire—  
 She will "still be our friend"—so the embers expire:  
 We cannot relight them, but always your bowl  
 Rekindles again at the touch of a coal,  
                                 My Powhatan Pipe.

My old and true comrade! I give you this song,  
 'Tis little for one whom I've cherished so long:  
 But take it, and welcome, and ever be near,  
 My pleasures to heighten, my sorrows to cheer,  
                                 Honest Powhatan Pipe.

And when I am gone from the light of the sun,  
 And history tells of the deeds I have done:  
 Let the pen of the writer declare in the end,  
 "This gentleman never deserted a friend,  
                                 Or his Powhatan Pipe!"

## GREENWAY COURT; OR, THE BLOODY GROUND.

(COPY-RIGHT SECURED.)

## VI.

## CAPTAIN LONGKNIFE'S PRIVATE MATTERS.

On the next morning, Captain Wagner and George were again in the saddle—but this time they had determined to take different routes. The young man wished to explore the wonders of the prairie toward the South; the Borderer's design was to visit his friends at the Ordinary which Falconbridge had selected for a stopping place.

"I'll go swill some Jamaica with Van Doring," said the worthy Captain, "and you, George?—toward the Fort Mountain?"

"Yes! It seems to draw me, it is so beautiful!"

"Good! how your eyes do sparkle! Youth! youth! what a fine thing it is: like a fresh horse with a full feed! But look out for the Injuns."

"I'm not afraid."

"I see that plainly, and you've got a proud looking head there, George, my son. Don't let 'em scalp you. I assure you, on my honour, it will ruin your appearance for life."

And saluting with his hand, the gigantic warrior set forward on his heavy black charger toward Van Doring's.

The Ordinary was but a few miles from Greenway, and the partizan, advancing rapidly through the tall grass of the prairie, and beneath the drooping boughs of the strips of forest, was not long in reaching his destination.

It was one of those large, oddly fashioned taverns which are still found at Virginia cross roads. This one was the half-way house, so to speak, between the Lowland and the Frontier. It was constructed of hewn logs, the interstices of which were filled with rough plaster; in front extended a long rude porch; before the door was a horse rack and drinking trough.

As Captain Wagner drew near he perceived standing at the door a sort of covered wagon, which seemed to have ar-

rived but a few moments before. He was looking at it carelessly, when all at once Falconbridge issued from the tavern, and courteously offered his hand to a buxom dame who was on the point of getting out of the vehicle.

"La! thank you, sir," said a simpering and complaisant voice, which made Captain Wagner suddenly start: but this start was of so ambiguous a character that it was not plain whether the soldier's emotion sprang from surprise, pleasure, or dissatisfaction. But immediately the Captain threw himself from Injunhater, whose bridle a stable boy received; and before the lady with Falconbridge's assistance in front, and that of a travelling companion behind, could emerge from the vehicle, the gallant Captain had received into his own the small hand yet unappropriated, and kissed it with chivalric courtesy and devout respect.

Falconbridge turned his head and saw his companion.

"Good-morrow, Captain," he said with a smile.

The buxom lady finding her hand in contact with a bearded lip, and pressed by palms of martial strength, uttered a little affected cry and raised her modestly down-cast eyes.

"Captain Wagner!" she said with an exhibition of great surprise, "Captain Wagner!"

"At your service a thousand times, madam," said the Borderer, "now and ever, or may the devil—hum! How do I find you here, madam?"

The portly dame descended from her vehicle smiling on the Captain and the Stranger, and sending backward a Parthian glance at every moment to her companion who had not yet descended. Her eyes were well adapted to this species of employment, as they were bright and cheerful, and her whole face was equally good-humoured.

She was, or seemed to be, about thirty,

and was clad with no small pretensions to taste.

Her companion was a little dried up Frenchman, dressed in a worn-out Court suit of the fashion of the time, and having on his head a cocked hat. He seemed to be in an agony of perplexity whether to drop the reins, a band-box and a shawl which he held in his right hand, or an old black violin which he carried carefully in his left.

The lady ran forward with quite girlish vivacity to greet an old fat German, who at the moment emerged from the Ordinary; and then with a shower of backward glances more bright than ever, which glances were directed towards Captain Wagner and his companion, entered the tavern closely followed by her shawl-carrying, much perplexed French body-guard. Having reached the landlord's side, she clasped the old German so tightly that he found it utterly impossible to greet Wagner in any other manner than with the two sonorous words "Well Captain!"

The Captain stood for a moment looking after her, with an expression of amazement seldom seen upon his martial features.

For once in his life he seemed to be taken completely by surprise; and hesitated before he followed the enemy.

"Who would have dreamed it!" he said pushing up his shaggy mustache, "she was Miss—beautiful Miss—Van Doring before espousing the lamented Butterton down yonder!"

And a sort of chuckle shook the stalwart breast of the Borderer.

"Well, well! Luck has declared for me!" he muttered. "I'm losing time."

"Lose a moment more with me, Captain," said Falconbridge; and laying his hand upon the Borderer's shoulder he added, "what a noble morning!"

The Borderer shook the hand of the young man cordially, and said:

"Glorious! comrade: really amazing is this splendid morning—and faith! on my word! I think you suit it!"

"I?—how is that?"

"Why, you are as bright and jolly as the sunshine."

Falconbridge laughed, stretched himself, and yawned.

"I am fresh enough," he replied, "and you seem not at all fatigued."

"Fatigued! I believe you, comrade. A pretty thing for an old dog like myself that has grown to the saddle,—whose legs are getting crooked, faith! on that account—to talk about fatigue! But let us dismiss the subject of legs. You are stopping here?"

"Yes, 'till I see Lord Fairfax."

"Well, you'll have a pleasant lady guest."

"This lady? What is her name?"

The Captain looked cunning, and hesitated before answering this query.

"Come," added Falconbridge, "am I not to know who the lady is—her simple name?"

"I doubt whether it would be politic for me to tell you, comrade," said the Captain shaking his head.

Falconbridge laughed.

"Politie? How so?"

"I would have necessarily to enlarge upon her character, her loveliness, her advantages as the miserable can't is—her desirabilities: her thousand claims to regard, respect and admiration!"

"Ah?" laughed the young man; "well, why not?"

The Captain shook his head.

"You're a dooms good looking fellow," he said.

"Oh!"

"The truth, comrade; and if you add to this the fact that you seem to have much time on your hands at present—by which I mean that your business does not seem pressing—the motive for my caution will be plain."

"The motive, eh?"

"You might fall in love with this fair widow Butterton—my pleasant acquaintance down in the town of Belhaven, which I'm told they are going to dub Alexandria, where I came from. See, now, I've let the whole thing slip out."

And Captain Wagner pretended to regard his conduct with supreme contempt. Falconbridge only laughed and said:

"I believe you are in love, eh, Captain? Well, I wish you good luck."

His companion groaned.

"There's no such thing for me, comrade. I'm defeated, repulsed, driven off ignominiously!"

"You have paid your addresses to the fair widow and failed?"

"Something like it. I really believe that you have guessed the state of things to a hair. I thought from the first, Falconbridge, that you were a man of discrimination."

"And this is really so?" laughed the young man, amused by the Borderer's lugubrious expression; "you have really proposed and been discarded."

"Precisely, my friend, precisely: you have guessed rightly. Yes! I was overcome, subjugated, compelled to lay down my arms: ignominiously, miserably,—I who have lived in the midst of battles, who have heard the horns roaring from year's end to year's end—the muskets rattling here, on the border, everywhere; I who have married twice, and each time paragons of women! I thought I knew the sex tolerably well, and I was mistaken. Vain thought for any man to imagine he has found the key of woman! Open one lock, another, then another, the next one baffles all your skill, defies all your cunning—which word I use in its ancient and commendable sense—laughs at all your exertions, if, indeed, locks ever laugh. And now I was that benighted individual; I thought I knew their wards, and springs, and windings, and turnings: I was mistaken; and here I am a mortified and humbled man, or if not that, a beaten man at least, or may the—hum! no swearing!"

"Come, Captain," replied Falconbridge, who with difficulty refrained from laughing, so melancholy were the tones of the soldier's voice, "better luck next time! You have a fine opportunity to make up your losses."

"I find I have, indeed."

"Avail yourself of it."

"I will," said the Borderer with great cheerfulness.

"As to finding a rival in me, you need not have any fears upon that point, Captain," said Falconbridge laughing.

"I'm on the wing—I soon pass. In a month I will not only be gone, but forgotten."

"Faith! no."

"No, what?"

"You'll not be forgotten. For I'll remember you, comrade, as one of the most gallant looking fellows I ever knew."

Falconbridge laughed again and held out his hand.

"You are determined to make me a partisan of yours, Captain," he said.

"No, not at all! I like you, my dear comrade, and I can't conceal my thought. If I'm angry I growl; if I'm pleased I laugh—I conceal nothing because I can't, faith! No: don't fear Captain Long-knife who, whatever may be his faults—and he has a few—is not the man to flatter. If you fear anybody let it be the man or the woman who smiles on you, and holds out a friendly hand, while the other is under his or her cloak, clutching the knife that will stab you!"

And the Borderer for a moment looked gloomy.

As to Falconbridge he laughed gaily at this ominous speech, and playing with his rich swordhilt said carelessly:

"I'm not afraid, and I think two can play at the cutting game! Nevertheless thanks Captain for the interest you feel. I am going now to a different sort of combat—to encounter perhaps a more dangerous enemy."

And Falconbridge with a laugh looked westward.

"I know you are," said Wagner looking at his companion wistfully.

"There comes Sir John, as fresh as a dew drop."

"A fine animal: and you are going, I don't doubt—"

"To see the fair Miss Bertha? Yes, indeed. What a splendid beauty!"

"Yes, very splendid: remember what I said just now."

"What did you say?"

"I said beware of smiles; distrust the hand thrust into your own; take care of the knife!"

And refusing to say another word, the Captain with a sullen movement of his

head went into the house, his forehead bent thoughtfully toward the ground and overshadowed.

Falconbridge stood looking at him for a moment in silence, and then laughing silently, nodded his head upward and downward with the muttered words:

"Yes, yes! a queer genius—a great dreamer! The 'smile,' the 'knife'—'take care of them!' Oh yes! he jests with me; but he's a good comrade and I won't complain. Good morning, good Sir John! A fair sunshine for us, and I hope you are refreshed. Ho! comrade!"

And the young man vaulted into the saddle laughing. He gathered up the reins, threw a coin to the respectful hostler, and set forward gaily toward the west.

"What an oddity, the Captain!" he added, "with his knives and warnings! Forward, Sir John! we are expected!"

And he put spur to the fine animal who set forward more rapidly than before.

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## VII.

### THE CAPTAIN RENEWS THE ATTACK.

Captain Wagner entered the ordinary shaking his head in a mysterious way: but his reflections were all at once banished by the sight of the fair Mrs. Butterton, who was seated gracefully upon a cane-bottomed chair, conversing. The Captain joined in the conversation with an easy air, and soon the visit of the lady to the Valley became the topic. The explanation was simple. The settlers of the region, Lord Fairfax at the head of them, had determined to organize a county government; and the question at the moment was, the locality of the county-seat. For this honour, the two microscopic villages of Stephensburg and Winchester were candidates; and as Mrs. Butterton chanced to possess a number of lots in and about Winchester, she was naturally desirous that their value should

be enhanced by the selection of that place for the seat of government.

The fair widow concluded her sensible explanation by taking from a reticule, which hung jauntily upon her arm, a number of documents, which she gracefully handed to the Borderer.

Captain Wagner looked at the papers and pondered: then pushing up his martial mustache, he said to the widow:

"I admire your business talent, my dear madam—what a wife you would make! what an admirable wife! I shall recommend my friends to come and make themselves agreeable."

"La! Captain, you are jesting," said the lady, covering her face affectedly with her fan.

"Jesting? Jest on such a subject—never!"

"You are a sad joker!"

"Not with you."

"Why not with me?"

"I know not, my dear madam, except it be on account of that high respect I have for you."

"Flatterer!"

"That friendship, that regard—that, I may say, hum—that, yes, that—"

Captain Wagner finished the sentence with a look which spoke volumes. The widow fairly blushed.

"What are you talking about, daughter and Captain?" said the old German, coming up, "not fell out, I hope."

"Oh, far from it, father!" said Mrs. Butterton, laughing.

"She is a great rattle-drap at times, Captain," continued the landlord, "and full of all sorts of notions. Here is Mounseer Jambo, for instance—come here to deach dancing."

"He is a fine artist, father," said Mrs. Butterton.

"Hum!" said Captain Wagner, "he seems to be your particular friend."

"Oh, yes—he is a very gallant gentleman."

Captain Wagner scowled at Monsieur Auguste Hypolite Jambot, and that gentleman chancing at the moment to raise his eyes, was nearly struck motionless by the look.

Indeed, Captain Wagner was a dis-



agreeable man to have for an enemy, so large of limb, and terrible in arms was he; and his scowl was one of horrible expressiveness. He looked sword, pistol and blunderbuss at the very least.

"I have no doubt that Monsieur Jambot is gallant, madam," said he, "this he has proved by condescending to accompany you hither."

"Come, you look at Monsieur Auguste as if you did not like him," said Mrs. Butterton.

"Not like him, madam?" said Captain Wagner, bringing down his great gloved hand on the table, "that's true! I do not like Frenchmen."

"And I," said Monsieur Jambot, rising and bristling up at these words, "I do not like, no I have no liking for *capitaines*, begar."

Captain Wagner touched his sword instinctively, but reflecting that a quarrel, and combat with so diminutive a gentleman, and on so slight provocation, was out of the question, withdrew his hand, and only scowled again on Monsieur Jambot.

Having thus terminated the conversation as far as the dancing-master was concerned, Captain Wagner turned, with great good humour and cheerfulness, to Mrs. Butterton, who had counterfeited excessive trepidation: but who, seeing matters thus amicably arranged, was again all smiles.

"My dear madam," said he, "the sight of you to-day has rejoiced me—and you were right in telling me your business. I shall assist you in that business: I will, madam!"

"La! thank you, Captain," said the lady.

"I will, madam," said Captain Wagner, solemnly, "I pledge you my word that Winchester shall, on your account, be the Seat of Justice of the county of Frederick."

The widow rewarded Captain Wagner with a tender glance:—not so much in return for his promised services—to do her justice be it said,—as in requital of his devotedness.

"For your sake," said the Captain in a tone inaudible to the rest of the company, "I would do far more."

"You are very disinterested, Captain," murmured the lady.

"Disinterested? Not so, faith!" said the Borderer, "remember what I say!"

And having overwhelmed the fair widow by this unmistakable avowal, Captain Longknife directed another scowl, far more terrible than the former ones, at Monsieur Jambot, who was still tuning his fiddle; and turned the conversation upon indifferent topics.

The lady smiled, the old German smoked, the dancing-master meditated a solo, or frowned with lofty dignity at his rival.

Thus some hours passed, and then the Captain, pleading business with Lord Fairfax, took his departure.

It is unnecessary for us to say that like a stalwart soldier, the huge Enceladus had returned unterrified to the attack, with a better knowledge of the enemy he assaulted, and a fixed determination to be victor in the struggle.

## VIII.

### HOW GEORGE WAS LED BY PROVIDENCE.

Let us now return to George, who, as the reader will find, met with more adventures in his ride than he expected.

The boy stood watching Captain Wagner until that worthy and his ebon steed were swallowed by the bright October foliage; and then mounting his handsome sorrel, left Greenway Court, and—happy, laughing, joyous with that rare roseate joy of youth and inexperience and confidence—went forth toward the South, over the swaying, splendid prairie, and through the brilliant forest.

Poor words!—for what words can describe the forests of Virginia in October!—what painter, even, though he stood in stature above Titian, and the masters of all time, could place upon canvas the resplendent glories of this noble season. Not a mere thoughtless rhapsody is this—for in the heart of him who writes, a thousand Autumn scenes live, like memories of youth, beautiful and brilliant with

the glories of the "jocund prime" of existence!—so beautiful that, remembering them now, in days not so bright, he feels thankful for the treasure given to him, and living in his recollections, cares little for the present.

George was still in that brilliant land of youth—with senses open to its glories and delights; and so he went on joyfully, and gladly, through the golden morning, absorbing, so to speak, at every pore, the splendours of the Autumn.

It was one of those mornings which seem to come like a blessing on the earth: when the azure sky, piled up with snowy clouds, droops down upon a world of beauty: and the cool breath of joyful winds sweeps across hill and valley, with a murmurous laughter, as of myriads of merry goblins, let loose for a holiday, and reveling in their freedom. The red and yellow and orange foliage of the waving forest, like the banners of every nation met in leaguer around the battlements of the noble mountains, shone in the clear sunlight, and the rich prairie waved its gorgeous flowers from end to end of the great valley.

Over this prairie ran rapid cloud-shadows, or, finer still, the delicate breath of the morning breeze: and this breeze which shook together the stems of the tall grass, and the bright blossoms of the Autumn time, until a murmurous laughter filled the air—this fresh but gentle wind brought to the young man's cheek a tint, to his heart a delight which no lowland breeze had ever been able to bring yet.

To George, the Autumn did not present an aspect of mournfulness or decay: rather of full-handed, ripe, and matured beauty. His eye dwelt with delight upon the forest with its magical colours; his roving and bright glances penetrated the white, delicate mist which, clearly relieved against the mountain, lay like a milky cloud along the winding river:—and his heart was full of joy and happiness.

As he approached the mountain, the blue gradually changed to green: the undefined shadowy giants stood out in bolder relief, with rocky shoulders, and

belts of haughty pines;—and then, after an hour's rapid riding straight on, he had approached so near, that it seemed to him an easy thing to push his horse up the slope and gain the inviting summit. George had, however, yet to learn that nothing is more deceptive than the apparent distance between the beholder and the great towering sentinel of Nature. He was yet a good distance from the mountain, and in his path lay an obstacle not to be despised—the tree-fringed river.

As George drew near the river and went along under the bright foliage of the lofty trees, a thousand woodland sights and sounds were around him. On the prairie the landscape was wild and undisturbed; he had heard no sound but the far resounding cry of the crane as he rose from some streamlet's bed; had seen nothing but such air-wanderers as swept the blue sky on long stately wings, far up among the clouds:—for the most part all was still, and calm, and vast, as undisturbed as the landscape untouched as yet by the foot of man.

But now all was changed: the forest seemed instinct with life, and joy and beauty. Long vines fell in bright festoons from the trees, and if these vines did not exhale the delicate perfume with which they flooded the forests in May mornings, they still were beautiful with their flaunting garlands, and wild fantastic outlines.

The pines were full of whisperings, as though the mountain wind would never have done telling them its secrets:—the oaks, yellow and tall:—the dogwood brilliant with its crimson clustering berries;—the alder-tree, like saffron;—and the hickory, yellow but still strong and graceful as a youthful giant;—all were full of life and motion, and the voice of birds.

At distant openings the young man caught sight of more than one flying deer, and on the far mountain-side he saw distinctly a herd of huge elk galloping, as is their wont, into the verdurous, undiscovered depths of the deep glens.

As he approached the sloping bank of the river, an otter showed his brown nose, and bead-like eyes, then dived,

making circles as he disappeared in the bright water; and at the noise a flock of wild geese, who had been feeding in the tall flags, rose up with a shrill clanging scream, and soared away, far into the bright clouds, on snowy wings, toward the South.

George reined up his horse and gazed with delighted eyes on the tranquil stream, whose surface, scarce broken into ripples by the gentle wind, mirrored the drooping boughs of the crimson and golden-leaved trees, and white floating clouds. The woodland sights and sounds delighted him—the freshness and wild grace of the fair nook with its green grass, and tree-trunks and fresh water, charmed him:—never had he seen so beautiful a landscape.

As he sat quietly in his saddle gazing at the bright water from which, at intervals, the “fall fish” leaped into the air playfully; his attention was attracted by a figure upon the opposite side of the river, which at this point was not very wide. This figure was that of a girl of about fifteen, who was evidently gathering flowers.

For the purpose of reaching the water-blossoms, growing far down in the shady nooks, near the surface of the stream, she stooped very carelessly over—so carelessly at times, that George, who, unseen himself amid the foliage, was watching her, feared every moment that her foot would slip, and she would be precipitated into the stream. But the little maiden took her way along the steep and dangerous bank with the care and skill of one practiced in roadside wandering: and her basket was soon full of Fall flowers, which she paused to gaze at with evident satisfaction.

The boy looked at her for a moment, as she stood in the sunlight—glad to have seen this fresh woodland picture. He then turned the head of his horse, dismissed the little maiden from his mind with a careless conjecture as to her presence in that wild scene, and gazing at the clouds, was about to continue his way. As he touched his horse with the spur, a cry suddenly resounded in his ears—a cry of alarm and helplessness—

and wheeling round, he saw at one rapid glance that his fears had been realized.

The little maiden had boldly ventured out upon a large moss-covered log, at the end of which grew a magnificent cluster of yellow primroses; and this log having turned, she had lost her footing.

When George saw her she was just losing her balance:—and her cry of terror scarcely reached his ears when she dropped her basket and fell into the stream.

George was one of those persons who never hesitate or lose their presence of mind—whom no sudden surprise affects.

The girl had scarcely touched the water before the boy, with a violent stroke of the spur, had driven his horse into the river, and was swimming vigorously and rapidly toward her.

## IX.

### HOW GEORGE MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF CANNIE.

The girl seemed to feel that a friend was coming to her rescue, for her head was turned even in the midst of her struggle against the watery death which threatened her toward the boy.

Her garments at first afforded her some support, and George thought he could easily reach her: but this hope began to disappear, and his trembling lips and flushed face, showed his desperate anxiety. His eyes burned, and leaning forward on his animal, he devoured the sinking form with his looks, and struck the animal with his hand to hasten its speed.

Before he had arrived within twenty yards of the young girl, the water began rapidly to fill her clothing, and thus to add its own weight to the weight of her body. She gradually sank lower and lower; her long, chestnut hair rested now on the water, and the waves toyed with it.

The sight almost broke the young man's heart. With desperate, furious efforts he dashed on toward her. Noting but the bright face was now visible

the small, bare arms were raised above the water; and a cry for help issued from the child's lips. George felt his throat swell with a flood of tears; his eyes seemed to be starting from his head; his hands trembled like a leaf. Again a faint cry came from the child's lips—again the small arms beat the water; but the effort only hastened her fate. A wave passed over her head while George was still ten feet from her, panting, overcome with horror and despair.

Then she was gone! snatched from him! suffocated within his very sight! He uttered a groan of despair and horror. But suddenly he seemed to feel that one course was left him; he might still save her. He threw himself from the saddle into the stream; passed over the space which separated them with half a dozen strokes, and came to her side. A curl of hair, before he was conscious of it, glided into his hand, and the next moment the girl was in his arms, his hand was around her, her pale face lay upon his shoulder, and he swam with his almost lifeless burden to the shore.

George took her in his arms as though she had been an infant, and bore her to a bank covered with soft grass; his heart was torn with anxiety and dread; he was afraid that he had arrived too late. He used every means to restore her, and at the end of ten minutes had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes. Never had George experienced such delight. He could have shouted aloud for joy; indeed he did utter an exclamation, which attracted the girl's attention. She looked up languidly, but made no reply to his questions. Slowly, however, her strength and consciousness seemed to return, and at the end of half an hour, during which time George had unceasingly chafed her hands, and arms, and feet, and squeezed the water from her clothing, she seemed to become aware for the first time of what had befallen her.

"Oh, sir! I was nearly drowned, was'n't I?" she murmured.

"Yes, indeed you were," said George, gazing kindly on the little face.

"Did you save me?" said the girl.

"I believe I did," said George, smiling, to keep up her spirits; "you fell into the water, and—"

"Oh, yes! I remember all now—oh, me!"

And with a shudder the girl closed her eyes, overcome by the recollection.

"Don't think about it any more," said the boy, "it will agitate you. And you ought not to keep these wet clothes on—you ought to go home at once. And I must ask you your name, and where you live."

The girl sighed and said faintly:

"My name is Cannie Powell, and we live up in the Fort Mountain, sir."

"Very far?"

"Oh, no, not very, sir."

"Don't call me sir," said George, smiling; "I'm only a boy, and it seems so constrained; my name is George."

The lips of the girl moved as though she were impressing the name forever upon her memory.

"You ought to go home at once now," he said, "I will go and catch my horse, and we will return together."

The girl's cheeks coloured, and she murmured:

"Oh you are so kind! but I ought not to—you were going—"

"No where! no where in the world; and if I had been I know my duty as a gentleman."

And George raised his head with simplicity; and casting a last look toward Cannie, went to search for his horse. The intelligent animal had not wandered far. Emerging from the water, after being abandoned by his master, he had quietly commenced feeding on the long grass—and now allowed himself to be recaptured easily.

George led him back to the spot where the girl sat, and throwing one stirrup over the saddle, helped her to mount, in spite of many protestations that she could easily walk. The boy only smiled, and with the air of an elderly protector, led the animal by the bridle, along the narrow road, through the rugged gorge. To the music of the brawling Passage Creek they thus entered the Valley of the Fort.

Glancing often back at his little charge, the youth now took in every detail of her face and figure. Long chesnut hair fell in moist, rich curls around a delicate face, with large hazel eyes, rosy cheeks, and lips full of a grave sweetness and simplicity. There was something fresh and pure in every trait of the countenance, and the slender form possessed a girlish grace and attraction. She was not clad like the child of a woodman, and this fact had very soon attracted George's attention. The fabric of her dress was almost rich, although greatly worn; traces of embroidery were visible upon the skirt; and around her neck the girl wore a string of pearls of no slight value. Her small feet were cased, it is true, in rough, high-reaching shoes; but her white stockings were of the finest silk; and her hands had evidently never been acquainted with toil.

These singular peculiarities of the girl's dress attracted, as we have said, the attention of her companion; but he did not dwell on them as strongly as he would have done, had he lived longer in the wild country which they were traversing, whose inhabitants still wore such rude costumes. He was looking at the sweet face which rivetted his eyes, and he gazed at her so intently that the girl coloured under his look. George saw that the blush was caused by his glances, and immediately looked away and commenced talking—the girl replying with her grave sweetness, in which he found a singular charm.

They thus took their way along the wooded road and soon disappeared beneath the huge trees.

Had George chanced to look back as the road turned a great mossy rock, he would have seen something to startle him. As the two forms disappeared, the red leaves of an immense oak slightly rustled—a swarthy face peered carefully out—and the next moment an Indian, who had lain close at full length on one of the great limbs, dropped noiselessly to the ground. He was a young man, apparently about twenty-three, of slender and graceful figure—grave expression, and erect carriage. He was clad in

fringed leggings, met by a garment of soft doeskin, reaching as high as the waist; his slender and nervous feet were cased in moccasins, decorated with the quills of the porcupine—and above his forehead nodded a plume of bright coloured feathers, the badge of a chief. In his bearing there was something noble and impressive; and as he stood for a moment leaning with crossed arms, bare like his chest, upon a long cedar bow, he presented an appearance eminently attractive for its wild and graceful beauty.

The young Indian looked gravely in the direction taken by George and Cannie—threw a quick glance toward the sky—then murmuring something in a low voice, which was very musical and sad, set forward with the rapid pace of a hunter, on the path which they had followed. He saw them mount the winding road, and approach a little mountain dwelling. Then as if satisfied that there was no use in further watching, he sighed and plunged into the forest again, and was lost in the deep shadow, of the thick autumn foliage.

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## X.

### A SINGULAR PERSONAGE.

Around the small house upon the side of the mountain, the finest tints of autumn seemed to cluster. The great oaks were like pyramids of crimson; the tufted pines, resembling the tall tropic palms, which wave their gigantic plumes in the breezes of the Indian ocean, rose clear and beautiful against the sky—and over all fell the rosy haze of autumn like a happy dream.

The house was of logs, rough hewn, and with clap-boards for a roof. The windows were small, and evidently constructed with an eye to defence; the stone chimney in the rear leaned, as it were, against a huge mass of rock, fringed with close set shrubbery. A great many flowers of autumn were in bloom beside the low door—and the whole mansion

had a neat and pretty air about it, which seemed to indicate the presence of a woman or a child. George assisted Cannie to the ground, and fixing the bridle of his horse to a bough, followed her into the house. The room which they entered was simply furnished, but pleasant to the eye. It was scrupulously neat; some books were lying on the rude shelf used as a mantel-piece; and the whole apartment was cheerful and attractive.

As Cannie entered, an old man came to meet her; and the eyes of this old man were fixed upon her companion with an intentness which was for the moment not at all agreeable. They seemed to look through him, and that, without the least effort, and in an instant.

Then the expression of the old man's face changed; he greeted the boy with collected courtesy; and when Cannie, in a broken and agitated voice, spoke of her accident and rescue, the old man's expression changed more and more, and with a slight colour in his pale cheeks, he held out his hand and grasped that of George with the warmest gratitude.

George scanned the figure of his host; and this scrutiny evidently resulted in a manner similar to that former one in regard to the child. The old man was evidently no rude backwoodsman; his countenance and eyes wore the unmistakable stamp of the student and the man of intellectual cultivation; and even in his dress the same difference was discernible. He was clad in a suit which had once been rich, and still exhibited traces of its former splendour, beneath a thousand stains and rents. Upon one of the thin fingers sparkled a diamond ring, and a pair of large gold cased glasses covered his eyes, rolling beneath their heavy white eye-brows.

As Cannie related in her grave, sweet voice, the events of the morning, George read in the eyes of the old man a depth of tenderness which he had never before seen in the face of mortal. When she told how George had saved her life, the wan cheeks flushed, and holding out, as we have said, his thin, white hand, the strange host enclosed the youth's in a

grasp which resembled the pressure of steel springs.

"You have saved two lives, sir," he said, with a singular nobility of tone; "thanks, thanks! And now, my child," he added, turning to Cannie, "go change your dress, or you will be ill."

The girl obeyed, and disappeared for a quarter of an hour, during which time the singular host spoke calmly on a variety of subjects. There was an air of collected strength and composure about the speaker, which puzzled George more and more—for he felt that he was in the presence of a superior man. In the midst of the conversation Cannie re-appeared, with a primrose in her hair, and a smile on her lips—far more beautiful, George thought, than before. She joined simply in the conversation—and an hour fled by imperceptibly, during which the youth found himself more and more absorbed in the process of gazing at Cannie. Then remembering his agreement with Captain Wagner, he rose, and in spite of the most courteous urging, declared he must depart.

"I really must return, sir," he said, "they will expect me at Greenway Court."

"At Greenway Court!" said his host, with an unmistakable start, "are you staying at Greenway Court!"

And the piercing eyes seemed to dive into his own, as though their owner wished to read his very soul.

"Yes, I came to the Valley but a day or two since," replied the young man, "and stopped at Lord Fairfax's. What surprises you, sir?"

"Nothing, nothing, my young friend—it is nothing!"

And withdrawing, as it were, into himself, the speaker controlled every exhibition of emotion. But George afterwards remembered the quick start—and understood why the utterance of the simple words produced an effect so singular.

With the promise that he would come very soon again, to know if Cannie had gotten over her accident, he at last departed—the grave, sweet face of the girl going with him—her smile seeming to light him on his way. A thousand spec-

ulations chased each other through his bewildered mind; he tried in vain to imagine who his eccentric host could be. But he was completely at fault. He gave up finally in despair; and turned with a sort of delightful relief to the image of the grave, little maiden.

He was still absorbed in his thoughts of her, when the silence of the lonely road was suddenly broken. The notes of a bugle rang out clear from the mountain side—the echoes chased each other from cliff to cliff—and then a great trampling and baying was heard near at hand, and a huge stag, pursued by a score of hounds, bounded into the gorge, and fell bleeding to the earth, almost at the young man's feet.

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## XI.

## THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

The trampling which George had heard all at once became louder; a hoarse voice hallooed to the dogs; and in an instant a tall huntsman, mounted on a fiery animal of great size and muscle, thundered from a narrow bridle path into the open space.

The stag had fallen, but, half raised upon one knee, was goring the dogs with his huge antlers. They strove to clutch him by the throat, but he foiled them, one and all, and several of them had already received bad wounds when the huntsman reached the spot. The sight seemed to arouse a wild ferocity in him. His cheeks flushed crimson, his eyes glared at the scene, and leaping from his horse, he drew his *couteau de chasse*, and threw himself into the midst of the dogs.

The stag made a last desperate effort. He seemed to feel that all was over. The dangerous antlers were lowered to pierce the hunter's breast, but all was in vain. The nervous hand grasping the sharp hunting knife, darted forward—the blood spouted forth—and the stag fell to the earth, his throat cut nearly through and through.

The hunter rose, and calmly wiped the blood from his knife and sleeve. Then he turned to the youth. George had thus an opportunity to scan his appearance. He was a man of middle age, with a tall, gaunt figure, penetrating eyes, and lips which seemed to indicate a temperament rather melancholy and cynical, than happy. He wore a brown peruke, an otter-skin cap, with a buck's tail stuck in it, and huge boots with heavy spurs. The remainder of his costume was rich, but discoloured by rain and sun. The coat had once been profusely laced, and the orange silk waist-coat still showed traces of gold embroidery; but the suit, like its wearer, appeared to have "seen better days." The hunter had carelessly wiped the blade of his fine French *couteau de chasse* on his cuff, and now scanned with great calmness his companion.

"A stag of ten, sir," he said, in a quiet, deep voice; "you were fortunate to be in at the death."

"It is bloody sport," returned the young man, "but wonderfully exciting. What will you do with the carcass of the deer, sir?"

"Carry it home with me," returned the huntsman.

And whistling to his horse, who came slowly to his side, he raised the ponderous body, and threw it across the front of his saddle. Then mounting, he said:

"You were going in this direction—were you not, sir?"

George replied in the affirmative; and followed by the dogs, of whom many limped painfully, they took their way straight toward the river.

"A day for an emperor!" said the stranger in a deep voice. Then all at once smiling grimly, he looked at the young man and added: "but that may seem an improper distinction to you—you appear to be a Virginian, and the Virginians are all republicans."

"I am a loyal subject of his Majesty, George II.," returned the boy, "but God made the sunshine for all alike—did he not, sir?"

The grim smile seemed to deepen on the stranger's face.

"No doubt, no doubt," was the indifferent reply, "but the lion has more right to the forest than the jackall—if not to the sunshine. You see, sir, that his is the divine right of kings, and his court of tigers, leopards and panthers, have their privileges of nobility."

George looked puzzled. The strange huntsman seemed to aim at provoking discussion; but it was difficult to reply to him.

"You dissent," continued the grim speaker, "but you don't reply to me. Come say now, my chance friend—is not all this proper? Should not the lion rule the forest—the eagle the air? Should not the beautiful tigers and cougars be above foxes—hyenas?"

"Oh, assuredly!" said George, "but kings and nobles are not lions or eagles always—great lords are very often foxes I have heard. And tell me, is it just, sir, that because the fox bites the heel of the huntsman, as in the fable, and saves the life of the lion—is it just that the lion should declare the foxes throughout all time superior to the higher class of animals?"

"Good, good!" said the stranger, "you strike hard at hereditary privilege. You are a republican—you would overturn *class*?"

"I would raise up worth!" said George with animation; "I would have the strong and pure instead of the weak and corrupt, at the head of affairs, however lowly their station! I think when God gives noble integrity and powerful brain to a man, he should hold the reins of power, rather than his inferiors, though his origin be as obscure as a peasant's. Is not that entirely rational, sir?"

"Hum! hum!" said the stranger with his former smile, "I was not wrong in declaring you a republican—but that's no matter. What care *we* for kings or nobles in the wilds here? Here's the river."

And with these laconic words the huntsman pushed his horse into the water; who, half fording, half swimming, soon reached the opposite bank. George was there as quickly, and they again set forward—soon issuing from the forest

into the waving prairie, whose myriads of brilliant flowers were glittering in the rich light of the sinking sun.

All at once two figures on horseback appeared a quarter of a mile in advance of them; and these figures plainly desecrated them, and awaited their approach.

## XII.

### THE DRAMA COMMENCES.

George recognized Falconbridge and Miss Argal. He rode his white thoroughbred, she her little filly—and standing in the tall grass which reached nearly to the backs of their horses, they presented, in the golden flood of sunlight, a richly picturesque appearance.

"I am very glad to see you!" said Falconbridge pushing forward and shaking George's hand, with a gay smile: then bowing courteously to the stranger, he added, "give you good day, sir."

The hunter inclined coolly; but something in the face of the young man, or his tone of voice seemed to affect him strangely. His penetrating gaze riveted itself upon the proud, laughing features of Falconbridge, and a shadow passed over his brow, like that from a floating cloud.

"It is strange!" the grim lips murmured; "what a singular resemblance!"

Falconbridge did not observe the expression or the tone. He had turned to George, and began to explain how the young lady and himself had been lost. His manner, when he addressed or looked at her, had changed greatly. There was something ardent and impassioned in his gaze as it rested on her face; and the lady was not backward in returning it with looks almost as significant of her feelings. By some fatality this emotion seemed suddenly to have ripened in both hearts—thenceforth it was plain that the young lady was the fate of Falconbridge—his fate for weal or woe.

"And, Miss Argal," said George when Falconbridge had told how they had circled at random over the prairie, "was she frightened?"



"Oh no! she has behaved like a heroine, in spite of her utter ignorance of the road back to her home."

"I can't think where we are," said the young lady with one of her pretty smiles. But for some vague reason George felt as if this declaration were not true. There was an imperceptible constraint in her manner as she spoke; and his truthful instinct told him that there was concealment or falsehood. He did not reply to her, but turning to his companion said:

"We are not far from Greenway Court, I believe, sir."

"Some distance," returned the huntsman coolly, "but the path is well beaten."

And with a courteous but cold inclination to the young lady, he set forward followed by the party. The sun ran in a stream of rich purple light across the hills and far away, beyond the mountains: the golden cloud ships slowly floated off into the distance and were lost: and as the shades of night descended and the stars came out, they reached the old mansion of Greenway.

The tall huntsman tied his bridle to the bough of a tree, lifted the carcass of the deer to the ground, and turned toward the porch. As he did so, old John appeared upon the threshold, and bowing low, respectfully approached.

"Dismount if you please, Miss Argal," said the hunter with grave courtesy, "and honour my poor house with your presence."

"Lord Fairfax!" exclaimed George, "I might have known that you were Lord Fairfax—but my mind was busy with other thoughts!"

And something like a blush came to the cheeks of the boy. The Earl smiled, and pressing the young man's hand said in a friendly tone:

"I am glad you did not know me—had you recognized one of those 'foxes' you spoke of, you would have expressed yourself, perhaps, less honestly."

And with a courteous gesture, Lord Fairfax marshalled his guests before him into the mansion.

The first object which greeted all eyes,

was the huge form of Captain Wagner stretched in his favourite leathern chair: he was sound asleep, and his snoring resembled distant thunder. It was an amusing picture. His cocked hat had fallen on the floor, and half covered a pipe which had escaped from the soldier's hand as he dropped asleep. A half emptied cup of Jamaica rum at his elbow proved that the sleeper had been also occupied by the task of drinking after dinner. The long sword in its leathern scabbard had gotten between the athletic legs of the Captain, and at every chance movement rattled fiercely against the rowels of his spurs, or the iron heels of his large horseman's boots.

"Captain Wagner!" exclaimed the Earl, "so he's here!"

The Borderer stirred in his sleep, and the words "fairest lady!" escaped from his heavy froth-soiled mustache. Whether it arose from the nature of his dreams, or from the vicinity of that lythe and beautiful form, we cannot undertake to say: but it is certain that when Captain Wagner was awakened by the loud voice of Lord Fairfax, his conduct seemed to indicate anything but dreams of ladies. He started up, seized his sword, and overturning the flaggon of Jamaica with his elbow, threw himself forward, crying "Injuns! or the devil take me!"

The grim melancholy smile George had already observed, passed over the face of Lord Fairfax, and he sat down in the seat Captain Wagner had abandoned, courteously motioning to his guests to be seated also. Then turning to the soldier, who was rubbing his eyes:

"Well, Captain Longknife," he said grimly, "sleeping on duty I see. When did you arrive?"

The Captain bowed with great composure, and picked up his hat.

"You, my Lord," he said, "are responsible for this nap I have taken, and if I have slept on my post, you see I was ready at a moment's notice."

"True: you came near spitting me and my friends here."

"That would have been too bad," said the Captain, "to spit so noble a seigneur as the baron of Cameron; such brave

companions as friend Falconbridge and George, or so peerless a dame as Miss Argal."

With which words Captain Wagner executed a stiff inclination toward the lady in question.

"Thanks, sir," said Miss Argal in her self-possessed voice.

"I hope in my absence you procured everything you wished, Captain," said Lord Fairfax; "old John—"

"Is a trump, or I'm a dandy, my dear Sir," interrupted the Borderer. "Did I find all I wanted? I believe you! I'm an old campaigner, and being in good quarters had everybody running, of course."

"Right, right," said Lord Fairfax smiling; "and now, with your permission, we'll have supper, as I'm hungry."

"My permission!" cried the Captain, "You are jesting! You could not please me better; I am dying for something to eat, my dear friend!"

Old John, who was standing respectfully in a corner, opened his eyes at this statement, in a way that expressed volumes—but he was far too hospitable to allude to the Captain's performances at dinner. At a sign from his master he busied himself at once to get supper—and soon it was smoking upon the board.

Neither Falconbridge or Miss Argal seemed in a hurry to depart; and when after the meal Lord Fairfax urged the young lady to remain all night, to avoid the chill air, she consented with very little difficulty. George unconsciously asked himself if young ladies in his neighbourhood ever remained away thus from home, and treated the feelings of their relatives with such slight ceremony: but as Falconbridge, beyond a slight movement of surprise, indicated no opinion, the youth thought he was unreasonable, and blamed himself for his growing dislike to the young lady.

She kept her fine eyes cast down bashfully the greater part of the time—only raising them occasionally to throw toward Falconbridge one of those glances full of subtle fascination and attraction, which made her so dangerous. It thus happened that she did not observe the

steady look which Lord Fairfax bent upon her face. This look, full of admiration, and so striking in one who seemed to care very little for nought around him, took in every detail of the surpassingly beautiful woman's appearance: the gentle arched brows, the ripe red lips, the rounded chin, and the snowy throat, against which the dark curls were clearly relieved, making the white skin more dazzling from the contrast. Miss Argal did not observe that absorbing look—her marvellous acuteness would have discerned in it more than it expressed. He soon turned away, and commenced talking with Captain Wagner, and George; and thus the hours fled away, and bedtime came. A maid announced that the young lady's apartment was prepared; and Lord Fairfax, rising, conducted her to the door, which he courteously opened, and ushered her through with a ceremonious inclination. She inclined her head gracefully in turn—and with a quick glance from the corners of her eyes toward Falconbridge, disappeared.

"What a very beautiful face this young lady has," said the Earl indifferently, "who is she?"

"The daughter of your neighbour Argal," said the Captain, "the new settler up there toward Stephensburg."

"The lady is a friend of yours, I believe, sir," said the Earl turning courteously to Falconbridge. "I do not know that I have seen you in our neighbourhood before."

"That is easily explained, my Lord," retured Falconbridge with the same easy courtesy. "I have but just reached this region. I have come hither to gather information as to the condition of a large tract of land which I own on the South Branch—by grant some years since, from your Lordship's agent there. As to Miss Argal, I think I may style myself her friend, though our acquaintance has been short."

Lord Fairfax bowed and said:

"To-morrow I shall endeavour to afford you the information you desire, Mr. Falconbridge—and to cut out a task for you, George, my young Republican."

"Oh! then you've been debating!" said the Captain with a yawn.

"Yes, and George is a leveller—but no matter. I care for nobody's politics. As long as he surveys accurately, and you, Captain, drive off the Indians, I'm content. And now, gentlemen, I must bid you good-night. I am really weary. Your apartments, I think, are all prepared."

With these words the Earl inclined his head, and rang a little silver bell, which speedily brought old John to the apartment. In half an hour, the whole mansion was silent. Were all sleeping?

### XIII.

#### HOW FALCONBRIDGE HAD A STRANGE DREAM.

Falconbridge had a singular dream. He imagined that about two hours after midnight his door opened; a heavy step stealthily approached his couch, which was flooded by the pallid rays of the great soaring moon; and a tall form bent down and looked long and in silence upon his face.

What the mysterious figure was like he could not tell, as the shoulders and head were wrapped in a heavy mantle, completely concealing the sex and character of the visitant. All that he plainly perceived was a pair of burning eyes between the folds of the mantle—dark stars, as it were, which glittered as they shone upon him with a lurid lustre.

The figure remained thus motionless beside his couch, lost in the deep shadow, and silently scanning the sleeper, who was full in the moonlight, for what seemed to Falconbridge an interminable time. Mastered by a vague influence which he could not throw off, the young man lay still, asking himself if he were really asleep and dreaming this—or half awake, and looking upon a real form. He could not determine the question in his mind, and remained thus lying supine and powerless before the vision, in the

condition of a sleep-walker, or one in a trance.

To the first sensation of surprise and vague discomfort at the presence of such a strange, weird visitant, ere long succeeded a deep curiosity to discover what would be the next action of the figure. The eyes seemed to have burned down upon his face for centuries, but at some time they must be withdrawn. Falconbridge waited therefore, and was not disappointed in his expectation.

The mysterious figure slowly assumed an upright position; a deep sigh seemed to issue from its bosom; and with head bent over its shoulder, and drooping form, it slowly returned toward the door through which it had entered.

The absence of the strange, glowing eyes seemed to give the dreamer courage. No longer paralyzed, as it were, by the magnetic glance, Falconbridge started from his couch, and grasping his sword, which lay upon the table, near his bed, rushed toward the door.

He thought he saw it open and close upon the figure.

His sword pierced the solid wood—the clash echoing through the mansion with a strange, weird sound.

Falconbridge tore open the door, and issued forth upon the landing of the stair-case. Nothing was to be seen. The pale moonlight slept upon the rude banisters and the oaken floor, but no form was visible.

He rubbed his eyes, and returning to the apartment, wrenched his sword from the wood in which the point had been buried.

Had he dreamed? Could it really have been his fancy?

"I swear I saw it!" he muttered, wiping the cold perspiration from his brow, and returning to the couch; "it bent over me, and looked into my face!"

With these words he deposited his sword again upon the table, and laid down. He remained for an hour or more awake, watching for the return of the figure—but nothing disturbed the lonely silence. At last he fell asleep murmur-

ing; and slumbered undisturbed until the sunlight streamed into his chamber through the eastern window and waked him.

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XIV.

THE NEXT MORNING.

"You must have eaten a heavy supper, sir," said Lord Fairfax coldly, as at breakfast the young man related his strange vision; "Greenway Court is not ancient enough to possess a ghost, and your dreams took a singular direction."

"True, my Lord," returned Falconbridge thoughtfully, "but I could almost swear I was not asleep."

"Not asleep!" said the Earl, with gloomy surprise.

"At least I think so. But plainly I am mistaken. Yet 'tis strange! I seem to have seen really those lurid eyes, full of pain and yearning—unhappy eyes!"

And Falconbridge leaned back in his chair and sighed.

"There, comrade!" said Captain Wagner, with his mouth full, "stop that groaning, or you'll make me melancholy. Luckily my appetite is proof against everything—but come, laugh!"

Falconbridge smiled. The sonorous voice of the soldier aroused him; and his constitutional spirits gradually returned.

"You are right, Captain," he said; "this is idle, and I am carried away by sickly fancies. And yet I could have sworn!—but enough. I fear I've terrified you by my ghost!" he added, turning with a brilliant smile to Miss Argal, "I trust your own dreams were more pleasant?"

"Very pleasant," was the low reply; and George caught in its passage a quick glance, which seemed to say "I dreamed of you."

The breakfast soon afterward terminated; and Falconbridge requested the Earl to have his horse and Miss Argal's brought up. The young lady replied to his Lordship's hospitable invitation to

remain, that she feared her father was uneasy on her account; and this excuse was conclusive.

So they departed: Falconbridge making an appointment with the Earl to visit him on the next day; and soon afterward George, too, mounted his horse and left Greenway.

Was it to look at the country or make surveys? If so, the youth evidently preferred the region of the Fort Mountain; for in an hour or two he had crossed the river, and was galloping along the road to the house of Cannie.

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XV.

HOW LORD FAIRFAX TOLD THE CAPTAIN  
OF A FAMILY PROPHECY.

Lord Fairfax and the Captain were thus left alone together.

The worthy Borderer lighted his pipe; and stretching himself in his favourite leathern chair, prepared to listen or to converse.

The Earl sat down opposite in one of the carved-backed seats; and, resting one arm upon a small table, prepared for business. Two great deer hounds lay at his feet, and altogether he presented, in his rich costume of blue velvet, slashed and ornamented with embroidery, an extremely picturesque appearance, though the listless and melancholy expression of his features seemed to indicate that he felt far from cheerful.

On the table, beneath the hand of the Earl, lay a rudely-drawn map of the frontier, and beside it were a number of roughly folded letters and an inkstand, from which a long eagle's quill rose, like a bulrush bowed by the wind.

As to Captain Wagner, that worthy was clad as usual in his rough travelling dress, and heavy boots. One would have imagined that the soldier never doffed these vestments, so wholly a part of him did they seem—and it would have astonished his acquaintances to have seen the huge sword anywhere else than in its natural position, suspended from the

great broad belt, and between the athletic legs.

Lord Fairfax leaned back in his chair, and passed his hand wearily over his brow. His features wore their ordinary expression of gloomy, almost harsh repose, but from time to time the grim, melancholy smile flitted over them.

"Thus you see, Captain," he said at length, "that I want assistance. The audacious attack upon my house here, which you have just related, proves that I was not wrong in sending for you to come and help me. You think that this was only a prowling band, and of no strength—mere pillagers from the recesses of the mountains, come down on a momentary foray, as we say in Scotland; you may be right—I do not dispute it—in fact I agree with you. But that the appearance of Indians, in any numbers, east of the North Mountain, is a thing to take heed of, I need not tell you. Besides, I have other information which I have laid before you—to which you have listened attentively, and beyond doubt carefully considered. It comes to me in right of my office. I am Lord Lieutenant, or as they say here, County Lieutenant of Frederick and the adjoining shires, and this information I have mentioned, proves to me, since it is reliable, that a great Indian attack may be expected at any moment. I am not sure that this day will pass in peace—that a runner will not, in an hour from this time, burst into my presence to announce an attack upon my manors on the South Branch."

"Not improbable," said the Captain, smoothing his mustache thoughtfully, "but not so very probable either, my Lord."

"Thus I have sent for you," continued Lord Fairfax, "and I thank you for your promptness. You have grown hard in these encounters, and I know your military genius perfectly well."

"Thanks, my Lord."

"See here," continued the Earl, pointing to the map, "all these lands are, as you know, a part of my grant from the Crown; this is the South Branch of the Potomac, and you see these crosses. You

know better than I do myself that they are houses of settlers."

"Brave fellows, all."

"I do not wish these Indian devils to ruin my lands, to scare off settlers. I shall never return to England at that rate."

"Does your Lordship think of going back?"

"Assuredly," said Lord Fairfax with a grim look, "I do not expect to live all my days here in the wilderness."

"I thought this was your chosen home."

"You have thought wrongly then. As soon as I have collected money enough to re-purchase Denton I shall return."

"Denton, my Lord?"

"The paternal estate."

"How was it sold?"

"By my rascally guardians; the entail was cut off while I was a minor, and thus the prophecy of old Lord Thomas, the founder of our house, was fulfilled—but I shall disappoint him yet."

These words were uttered very gloomily, but with a dark flush upon the swarthy features of the Earl.

"What prophecy does your Lordship allude to, pray?" asked the Captain.

"Have you never heard it?"

"Never."

"Listen then, the story is not long. The house of Fairfax had for its founder and head Sir Thomas Fairfax, who became, for services to the Crown, Baron of Cameron, somewhere about the year 1600. He was a sagacious man and held great sway in Yorkshire, where lies Denton—my Denton it shall be again if there is money enough in the province of Virginia to re-purchase it. You do not understand, Captain Wagner, the feeling a man has toward a place which not only his earliest years have been passed in, but in which his house has lived for centuries. I loved Denton, its park, its chase, its hills, and flats and forests; the old dining room, the fencing gallery, the dogs and horses—yes, the very rustle of the great oaks around the door! Well, sir, that estate, as I said, was taken from me, the entail was cut off by my scoundrels of guardians, who, I firmly believe

were bribed to betray my interests. And so the prophecy was fulfilled. But I have not told you what that was. I have said that the founder of the Earldom was Sir Thomas Fairfax, and he was the grandfather of the Parliamentary General, the "Tom Fairfax," of the civil war, whom you have doubtless heard of—whose wife was present at the mock trial of King Charles, and created so much confusion by crying that her husband was too politic to be there. But I digress. The character of his grandson, the young general, had often caused old Sir Thomas anxiety, and so clear-sighted was the old first Earl that he foresaw that this young man would ruin the house of Fairfax. This was put regularly upon record. Charles Fairfax, son of the first Earl, wrote it down. The old gentleman, walking in his great parlor at Denton, about the year 1640—a century ago—was much troubled. He said that something told him that General Tom, and his descendants of the same name, would bring the house of Fairfax to an end. It was fulfilled. General Fairfax alienated his family estate to marry into a powerful house. A century afterward I felt the effect of his act, and Denton escaped from my hands—I am here."

The Earl paused and looked coldly through the window.

"And this exiled your Lordship?" asked the Captain with sympathy; "this act of your guardians?"

"That and other things," replied Lord Fairfax, a dark shadow passing over his brow: "My life has been unfortunate and tragic—fate has sported with me, and woven a wild mesh to entangle me; I have been mastered in the struggle, and struck down. But I'll not yield! Let a million prophecies be hurled against me—let fate do her worst! I'll struggle and contend with her till I die!"

The Earl set his teeth close and was silent.

"That is right, my Lord," said Captain Wagner approvingly, "no brave man knocks under. I do not myself believe in prophecies, nor any such flummery—and even am a disbeliever in witchcraft."

"I have had doubts myself on the subject of this latter, and no longer place as much confidence in astrology either, as I did formerly," said the Earl coldly. "A great seer in Italy informed me that I would recover Denton, and hence my struggling thus in the teeth of fate. I will struggle so to the end—and I will collect every pistole in this colony but I will have it back."

"You have a tolerable grant of land from his Majesty here, my Lord, in place of the said Denton," replied Captain Wagner, "why not be content?"

"I am not content because I am in fact a landless man. I tell you, Captain Wagner, that as long as the oaks of Denton are not mine—the old walls, the green chace—all—everything—I'll not rest."

"Well, all that is natural, my Lord."

"Certainly. And now you will understand me perfectly. I own a fourth of Virginia, and I wish to sell it."

"Zounds!" said the Captain, "it's a glorious bit of land to be in the market. I'd like to buy it."

The Earl smiled gloomily.

"You may at least help me to make it attractive to settlers, by grants to whom I aim at realizing what I need to re-purchase Denton."

"An empire for a plantation!" said the Captain; "but every man to his humour. Your Lordship is the best judge of your own wishes—now I'd take Virginia, but that's nothing. I don't deny that there are drawbacks in the shape of bloody savages, but we'll grind 'em, or I'll eat my own head!"

## WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.\*

We regard the republication, in their present handsome and convenient form, of Mr. Simms' Revolutionary romances, as something very nearly amounting to a national benefit. They were out of print—and they were needed. Our literature, in these days, seems to dwindle; it loses muscle, and degenerates into a weak imitation of bad models. Once a rich flavour characterized it; now it grows flat and insipid. The fashion of the present day is so diametrically opposed to what we regard as the real theory of genuine letters, that anything exhibiting a tendency to change the mistaken views of the moment should be welcomed by every lover of a sound and healthful literature. It is not too much to say that in our time, the aim of the great majority of writers—of "fiction" especially—seems to be the production of cynical jests, bald satire, and dilettante criticism upon social topics, and foibles. Even the better class of workmen, so to speak, appear to admire, above all, the curious *finish* of a production—the veneering, varnishing and tinsel decoration. The fibre of the wood,—its soundness, powers of endurance, and capacity to stand stress and strain—is apparently regarded as of very slight importance: so that a fashionable, highly polished, gewgaw-decorated "article" is produced, the author is perfectly well satisfied, as are his readers.

We regard this as truly deplorable. Never will any literature accomplish the great ends of which literature is capable, so long as those who pursue it aim at the little fripperies and fopperies instead of the real ornaments of melody, earnestness, grace, and strength. It is lamentable to see men of real talent, even

of genius, expending their force in this unworthy direction—hunting up *conceits*, and labouring to throw their style into a mould of elegant affectation. The taste of the moment seems to be for this and scarcely anything but this. To write as a *blasé* man of the world talks—with a simper or a drawl, and an air of indifference to all that is earnest and vigorous or passionate and tragic in human life—this is the mode. We are sometimes reminded, in reading our magazines or works of "light literature," of those pleasant personages who flourished in the days of Louis XIII., at the Hotel de Rambouillet,—the *Précieuses Ridicules* of Moliere, whose most serious moments were expended upon the composition of acrostical couplets, and conceits; who conversed, in measured periods, of the *Pays du Tendre*, and the loves of Daphnis and Chloe; and whose entire ambition in letters, as in society, was to show, you would suppose, what a very undignified, trifling, and useless being a mortal may become, by cultivating affectation and nonsense. We are by no means without our *Précieux Ridicules* in this great and glorious Republic. There is a vast deal of dilettante scribbling, and frippery in literature. The manly and earnest style of old days seems to have almost disappeared—it is certainly very much out of fashion. Here and there we meet with a strong, honest advocate of the real dignity and importance of our human life—one who gives you in sonorous and weighty sentences, informed with a spirit of zealous feeling, and *bonâ fide* earnestness, the serious conclusions of his intellect. But such writing is little liked. The graceful trifler who lounges by, is preferred; *persiflage* is

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\* REVOLUTIONARY TALES BY WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

The Partisan :

Mellichampe :

Katharine Walton :

The Scout :

Woodcraft :

New York: J. S. Redfield, Publisher.

more relished than thought; the cynical sneer, breaking through a smile, is more to the general taste than the most earnest words of the most earnest speaker.

In this condition of our literature—and no intelligent observer can deny the truth of our view—it is refreshing to have something as genuine and invigorating as these former romances of Mr. Simms—books which made his great reputation twenty years ago, and have sustained it, as they will always, as long as sound literature is respected. In these volumes, the accomplished writer has opened and we may almost say, in the long years of his labour, exhausted, one of the most fruitful and attractive fields of historical inquiry on the continent. We say of “historical inquiry,” because the Revolutionary tales of Mr. Simms are essentially histories. They contain a great number of lucidly-detailed *facts*: more than one campaign in the South is elaborately and faithfully narrated, as we find it in the more pretentious volumes of the regular historians: but this is but a small part of the historical value of the author's romances. They contain more than the mere *facts*—the skeletons, so to speak, of history; it is the warm, vividly-coloured *picture* which we see in his pages. The bare skeleton is clothed again with flesh and muscle, the blood courses to and fro through the veins, the eyes flash, the lips move, the face glows and thrills with the life and animation which characterized it in the past. We see the actual epoch in Mr. Simms' books; the Revolution is no longer a mere historic event—we are shown what it really was, how it was conducted, what passions burned in the bosoms of the actors, and under how much pain and suffering the great deeds of our forefathers were enacted; in the great battle, or the obscure skirmish; in known or unknown encounters; in the dark recesses of the swamp, as on the open field, before the eyes of all. The series of romances, of which the *Partisan* is the first, are so many careful and elaborate “studies” of the Revolutionary contest. It was plainly the author's intent—indeed he declares as much in

the preface to the present edition of the series—to delineate the bitter struggle in South Carolina, throughout all its phases, and from every point of view. The result has been these volumes which are a complete epitome of the entire epoch, with all its scenes events, and actors, vividly drawn, instinct with life, and thrown upon the canvass with all the vigour and picturesque colouring of a master. In the *Partisan*, *Mellichampe*, *Katharine Walton*, *The Scout*, and *Woodcraft*, the design is regularly pursued; and the result has been a great historic panorama, filled with vivid interest, and no less replete with valuable instruction.

It would be a superfluous task to analyze these works in succession; to speak of their plots, criticise the dramatic progress of the narrative, and weigh the merits or demerits of the author's characterization. Such a process would be natural and becoming, if the Revolutionary romances were new candidates for public favour. But they were printed and read throughout America, in England, and in many countries of Europe, before a large class of readers of the present generation had commenced their horn-book. We should feel somewhat foolishly were we to undertake the task of informing the public what the plot of the *Partisan* is, or how much interest may be found in the rapid and moving drama of *Mellichampe*, or the pathetic story of *Katharine Walton*. We shall not spend our time upon any such unfruitful labour: those who are familiar with the works would not thank us, or hold our discretion in very high esteem: those who are ignorant of them, we very seriously and earnestly advise to procure the volumes and form their own opinion. We shall confine ourselves, in the limited space which is at our disposal, to a few main points in these tales—to one or two pieces of characterization which have particularly impressed us, and to a brief estimate of Mr. Simms' merits as a historian and dramatist.

It should always be kept in view that dramatic development is one of the main aims of this writer; he expends almost



as much attention on his incidents and the plot generally as upon the historical colouring and the delineation of character. In this, we may note again, in passing, he differs very greatly from the present school of writers, who, with extremely rare exceptions, concentrate all their faculties upon characterization, or the philosophic monologue of which Mr. Thackeray is so great a master. Without intending to make any sort of comparison between the two writers—a comparison wholly unnecessary, and undesirable for our present purpose—it is quite safe to say that Mr. Simms never could have produced as much matter as “*The Virginians*” of Mr. Thackeray already contains, with so very small an amount of incident or plot. His sympathies are strongly in favour of vivid adventure, and hazardous crises,—of “disastrous chances” “hair breadth ‘scapes,” and “moving accidents by flood and field.” His imagination, large, excitable and working with vehement strength whenever it is aroused, rejects the monotony and sameness of every-day life, the dull routine of our prosaic age. Having selected for his field of operation, the hurrying and changeful scene of the Revolutionary era, Mr. Simms avails himself of every advantage attaching to the period and its modes of life; he embodies all the passion and humour and excitement of the tragedy or the tragi-comedy; he rides with his troopers on the nocturnal foray; burrows with Marion and his men in the swamps of the Santee, and catches everywhere the rush and roar of the contest, the entire spirit and meaning of the drama. So strong is this characteristic in some of these books that the reader is almost oppressed with the thronging incident, the plot within plot, the never resting advance of the narrative. A very fertile and active imagination seems ever at work, planning, devising, scheming, without cessation or sense of fatigue. The amount of dramatic interest thus communicated to the narrative is extraordinary. Mr. Simms is especially happy in his favourite field, and among his favourite actors—in the swamp, and with

its mysterious denizens. The peculiar life which the wandering bands of Marion, Sumpter and Singleton led in these obscure retreats, is delineated with the utmost minuteness, and a freshness of colouring which springs from a genuine sympathy, in the author’s nature, with everything picturesque, adventurous and attractive to the imagination. The mysterious vengeance of the borderers; the pursuer on the trail, through swamp or forest, silently and coolly intent on the blood of his foe; the death struggle, the mortal embrace, and the knife descending into the prostrate breast; the night foray, the surprise, the encounter, the escape:—all this is to be found, in brilliant colouring, in the volumes before us. In all such painting, as in the description of rough, hearty, earnest characters, Mr. Simms excels. His own vigour and earnestness of nature impels him toward what he meets with of a similar description; and rude backwoodsmen, scouts, “swamp foxes,” and partisans which we continually encounter, are the chosen objects of a pencil which delights in tracing their nervous and muscular forms. Too much praise can hardly be awarded to Mr. Simms for what he has accomplished in this direction. He has discovered, as it were, and described with all the minuteness of an observant explorer, or a natural historian, a strange, unknown land, and as strange a class of inhabitants. Cooper has made the sweeping world of the prairie and the sea his own; Mr. Simms holds in fee simple, as complete, the tangled jungle, the river gliding beneath gigantic cypresses festooned with drooping moss, and stretching out their “knees” like spectres in the moonlight; the lagoon, the hidden camp, the mysterious expanse of verdure, into which no eye can pierce, and which the imagination peoples with strange weird figures, scarcely more weird and uncouth than the real forms, occupying the concealed depths. You look upon the green wall of cypresses, vines, and tall grass, growing in the water, which sleeps sullenly: you think that no one is there, that the form of a human being has never appeared here before. But

listen! An oar dips lightly, or the long, hooked bamboo used to draw a boat onward, agitates the foliage—in a moment a light canoe darts out, into the moonlight,—it is one of Marion's men, on the track of the enemy. He will return and report that the British troop are sleeping at the old hall which they have ransacked; the patriots will put themselves in motion—and then, you go with the author into the encounter, and feel all the excitement of the conflict. The troop is cut to pieces, or the "Swamp-Fox" and his men are forced to retreat; they fade away like phantoms into the swamp, and are seen no more. But it is the enemy only who are stupefied at the manner in which they have disappeared—who cannot tell whither they have gone. You are a friend, and the historian takes you with him to the swamp retreat. Once stretched upon the treacherous turf, beneath the cypresses, you are in the midst of the picturesque life of the partisans. You hear their jests and songs, laugh at their odd humours, listen to their stories of rude encounters or strange events—for the time you are one of Marion's troop, and are hiding from the enemy. In all such scenes, we repeat, Mr. Simms displays a fertility of invention and vigour of description which entitle him to the praise of an original writer of the first class.

In more conventional society he is not so vivid or picturesque,—which of course arises in a measure from the nature of "convention;" uniformity, and absence of strong emotion; but also from his evident dislike for the *stereotyped*, and commonplace. What is called "good society," most certainly affords the utmost enjoyment to a cultivated person—but it is a very bad theme for the novelist or rather romancer. In polite circles everything vivid is necessarily toned down; it is not thought desirable that feeling should be exhibited; above all there must be a shuddering horror felt for anything approaching a "scene." This is all perfectly correct; the happiness of all is consulted by avoiding scenes: but scenes, unfortunately, are

exactly what the romance-writer wants. The dull uniformity of the drawing-room wearies him; he longs for character, incident, adventure, humour and passion—for scenes and personages less trimmed and pruned to the conventional standard. He seeks these in the field and forest, and likes them best for their nearer approach to nature. Mr. Simms handles his polite ladies and gentlemen very gracefully, however. The pictures of Charleston life and society in *Katharine Walton* are pleasant and well executed, but they lack the fresh odour of the forest, the animation of the open air life which we long to get back to.

A favourite character with Mr. Simms is the full-blooded British noble and general,—his tool in the shape of a captain of dragoons: indeed military personages of every description. These characters rise up before the reader in their warlike panoply like real human beings visible to the actual eye. The rough humours of men thoroughly well-bred, but careless of their actions or speeches, on the remote stage which they occupy, are to the very life. The interview between Colonel Moncrieff and the widow, Mrs. Eveleigh, in the opening of *Woodcraft*, is a favourable instance of this description; there are many such personages and scenes in *Katharine Walton*. What very strongly impresses the reader here, is the apparent *reality* of the entire delineation. There is nothing forced or strained anywhere; the phraseology of the speakers is wonderfully like a *verbatim* report of the conversation of two actual men: indeed in this feeling of reality may be discovered one of the greatest charms which the works of Mr. Simms exert. It is the strong, direct matter of fact dialogue of hard natures on disagreeable duty. We might give many examples of the justice of our high commendation of Mr. Simms' troopers, captains, and commanders, but it is scarcely necessary. The reader will find them everywhere in these volumes—always picturesque, always natural: their spurs clanking, their iron heels clashing; ripping out, we are sorry to say, a great number of military oaths of a very dread-

ful description, and emptying numerous cups of rum, sherry, or other liquid of an intoxicating but inspiring nature. We have sometimes been disposed to yield the palm over all, to the author's troopers: but that is only when we do not think of his young ladies.

We hazard nothing in saying that in delicate delineation of woman, and the passion of "heroic love," to use old Burton's phrase, Mr. Simms is surpassed by no writer since the days of Walter Scott. It is really refreshing to leave for a time the society of the heartless or wicked women, whom many modern novelists delight in painting, and pass an hour or two with some one of the heroines in these stories. The change is wholesome—as it is always wholesome to pass from the company of bad and selfish people into that of the pure and good. There is about the characters and emotions of the young ladies delineated by Mr. Simms a purity, freshness, and artless goodness which is extremely delightful. They are by no means mere pretty pieces of inane perfection such as it is the present fashion among the feebler body of writers, to contrast with their female plotters, and designing *intriguantes*:—whose characters possess no strength, and who are good and weak-minded, because in the estimation of those writers, to be pure is necessarily to be feeble. They are living, breathing women, of strong characters, ardent feelings, and determined natures, which prove them to be heroines indeed in time of peril. They are prompt to resolve, prompt to act—weak where women are weak, but strong where women are strong. The love of these characters is deep and enduring—not sentimental, or demonstrative, but truthful and devoted, counting no danger an obstacle when the beloved object is involved. It is the delicacy and fidelity to nature displayed in these pictures that charm the reader. The old "innocence of love" rests like a rosy atmosphere upon the figures; a sweet and soothing emotion arises in the heart of the reader; he recognizes the purely ideal, and the warmly real, blending as they blend in life, and forming the per-

fect picture of true, womanly love. Mr. Simms delineates *the lady* with exquisite fidelity and fineness of touch. All the emotions, sympathies, impulses, and modes of thought and action, which characterize the "high-bred" woman are caught and reflected by the artist with unflinching accuracy. Katharine Walton, Flora Middleton, and the heroine in *Mellichampe*, with many others are especial instances of this. They are types which seem to have disappeared from our English literature of to-day, unless we may find something similar in the pages of Mr. James, a gentle and chivalrous spirit who has well preserved the traditions of Abbotsford, and is guided by them still, in what would almost seem to be another world. In former times it was the habit of the great race of dramatists, novelists, and essayist to introduce that most hateful of characters, a really bad and corrupt woman, only when the necessities of the plot constrained them to do so—when some great lesson was to be taught, or a noble philosophy of life inculcated. Now it would almost seem as if this type of debased humanity has come to be regarded as the rule and not the exception in actual life—and a strange pleasure and satisfaction appears to be derived from the merciless limning of the picture. We repeat that almost every female portrait in modern letters is either weak or depraved: they are all either excessively smart and bad, or excessively angelic and feeble in intellect. A "noble woman nobly planned" seems to be beyond the mental range of our novelists and romancers—with a few exceptions, striking ones it may be, but only proving the existence of the rule. We find in the pages of Mr. Simms but very few really bad women: when they are met with, it will be found that the author has been impelled by the consideration which we have alluded to in the case of the elder dramatists. They are either real persons of historical notoriety, as the cruel and heartless beauty of Charleston, who occupies so conspicuous a position in *Katharine Walton*; or they are indispensable to the conduct of the narrative. All the rest of Mr.

Simms' creations in this department, with very infrequent exceptions, are admirable and beautiful. They possess great truth, dignity, and fidelity to all the high and worthy promptings of elevated principle and feeling. We may open any of these volumes almost at random, and something attractive and pleasant will be found. As a chance-selected example of what we mean, we present the following passage from the *Scout*; the least agreeable, to ourselves at least, of all Mr. Simms' tales, from the repulsive and unnatural hatred of the two brothers, and the cruel episode of Mary Clarkson's fate—but characterized by many fine and vigorous passages which deserved a better frame-work. The extract we give presents a scene between Flora Middleton and her lover, Clarence Conway, at the old Middleton barony, to which the young patriot partisan has stolen, in spite of imminent danger arising from the vicinity of his royalist foes the "Black riders of the Congaree."

"The eyes of Clarence looked more than once the inquiry which he knew not how to make in any other way; but only once did the dark-blue orbs of Flora encounter his for a prolonged moment; and then he thought that their expression was again changed to one of sorrow. After that, she resolutely evaded his glance; and the time, for an hour after his arrival, was passed by him in a state of double solicitude; and by Flora, as he could not help thinking, under a feeling of restraint and excessive circumspection, which was new to both of them, and painful in the last degree to him. All the freedoms of their old intercourse had given way to cold, stiff formalities; and, in place of 'Flora' from his lips, and 'Clarence' from hers, the forms of address became as rigid and ceremonious between them as the most punctilious disciplinarian of manners, in the most tenacious school of the puritans, could insist upon.

"Flora Middleton was rather remarkable than beautiful. She was a noble specimen of the Anglo-Norman woman.

Growing with health, but softened by grace; warmed by love, yet not obtrusive in her earnestness. Of a temper quick, energetic, and decisive; yet too proud to deal in the language of either anger or complaint; too delicate in her own sensibilities to outrage, by heedlessness or haste, the feelings of others. Living at a time, and in a region, where life was full of serious purposes and continual trials, she was superior to those small tastes and petty employments which disparage, too frequently, the understandings of her sex, and diminish, unhappily, its acknowledged importance to man and to society. Her thoughts were neither too nice for, nor superior to, the business and the events of the time. She belonged to that wonderful race of Carolina women, above all praise, who could minister, with equal propriety and success, at those altars for which their fathers, and husbands, and brothers fought—who could tend the wounded, nurse the sick, cheer the dispirited, arm the warrior for the field—nay, sometimes lift spear and sword in sudden emergency, and make desperate battle, in compliance with the requisitions of the soul, nerved by tenderness, and love, and serious duty, to the most masculine exertions—utterly forgetful of those effeminacies of the sex, which are partly due to the arbitrary and, too frequently, injurious laws of society.

"In such circumstances as characterized the time of which we write, women as well as men became superior to affectations of every kind. The ordinary occupations of life were too grave to admit of them. The mind threw off its petty humours with disdain, and where it did not, the disdain of all other minds was sure to attend it. Flora never knew affectations—she was no fine lady—had no humours—no vegetable life; but went on vigorously enjoying time in the only way, by properly employing it. She had her tastes, and might be considered by some persons rather fastidious in them; but this fastidiousness was nothing more than method. Her love of order was one of her domestic virtues. But, though singularly methodical for her sex, she

had no humdrum notions; and, in society, would have been the last to be suspected of being very regular in any of her habits. Her animation was remarkable. Her playful humour, which took no exceptions to simple unrestraint, found no fault with the small follies of one's neighbour; yet never trespassed beyond the legitimate bounds of amusement.

"That she showed none of this animation—this humour—on the present occasion, was one of the chief sources of Clarence Conway's disquietude. Restraint was so remarkable in the case of one whose frank, voluntary spirit was always ready with its music, that he conjured up the most contradictory notions to account for it.

"‘Are you sick?’ he asked; ‘do you feel unwell?’ was one of his inquiries, as his disquiet took a new form of apprehension.

"‘Sick—no! What makes you fancy such a thing, Colonel Conway? Do I look so?’

"‘No; but you seem dull—not in spirits; something must have happened—’

"‘Perhaps something has happened, Cousin Clarence.’ This was the first phrase of kindness which reminded Clarence of old times. He fancied she began to soften. ‘Cousin Clarence’ was one of the familiar forms of address which had been adopted by the maiden some years previously, when, mere children, they first grew intimate together.

"‘But I am not sick,’ she continued, ‘and still less ought you to consider me dull. Such an opinion, Clarence, would annoy many a fair damsel of my acquaintance.’

"She was evidently thawing.

"‘But on that head, Flora, you are too secure to suffer it to annoy you.’

"‘Perhaps I am: but you have certainly lost the knack of saying fine things. The swamps have impaired your politeness. That last phrase has not bettered your speech, since I am at liberty to take it as either a reproach or a compliment.’

"Clarence felt that the game was growing encouraging.

"‘Can there be a doubt which? As a compliment, surely. But let me have occasion for another, the meaning of which shall be less liable to misconstruction. Let me lead you to the harpsichord.’

"‘Excuse me—not to night, Clarence;’ and her present reply was made with recovered rigidity of manner.

"‘If not to night, Flora, I know not when I shall hear you again—perhaps not for months—perhaps, never! I go to Ninety-Six to-morrow.’

"Her manner softened as she replied:

"‘Ah! do you, Clarence?—and there, at present, lies the whole brunt of the war. I should like to play for you, Clarence, but I cannot. You must be content with music of drum and trumpet for awhile.’

"‘Why, Flora, you never refused me before?’

"‘True—but—’

"‘But what!—only one piece, Flora.’

"‘Do not ask me again. I cannot—I will not play for you to-night; nay, do interrupt me, Clarence: my harpsichord is in tune, and I am not seeking for apologies. I tell you I will not play for you to-night, and perhaps I will never play for you again.’

"The young colonel of cavalry was astounded.

"‘Flora—Flora Middleton!’ was his involuntary exclamation. The venerable grandmother echoed it, though her tones were those of exhortation, not of surprise.

"‘Flora—Flora, my child—what would you do?’ she continued with rebuking voice and warning finger.

"‘Nay, mother,’ said the maiden assuringly—‘let me have my own way in this. I like frankness, and if Clarence be what he has always seemed—and we always believed him—he will like it too. I am a country-girl, and may be permitted a little of the simplicity,—you call it bluntness, perhaps,—which is natural to one.’

"‘Flora, what can be the meaning of

this?' demanded the lover with unaffected earnestness and astonishment. 'In what have I offended you? For there is some such meaning in your words.'

"The maiden looked to her grandmother, but did not answer; and Conway, though not greatly excited, could readily perceive that she laboured under feelings which evidently tried her confidence in herself, and tested all her strength. A deep suffusion overspread her cheek, the meaning of which, under other circumstances, he might have construed favourably to his suit. Meanwhile, the old lady nodded her head with a look of mixed meaning, which one, better read in the movements of her mind, might have found to signify. 'Go through with what you have begun, since you have already gone so far. You can not halt now.'

"So, indeed, did it seem to be understood by the maiden; for she instantly recovered herself and continued:—

"'Give me your arm, Clarence, and I will explain all. I am afraid I have overtaken myself; but the orphan, Clarence Conway, must assert her own rights and character, though it may somewhat impair, in the estimation of the stronger sex, her pretensions to feminine delicacy.'

"'You speak in mysteries, Flora,' was the answer of the lover: 'surely the orphan has no wrong to fear at my hands; and what rights of Flora Middleton are there, disputed or denied by me, which it becomes her to assert with so much solemnity, and at such a fearful risk?'

"'Come with me, and you shall know all.'

"She took his arm, and, motioning her head expressively to her grandmother, led the way to the spacious portico, half embowered by gadding vines—already wanton with a thousand flowers of the budding season—which formed the high and imposing entrance to the ancient dwelling. The spot was one well chosen for the secrets of young lovers—a home of buds, and blossoms, and the hallowing moonlight—quiet above in the sky, quiet on the earth; a scene such as prompts the mind to dream that there

may be grief and strifes at a distance—rumours of war and bloodshed in barbarian lands, and of tempests that will never trouble ours. Clarence paused as they emerged into the sweet natural shadows of the spot.

"'How have I dreamed of these scenes, Flora—this spot—these flowers, and these only! My heart has scarcely forgotten the situation of a single bud or leaf. All appears now as I fancy it nightly in our long rides and longer watches in the swamp.'

"She answered with a sigh:

"'Can war permit of this romance, Clarence? Can it be possible that he who thinks of blood, and battle, and the near neighbourhood of the foe, has yet a thought to spare to ladies' bowers, vines, blossoms, and such woman-fancies as make up the pleasures of her listless moods, and furnish, in these times, her only, and perhaps her best society.'

"'I think of them as tributary to her only, Flora. Perhaps I should not have thought of these, but that you were also in my thoughts.'

"'No more, Clarence; and you remind me of the explanation which I have to make, and to demand. Bear with me for a moment; it calls for all my resolution.'

The lovers then enter into an explanation which we need not follow. The scene ends thus—the youth is speaking of the dangers he is about to undergo:

"'The final issue is at hand, and victory is almost in our grasp. The fury of the tories increases with their despair. They feel that they must fly the country, and they are accordingly drenching it with blood. I speak to you, therefore, with the solemnity of one who may never see you more. But if we do meet again, Flora, dear Flora—if I survive this bloody campaign—may I hope that then—these doubts all dispersed, these slanders disproven—you will look on me with favour; you will smile—you will be mine; mine only—all mine!'

"The tremours of the soft white hand which he grasped within his own assured

the lover of the emotion in her breast. Her bosom heaved for an instant, but she was spared the necessity of making that answer, which, whether it be 'no' or 'yes,' is equally difficult for any young damsel's utterance. A sharp, sudden signal whistle was sounded from without at this moment;—once—twice—thrice;—a bustle was heard among the few dragoons who had been stationed by the prudent commander about the premises; and, a moment after, the subdued tones of the faithful Supple Jack apprized his Captain that danger was at hand.

"Speak!—speak to me, Flora, ere I leave you—ere I leave you, perhaps, forever! Speak to me! tell me that I have not prayed for your love and devoted myself in vain. Send me not forth, doubtful or hopeless. If it be—"

"Sweet, indeed, to his heart were the tremulous beating which he distinctly heard of hers. They said all that her lips refused to say. Yet never was heart more ready to respond in the affirmative; never were lips more willing to declare themselves. One reflection alone determined her not to do so. It was a feeling of feminine delicacy that prompted her, for the time, to withhold the confession of feminine weakness.

"What!—such was the reflection as it passed through her mind—'bring him to these shades to hear such a confession! Impossible! What will he think of me? No! no! not to-night. Not *here*, at least!'

"She was still silent, but her agitation evidently increased; yet not more than that of her lover. The summons of the faithful scout was again repeated. The circumstances admitted of no delay.

"Oh, speak to me, dearest Flora. Surely you cannot need any new knowledge of what I am, or of the love that I bear you. Surely, you cannot still give faith to these wretched slanders of my wretched brother!'

"No! no!' she eagerly answered. 'I believe you to be true, Clarence, and as honourable as you are faithful. But in respect to what you plead, Clarence, I cannot answer now—not *here*, at least. Let me leave you now!'

"Not yet, Flora! But one word.'

"Not *here*, Clarence—not *here*!' with energy.

"Tell me that I may hope!'

"I can tell you nothing now, Clarence—not a word *here*.'

"Her lips were inflexible; but if ever hand yet spoke the meaning of its kindred heart, then did the soft, shrinking hand which he grasped nervously in his own, declare the meaning of hers. It said, 'hope on—love on!' as plainly as maiden finger ever said it yet; and this was all—and, perhaps, enough, as a first answer to a young beginner—which she then vouchsafed him, as she glided into the apartment. In the next moment the faithful Supple Jack, clearing at a single bound, the height from the terrace to the balcony, in which the interview had taken place, breathed into the half oblivious senses of his commander the hurried words—

"The British and tories are upon us, Clarence! We have not a moment to lose!'

There is great delicacy and truth to life in this passage, unless we are very much mistaken. The fluctuating emotions of the high spirited young lady are drawn with rare skill, and the sketch is all the more impressive from its simplicity and entire absence of clap trap. We might quote a score of similar passages displaying the same tender and chivalric estimate of the female character, but it is unnecessary. Perhaps, indeed, we should do Mr. Simms injustice—for his heroines must be judged of from a consecutive reading of their histories. The proportions of the fine figures are only partially seen in chance extracts. The entire outline will be found eminently worthy of admiration, and suggestive of the best types of lofty excellence, and moral beauty.

We have spoken of Mr. Simms' captains, generals, partisans, lovers and heroines—but have made no mention of a famous epic character running through the series, and still living at the termination of the last page of the last volume, who unites in his single person some of the traits of all the personages referred

to. The author's admirers need scarcely be told that we allude to Captain Porgy: to Porgy the courageous, Porgy the eccentric, Porgy the epitome and mouth-piece of sententious wisdom, unctuous humour, and the philosophy of military adaptation to all the vicissitudes of human life! To speak seriously, we doubt if Mr. Simms in any other character which he has ever drawn, has reached so high a point of originality, and creative excellence. Captain Porgy, the old campaigner,—the lover of the good things eatable, and drinkable of this world,—the boon companion,—the king of the revel,—the preacher of pithy homilies which he carefully avoids carrying out into practice—the lover of ladies—the utterer of profane oaths—the laughing and melancholy philosopher by turns: Captain Porgy, who is all this and much more, is one of the most admirably conceived and clearly defined creations of modern literature. With a rare tact and skill, akin to that which the supreme master of the dramatic art, has exhibited with such affluent power in his wonderful conception of *Falstaff*, the historian of Captain Porgy and his achievements, has made his hero both weak and strong—both unworthy of admiration, and strangely attractive. We cannot respect Captain Porgy, but we are compelled to love him. There is something irresistibly fascinating about the fat soldier—his utterances possess an attraction greater than that of the wittiest and most brilliant of his associates. The strange blending of pathos and humour in all his discourse; the keen worldly wisdom: the quick eye for "provant" as says Captain Dalgetty; the ease with which he passes from a feast to a foray, and then from the foray where many a brave fellow has bit the dust, back to his feast again—all this goes to make up a picture of strange interest, which enlists all the sympathies of the reader. The worthy Captain, as we have said, is a sort of epic giant. He will not be killed off. *Falstaff* was compelled to die at last, but Porgy flourishes still in imperishable vigor. His historian had not the heart to kill the fat partisan. Once dead, he could never be reproduced: and we learn with

real delight from the concluding pages of *Woodcraft*, that he will probably appear again. "Free of anxiety," says the historian, "Porgy resumed his ancient spirit. The piquancy of his society was everywhere acknowledged; the humour of our Captain, of partisans, was irresistible. . . . Thus the days glided by as if all were winged with sunshine. Thus the nights escaped all efforts to delay them, too brief for the enjoyment which they brought. It may be that we shall some day depict these happy times, the "Humors of Gleneberley," even as they were well remembered thirty years ago, in all that cluster of parishes which lie between the Ashley and the Eastern margin of the Savannah."

It is in this work, *Woodcraft*, the last of the series so far, that the character of Captain Porgy reaches its highest and most original development. He is returning home to a plundered and ruined homestead, from which he has been absent throughout the long years of the war:—and over his head hangs the lowering cloud of an overwhelming weight of debt. He finds his patrimony waste and bare—on all sides ruin stares him in the face—despair awaits to seize him—his kind heart is borne down to the earth by recollections of the past, and by the gloomy present. For a time he yields to the heavy pressure: he, the soul of the partisan revels, the invaluable companion by the camp fire—the story teller, the gay comrade—the man of wit and the "cause of wit in others"—Porgy is for the moment overcome. His friend Frampton who rides with him toward his dismounted homestead, respects his superior's grief and is silent:

"Without much logic or knowledge—without being much a student of human nature—the genial temper of Frampton had taught him to conjecture the peculiar mood which now troubled the partisan. Besides, he had been enlightened measurably, that day, on the subject of Porgy's secret cares, by the long conversation between them which has been already reported, and, through which, the lieutenant had found clues to the captain's na-



ture and difficulties, such as his buoyant temper had never before suffered him to betray. That the latter should now hesitate—now that he was almost at his own threshold—did not greatly surprise the youth, and reawakened all his sympathies for his chief. He might well linger on the route, loath to approach scenes so precious once, so full of dear recollections, but now so full of gloomy aspects and discouraging auguries. From Porgy's own description, there could be no prospect half so cheerless as that of the ancient homestead which was about to receive him. Memory and thought might well be painfully busy in his mind. The one recalled a past which was full of sunshine and promise. The other reproached him with a profligacy which had measurably cast fortune from his arms; and bitterly rehearsed the recent history, in which events seemed to have studiously aided to consummate the ruin which his own erring youth had begun."

His sad anticipations are realized; all is desolate and dreary, and the emotion of the brave soldier upon entering again the chamber which reminds him of his mother, is extremely touching. It is one of those pictures in which Mr. Simms proves himself a great dramatist.

"Our captain of partisans entered the chamber, and let himself down upon the pile of blankets which formed his couch. This was spread before the fireplace, and he sat with his feet to the blaze. He had disencumbered himself of his coat and small-clothes, his boots and stockings. His sword and pistols lay beside him, his saddle, over which one of the blankets was spread, served him for a pillow. But for a long time he did not lie down. His eyes were bent upon the fire, or slowly wandered around the almost vacant chamber. It was a snug, but sufficiently capacious apartment, probably eighteen by twenty feet. The walls still exhibited proof of a degree of pride and state, which declared for a former wealth and taste, such as were strangely inconsistent with the present fortunes of the possessor. The panelling of wood over the fireplace

still showed traces of two landscape paintings in oil, done upon the panels with no inconsiderable art. The framework around them consisted of heavy carved work, and the pillars of the mantel-piece were richly ornamented with carvings in similar style. About the room still hung the dingy and shattered frames of pictures, probably portraits, from which the canvass had been cut out. It had probably been found useful for the meanest purposes, and had been appropriated, with all other moveables of any value, by the marauding British and Tories. The glass was destroyed in the sashes of all the windows. The shutters were mostly torn from the hinges and carried off, probably destroyed for firewood. One of the planks of the floor had been taken up, and lay beside the opening, very much hewed and mangled by the axe. The fragments of an ancient mahogany bedstead lay piled up in one corner, but it was evidently no longer available for use. It had been that on which Porgy had slept when a child: it was the bedstead of his mother. A bit of green cord still depended from a nail against the opposite wall. It had sustained the picture of his mother; that portrait of a fair young woman, taken when she was yet unmarried, whose sweet smiling features, in the active exercise of memory and fancy, seemed still to be looking down upon him.

"Porgy knew not that the big tears were gathering slowly in his eyes, and gradually stealing down upon his cheeks. He had reached his home, but it was a home no longer. The home is made by the hopes which it generates, and he had survived all those, of whatever sort, which came with youth and childhood. The prospect before him was one of unmixed desolation. How was he to redeem the mortgaged acres of his domain? How was he to retain the poor remains of a once ample fortune? What were his own resources for this task? What were left for him to do, and where was the agency, external to himself, by which to effect the difficult achievement. The embarrassing straits of his condition had made themselves apparent to him, most fully, on the moment of his return. But for the un-

expected events of the day, and the generosity of Mrs. Everleth, he must have gone, himself, supperless to sleep, and witnessed the privations, in extreme, of his followers and slaves.

"And the relief was temporary only. He must provide for these hereafter; and how? By incurring new embarrassments and obligations; by adding to the weight of former bonds and responsibilities; by endeavoring to establish a credit without being able to offer new securities. Was it probable that he could do this, in the unsettled condition of the colony? And what securities could he offer to the creditor? His lands were mortgaged to an amount five times their present value. A foreclose of mortgage at the present juncture would not only sweep them away, but take his negroes also, and still leave him a debtor beyond all means of payment. Even if time were allowed him, could he hope, criminally ignorant as he was of all the arts requisite to the good planter, to recover himself and renovate his fortunes? These were the subjects of his meditations, and, chewing the bitter cud of thought and memory, his heart almost failed him.

"He stretched himself out upon his blankets almost reproaching the merciful fate which had saved him from the bullet or bayonet of the enemy. His despondency for awhile, increased with his meditation, until he felt that it would not be difficult that very hour to die. To die, was to escape the cares, the troubles and the humiliations to which he felt himself unequal, and which he now felt to be inevitable from life, with such a prospect as now grew up, dark and distinct, before his mind. He would have found it at once easy and grateful to be roused that moment with the call to battle. He would have rejoiced to find a full finish to his cares, in a desperate onset, at the head of his corps of partisans. 'But the wars were all over,' and this refuge was denied him."

The elastic spirit of the partisan soon relieves him from these melancholy forebodings, however, and we present two specimens of his humour which are strong-

ly characteristic. The first is his warning to Tom, his old camp follower, not to let himself be taken by the myrmidons of the sheriff:

"Tom! sooner than have you taken off by these vermin, I will shoot you!"

"Me! shoot me! me, Tom! Shoot me, maussa!"

"Yes, Tom! you shall never leave me. I will put a brace of bullets through your abdomen, Tom, sooner than lose you! But, it may be, that I shall not have the opportunity. They may take advantage of my absence—they may *steal* you away—coming on you by surprise. If they should do so, Tom, I rely upon you to put *yourself* to death, sooner than abandon me and become the slave of another. Kill yourself, Tom, rather than let them carry you off. Put your knife into your ribs, anywhere, three inches deep, and you will effectually baffle the blood-hounds!"

"'Wha', me, maussa! kill mese'f! Me, Tom! 'Tick knife t'ree inch in me rib, and dead! Nebber, in dis worl' [world] maussa! I no want for dead! I always good for cook! I good for fight—good for heap o' t'ing in dis life! No good 'nough for dead, maussa! No want for dead so long as der's plenty ob bile, and brile, and bake, and fry, for go sleep 'pon. Don't talk ob sich t'ing, maussa, jis' now, when de time is 'mos' [almost] come for me eat supper!"

"Tom!" exclaimed the captain of partisans, laying down his knife and fork, and looking solemnly and sternly at the negro—"I thought you were more of a man—that you had more affection for me. Is it possible that you could wish to live, if separated from me? Impossible, Tom! I will never believe it. No, boy, you shall never leave me. We shall never part. You shall be my cook, after death, in future worlds, even as you are here. Should you suffer yourself to survive me, Tom—should you be so hard-hearted—I will haunt you at meal-time always. Breakfast, dinner, supper—at every meal—you shall hear my voice. I will sit before you as soon as the broil is

ready, and you shall always help me first!’

“The negro looked aghast. Porgy nodded his head solemnly.

“‘Remember! It shall be as I have said. If you are not prepared to bury yourself in the same grave with me when I die, I shall be with you in spirit, if not in flesh; and I shall make you cook for me as now. At breakfast you will hear me call out for hams and eggs, or a steak; at dinner, perhaps, for a terrapin stew; at supper, Tom—when all is dark and dreary, and there is nobody but yourself beside the fire—I shall cry out, at your elbow, ‘My coffee, Tom!’ in a voice that shall shake the very house!’”

The other specimen of the Captain’s humour is his capture and entertainment of the sheriff who had come to capture *him*. Begging that gentleman’s pardon for the rudeness of his followers, and declaring that he had suspected for a moment that he really *was* the sheriff, he marshals him to the dinner table:

“When the dishes were uncovered, it was with increasing surprise that the sheriff beheld one, within reach of Porgy, containing a pair of highly-polished pistols. He attempted something of a jest when he saw them.

“‘Really, captain, you can not design that dish for the digestion of any visitor.’

“‘The digestion must depend upon himself,’ was the cool reply; ‘but there *are* parties, who might sometimes intrude upon me, for whose special feeding they are provided.’

“‘What! the sheriff, eh?’ with a faint chuckle.

“‘Exactly! Shall I help you to soup, colonel?’

“‘If you please.’

“‘Bouillé?’

“‘Thank you—a little.’

“‘You will find it more manageable than bullet.’

“‘Yes, indeed!’

“‘Try a little of that Madeira with your soup. It improves it wonderfully

to my taste. Tom!’—tasting—‘you have not put quite enough salt in your soup!’

“‘Why say so? Enty I know? Tas’e ’em ’gen, maussa! I ’speak you fin’ salt ’nough in ’em next time. Heh! Ef I ain’t know, by dis time, how for salt de soup, I t’row ’way heap of my life for not’ing.’

“‘Hear the rascal. He knows that he doesn’t belong to me, or he would never be so impudent. How are negroes selling now, colonel? I got a hundred guineas for that fellow.’

“‘You were well paid, captain. At his time of life, unless a fellow had some rare qualities, he could scarcely command more than half that money.’

“‘Tom *has* rare qualities. He *can* cook a good dinner; can make and season soup to perfection, and would have done so to-day—would certainly never have thrown in too little salt—but that he heard some talk of the sheriff, and in his agitation and the hurry with which he armed himself with his favourite weapons—see the knife and the hatchet—he has been careless with his salt—has probably spilt half of that in the fire which he intended for the soup. How does it taste to you, colonel?’

“‘Right, sir; very good soup, and well seasoned. I should say that your cook has salted it sufficiently.’

“‘T’ank you, sah,’ quoth Tom. ‘I mos’ bin ’fear’d I spill some ob de salt, when I yer ’bout dem warmint, de sheriff: but ef you tas’e ’em, da’s ’nough. Salt mus’n’t be too sharp in soup for he good seas’ning.’”

\* \* \* \* \*

“The sheriff noted the man’s air and manner, and was impressed accordingly. The conduct of Lance Frampton, who was singularly quiet, was yet of a sort to fix his attention. In this young man he beheld a fixed confidence in his superior, and a readiness to obey orders, which showed that, at a wink, he would be prepared to act, and without any regard to responsibilities. After awhile the wine began to circulate, though the sergeant still confined himself to the Jamaica. Even when, at the summons of the cap-

tain, he emptied his glass of Madeira, he was sure to swallow a good mouthful of the rum after it, as if to prevent any evil consequences from the more aristocratic liquor. The dishes were cleared away, and Tom gave the party a rice-pudding, which was voted good on all hands. Its removal was followed by the introduction of raisins, ground-nuts, (*peanuts* or *pindars*,) and black walnuts. Over the wine and walnuts, the chat grew more and more lively. It passed from topic to topic; the town and country; the camp and court; civil life and that of the soldier; but there was one lurking trouble in the mind of the sheriff which invariably brought him back to the peculiar condition in which he found the household.

"'Really, captain,' said he, 'I find it impossible to realize the assurance that you make me, that you are all armed and equipped here to resist the operations of the law.'

"'Indeed!' said Porgy, looking grave. 'You find it difficult to understand, and why? Is it strange that I should be unwilling to surrender all my possessions, at the first demand, and without a struggle?'

"'But you could scarcely expect to make resistance to the laws of the land. The sheriff is armed with a sovereign power for the time. How would you hope to hold out against him?'

"'You mean to say that he would overwhelm me with the *posse comitatus*?'

"'Ay, and if need, call out the military!'

"'To be sure he may, and certainly there is a power to which my own must succumb. What then? If I am to yield up all the goods of life, why not life also? What is life to me? You know my tastes and habits. You know how I have lived and how I still live. Some men will tell you that I am a glutton, others, that I imbue my appetites equally with my taste and philosophies; all agree that I am, essentially, a good deal of an animal—that I was profligate in youth that I might enjoy life, and that in the good things of this life, I find life itself. I won't deny the charge. Be it so. Am I

to survive the good things, and yet cherish the life? Wherefore? What does Shylock say—whom, by-the-way, I take to be a very shrewd and sensible fellow, and a greatly ill-used rascal—

——'You take my life

When you do take the means whereby I live!'

And, when I have perilled my life a thousand times for the benefit of other people's goods, shall I not venture it for the protection of my own?'

"'But, my dear captain, there is a material difference between doing a thing with the sanction of the law, and in defiance of it.'

"'None to me! Don't you see, my dear colonel, that I am prepared to sacrifice my life with my property, and that law can in no way, exact a higher forfeit? But d—n the law! We've had enough of it for the present. Fill up your glass. You will find that Madeira fine. It is from an ancient cellar!'

"'Thank you! [Fills.] Well, my dear captain, suffer me to hope for you an escape from the clutches of the law by legitimate means!'

"'I'm obliged to you, my dear colonel; but we army men don't care much about the means, so that we effect the escape. I am for stratagem or fight, sap or storm, just as the best policy councils. Life, after all, is a constant warfare. Rogues are only enemies in lambekins, or ermine. They do not care to cut my throat so long as I have a purse to cut; they will not care to drive me to desperation, so long as it is profitable to them that I should live. I know them! I defy them! I can die without a grunt to-morrow. I have neither wife, nor child, nor mother, nor sister, to deplore my fate, or to profit by my departure. I am, with the exception of these two faithful comrades of mine, utterly alone in the world. They shall live with me while I live. They would die for me to-morrow. Were a man but to lift a finger against me, to assail my life, or my meanest fortunes, they would be into him with bullet and bayonet, and need not a signal from me.'

"That's a righteous truth, by the Hokies!" exclaimed the sergeant, with his one fist thundering down upon the table. The lieutenant's eyes brightened keenly. and he looked to the captain, but he said nothing.

"I have no doubt they are true and faithful friends, captain," said the sheriff; 'but suppose now, only suppose, I say, the sheriff was suddenly to appear among you, just as I am here now, and were to—'

"He was stopped! Stopped in an instant, as by a thunderbolt, by the prompt reply and action of Porgy.

"Suppose the sheriff in you! Ha! suppose the rest for yourself. See!"

"And with the wild, but determined look and action of a desperate man, he seized both pistols lying in the dish before him, stood up, reached as far over the table as he could, and covered the figure of the amiable, but indiscreet sheriff with both muzzles, cocking the weapons as he did so. The sheriff involuntarily dodged and threw up his hands. At the same instant, and as soon as the purpose of the superior had been understood by Millhouse and the lieutenant, they were both upon their feet—the sergeant swinging his sabre over the head of the supposed offender; while Frampton, more silent, but quite as decided, while he swung his sword aloft with one hand, grasped with the other the well-powdered shock of the sheriff, in an attitude very like that which we see employed by the ferocious Blue Beard in the opera, when the poor wife is tremblingly crying out for her brother. Here was an unpremeditated *coup de theatre*! Two swords crossed in air above the victim—two pistols, with each broad muzzle almost jammed against his own; every eye savagely fixed upon him, and all parties seeming to await only the farther word of provocation from his lips. Nothing had been more instantaneous. The subordinates were machines, to whom Porgy furnished all the impulse. Their action followed his will, as soon as it was expressed. There was no questioning it, and the amiable sheriff was so much paralyzed by the display, that it

was only with much effort that he could cry out—'But, my dear captain, don't suppose me the enemy—the assailant—the d——d sheriff or any of his myrmidons.'

"By no means, colonel; but you supposed a case in order to see whether, and how, we were prepared for it; and it was essential that you should have a proper demonstration. You have seen; be easy; fill up your glass, my dear air, and forgive my merry men here for the earnestness with which they performed their parts. They had no reason, indeed, to suppose that I was not serious. You see what chance a *bona-fide* sheriff would stand, if he aimed at any showing here!"

We are aware that in attempting to exhibit the graces and humours of captain Porgy through these brief extracts, we afford a most inadequate idea of that worthy's various excellences and attractions. The reader must refer to the book itself. We promise him an amount of mingled pathos and fun, which he will search long for elsewhere without finding it. There is indeed a peculiar and indescribable something about the entire picture which must charm every lover of genuine humour—that sympathetic quality of the heart which like a touch of nature, "makes the whole world kin," and is as different from mere comic contortions of the visage, or witty discourse, as light is from darkness. We shall not further dwell upon our favourite, or his fortunes. We grow garrulous and must pause. We are glad to reflect, however, in leaving the good partisan, that he has succeeded in fighting off the sheriff—has cleared his property of debt—that he reigns on his patrimonial acres the admiration and delight of all around him. We would go a hundred miles to dine with him—and shall await with impatience that further chronicle of his wit and wisdom which is promised us, under the title of the "Humours of Glen Eberley."

In concluding our brief and hurried notice of the characteristics of Mr. Simms' genius, we feel that we have done

him great injustice in omitting all mention even, of his other productions, and especially of his poems. It was impossible, however, in a single article, to speak of these latter as we should desire to do. The reach of imagination, curious fancy, and metaphysical depth of many of these poems, rendered it unadvisable to prevent a hurried view of them here. We shall only say that "Norman Maurice" is, in our opinion, the most vigorous and admirable tragedy ever produced in America; and that the other poems contained in the two volumes of the author's collected verses, are, many of them, of great vigour and beauty. We should like to speak, in addition of many more works from the pen of Mr. Simms, of his *Castle Dismal*, *Richard Hurdis*, *Yemassee*, *Golden Christmas*, and others which rise in our memories, like so many bright and familiar pictures—but our sketch has already extended too far.

The gentleman whose literary claims upon the country at large, and especially on the Southern land, we have thus imperfectly and most awkwardly urged, is one of those examples of excellence and honourable distinction legitimately won, which should be held up before the eyes of the coming generation. Mr. Simms has pursued his literary calling with singleness of aim and honest enthusiasm. He has loved it—and it has rewarded his

devotion. Always industrious, indeed scarcely able to remain inactive for a moment, he has produced in almost every department of literature something admirable, and stamped with the impress of his genius. He has written a history of South Carolina, a great number of biographies, many pamphlets, and occasional works upon miscellaneous subjects; and has been a constant contributor in many forms to the leading periodicals of his epoch. His defence of the part taken by the South in the Revolution was masterly, exhaustive and conclusive. As editor of the *Southern Quarterly Review* for a series of years, he was the champion and vigilant sentinel of the rights of the South—and to that cause he is prepared to devote his life. The result of this long and honourable career, unstained by a single blot, has been eminently indicative of the fact that virtue and high principle never fail to reap their reward. Mr. Simms occupies a position in the eyes of the Southern people which is most enviable. The chivalric gentleman—the accomplished scholar—the untiring defender of the South, and all its rights and interests—he is everywhere recognized as one of our most worthy citizens, and distinguished ornaments. We trust he may live many years longer, in the full enjoyment of those honours which he has deservedly secured.

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### CRAZY AND SANE.

I am dying for love of your beauty—  
 I kneel and adore you, my sweet;  
 I envy the ground you walk on,  
 The touch of your delicate feet!  
 I shall die if you do not look kindly—  
 I tremble before you and moan;  
 Your lowliest vassal beseeches  
 A smile, at the foot of the throne!

I thought that you loved me? You do not?  
 Well, women are curious things!  
 Don't be angry—how charming your hand is;  
 What exquisite bracelets and rings!  
 How prettily braided your hair is!  
 You pout, but why can't we be friends?  
 You won't be? Well, madam, good morning,  
 I loved you, but everything ends!

## LETTERS OF A SPINSTER.

*Concerning the Inauguration of the 50th President of the United States, and the Public Affairs of the 21st Century.*

## LETTER XIII.

FROM MISS JANE DELAWARE PEYTON,  
*Presently at Washington.*

TO MISS MARY TIBERIN BOONE,  
*Rasselas, Oregon.*

WASHINGTON, *Quarter of the Senate,* }  
Feb. —, A. D., 2029. }

MY DEAR MARY:

I am somewhat afraid that my last letter may have been dull and tiresome, which would be a great mistake in writing for the amusement as well as information of another. I fear you may have thought my history of the building of the Capitol, occupying in all a period of about two centuries had nothing to do with its present state, uses and appearance, and might as well have been dispensed with altogether. If so I shall be sorry, for I meant to interweave the history of the building with its description for the purpose of giving it an interest and connection, which it might else have wanted: and if, in so doing, I have made myself tiresome and prosy, I have only fallen into one fault for the sake of avoiding another. In truth, I did not think that you would be either informed or interested with mere details were they ever so minute or so true. I remembered in our former conversations about descriptive writing, we equally recognized the strong power and the necessity of association in enlivening and bringing out such imagery. By aid of dimension and colour merely, we make no impression—have no hold either on the fancy or the heart. The ivied ruin claims our attention by its memories. An Indian gazing on the fairest picture of the ruins of the Parthenon would be unmoved, but show him a lovely landscape, or a water-fall, and his heart and imagination would both be touched. The palace and the senate-house require a dominion and a

history. Even the solemn temple must have a worship belonging to it, else colonnade and spire, buttress and battlement are painted for us in vain. It is for lack of this charm of association that so many narrators become vapid and obscure, nor does its use even in large measure impair or distort the accuracy of delineation. It is merely the mordaunt, which bites the pattern into the memory. This is the ingredient from which is distilled the spell of the poet—the *vis viva* which imprints and perpetuates his creations.

There are two descriptions in our language, one in the lightest of verse;—the ballad epic of Scott: and the other in the heaviest:—the sounding and impassioned measure of Byron, where the associations are so similar, so differently applied, and withal, so powerful as to present good examples of poetic skill. I allude to the Melrose Abbey of the Lay and the Coliseum of Manfred. In these fine verses which dwell forever in the memory, how strongly is the spell I have spoken of felt? How many descriptions might one have read of these mighty ruins, by guide-book tourists, giving dimension of nave, transept, cloister, arch and tower: how many pictures, prints or paintings in the highest style of art might we have looked at and studied: nay, how many times might we have wandered about and contemplated the ruins themselves in our proper persons, before they became fixed as they are by the magic of the verse—

“When the broken arches are black in  
night,  
And the shafted oriel glimmers white;  
When buttress and buttress alternately  
Seemed formed of ebon and ivory—  
When silver traces the imagery  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and  
to die;  
When distant Tweed is heard to rave  
And the owl hoots o’er the dead man’s  
grave.”

The other—the description of the Gladiator's Bloody Circus, looms out grand and gloomy from the thickening associations which the rapt poet has thrown around it. There is between the two pictures a strong resemblance in the accidents chosen, though in the one they become soft, sad and holy; and in the other stern, gloomy and despairing—

"The trees which grew along the broken  
arches  
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the  
stars  
Shone through the rents of ruin : from afar  
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber :  
and  
More near from out the Cæsar's palace  
came  
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
Begun and died upon the gentle wind."

The spell in the one case is like a requiem ; in the other the despairing wail of eternal death.

By the way, you will find moonlight grand, solemn moonlight, a very trying menstruum to apply to any kind of architecture except the Gothic, unless indeed the object examined be in ruins. In plain, straight-lined and perfect edifices the lights and shadows in moonlight become so harsh and solid as to make interferences and displacements that offend by their directness. Thus the portico of the east front of the Capitol, seen by the light of a full moon, with the shadows of the columns and statues thrown back upon the walls, puts one in mind of a deranged curiosity shop. I do not, for my own part, think that statues should ever be placed near a colonnade. It produces disagreement without contrast, which is the most offensive of all faults.

But let us finish the chateau—the North and South Capitols, which are wings to the part I have already been so long describing, are similar in the exterior, and built of dark grey or rather reddish granite. The foundations were laid about the middle of the 20th century. These wings are six hundred feet in length, and one hundred and twenty feet high, below the towers. The style of

architecture is what has since been called American, and in the interior arrangement, the mode of lighting and ventilating, as also in the decorations, was in most respects original at the time of its construction. The main line of each wing is crossed in the middle of its length by a spacious transept, through which are the principal and state entrances to the building. The transepts project beyond the front, and are entered through a lofty arched portal, over which rises a square tower ascending about twenty feet above the roof. The eastern and western ends of the wings are terminated also by square projecting towers. The eastern end of the north wing is surrounded by an open balcony on the level of the raised platform in the hall of the Constitution, above which rises a light dome nearly of the style of the Santa Croce. The east end of the southern wing has a similar arrangement. It contains the chapel, and is surmounted by a tall, dark spire, not round but pyramidal, with an oblong base.

The lower part or basement of both north and south wings is of massive masonry with plain buttresses, and low arched doors and windows shaped *à fleur de lis*—above this and bounded by a broad plat-band rest the columns of the peristyle which, with the exception of the transept and projections at the east and west ends, surround the whole building. On the north and south outward fronts the colonnade projects four times the diameter of the shaft from the walls. The columns are fluted and seventy-five feet in height. Their capitals are formed by four closed eagles, the beaks serving for volutes; the wings touching and the feet being covered by a fillet of grotesque foliage. Light is admitted into the two lower stories by a series of richly decorated windows which ornament the exterior without breaking it into rectilinear compartments. The upper stories and principal rooms are lighted from the roof and from the interior. In no part of the edifice has the skill and taste of the architect been more successful than in the graceful combinations by which he has relieved the whole façade from



the straight-lined and chequered divisions which are produced by a long series of square windows. No department of architecture has been so much indebted to the leafy and prurient taste of the middle ages as that of Fenestration. It was certainly a main excellence in the Gothic and mediæval architecture that it softened and bent into graceful shapes the severe perpendiculars of the Greek, and the nearly as graceless roundities of the Roman models—substituting strong beauty for plain strength and, hanging leafy coronals of stone about the pillars and portals of church and palace as if to forestall the ivy wreaths of Time.

This taste seems not to have been congenial to Washington at first. In several of the most costly buildings here, the whole exterior has been perforated with oblong holes of nearly similar dimension, giving to the front the appearance of a school-boy's slate ruled into compartments for arithmetical exercises. These apertures in many instances have neither scroll, leaf, wreath or moulding to relieve them from tameness and uniformity. The first improvement in this arch-quakerish manner is discernible about the middle of the nineteenth century. Then the top of the window began to be slightly arched: the eye-opening of the science. Then the arch was more fully turned and decorated; after that pendants were added, and at length the whole window began to project and assume all the illimitable graces of the bay and the oriel. In all buildings, public or private, the management and elaboration of the windows is the most difficult part of the builder's mystery. In both the north and the south Capitol there are some magnificent windows. One of them, called the Florida window, is set in a wealth of ornature in which the full and rich fruits and foliage of that region are most happily combined. This kind of florid or grotesque decoration as it has been called, originated I believe in Italy, among the jewellers, who finding that the vines and creeping plants about grottoes, presented leaves and fruits of more varied and stronger outline than

those growing in the open air, copied them for borders and illustrations. This sort of embellishment, when introduced into architecture, found greater scope, and was not confined to the unnatural productions of grottoes, but comprehended also the common and better known specimens of vegetation. Of this license the architect of the modern Capitol availed himself to the full limit; so that in some part or other of the building, on some pedestal, capital, tympan, corbel or entablature will be found either in wreath or cluster every variety of the foliage and fruits of the continent. It may be said of it as of the old Abbaye—

"Spreading herbs and flowrets bright  
Glistened with the dew of night:  
Nor herb nor flowret glistened there  
But were carved on the cloistered arches  
as fair."

This wealth of decoration has been combined by kindreds—so that if in one place you have the prurient, fig, cactus and lime with their compeers of forest and garden; in another quarter is seen the maize, wheat, peach and melon wreathed with coronals from the hardier woods for

"Oh the oak and the ash and the bouny  
holly tree,  
They flourish best at home in the north  
countrie."

The faces of the north and south Capitol opposite to those we have been describing—those fronting on the court or quadrangle, are of a different and lighter style of architecture. The colonnades are lower and wider than those on the main fronts, rising only to half the entire elevation. The intervals are arched, the extradados rising into a light and open screen of scroll work, serving as a parapet to a spacious and elevated promenade which extends the whole length of the building. This arrangement gives to the court of quadrangle when seen from the East, the appearance of a theatre, affording elevated places for about 20,000 people, with the capacity of holding about as many more.

The shafts of the colonnade are light,

each composed of seven pieces bound with wreaths, the bases being richly decorated with floral ornament. The columns terminate in a broad fillet with four circular garlands, one in the middle of each side. From the corners of the capital rise combined stalks of maize and banana, the leaves and fruit being gracefully intermingled and wrought together, while in the centre of each piece, clusters of grapes with figs and apples are imbedded in a wealth of kindred foliage. These combinations make the front and inner face of each capital. From the two other faces, instead of the acanthus volute of the older architecture, spring wreathed branches with all manner of leaves, the laurel, oak, fir and orange, which spread out into the intrados of the arch, of which the body of the capital is the impost. The effect of this style gives a spreading airy and sylvan appearance, which is at once light, bold and graceful. Over the parapet above each column stands a vase intended ultimately to be replaced by a statue. Looking at the capacious balconies from the upper windows or dome of the west capitol, we are reminded of those fanciful Egyptian drawings in which Martin and his compeers (trusting partly to disinterred ruins and partly to imagination) attempted to delineate the lost splendours of Nineveh and Babylon. Only here, in every instance utility has been first considered, and the gratification of taste made only a secondary consideration. Balconies, in temperate climates, are an essential part of every house, whether public or private, affording space for exercise, and a free communion with nature, with the beneficent sky and the healthful wind.

The main corridor or nave of each wing is lighted from the roof, nearly the whole of which is composed of thick glass. This glass is carried, with only necessary interruptions, all over the rooms of the upper stories, as also over the large hall of the Constitution in the north Capitol and the chapel which, makes the eastern termination of the southern wing. This arrangement, which converts the main communications into

lofty arcades, and lights all the galleries, is not only imposing, giving opportunity for almost unlimited decoration, but is besides economical, there being no room lost from want of light or inconvenience of access. In this respect the modern building is greatly superior to the ancient or western Capitol, where a whole mile of stair-case and corridor is obliged to be kept lighted by lamps in the day time as well as at night. In the modern Capitol the lower rooms are lighted through windows in the outer walls; and the upper ones from the roof and the interior, giving to the main communication a light and airy character, as if the long aisles of a Cathedral church had been opened from above. The use of glass in building for walls as well as roofs, dates from the year 1851, the year in which was constructed the great Crystal palace for the exhibition of the industry of all nations. This immense enclosure was constructed almost entirely of glass and iron, an idea derived from the large conservatories and Arboreta which had been constructed in England by the wealthy English nobles of that period. Since this time glass has been used in building to an extent not previously thought of, and has contributed not a little to the elegance, simplicity and economy of construction.

The Southern wing of the Capitol, at its eastern end contains the chapel of the edifice. It is opposite to the hall of the Constitution in the northern wing, which I have described to you in a former letter. In this chapel there are religious services every Sunday during the sessions of Congress, and here the bodies of deceased statesmen and high public officers are laid in state until their burial. There being no dominant or established church, the religious services are conducted indiscriminately by the clergy of the city who may be acting for the time as chaplains to either house. As this chamber is never used for any secular purpose, for concerts, lectures or exhibitions, it preserves a consecrated character, and the rites celebrated therein have almost an ecclesiastical unction. At each side of the altar is a group of statuary

somewhat above the natural size—the one representing the commencement and the other the termination of a happy life. The principal figure in the one is a young mother giving from her bosom its first nourishment to a new born infant. The other represents a man in the extremity of age, dying in the arms of his children. Each group has three figures. They were executed by a young and nameless sculptor, but even the hardest iconoclast must admit that they are here properly placed, acting as hopeful incentives to a virtuous life, and fitting accompaniments to the holy exhortations which should always be uttered from between them. The chapel is capacious and lofty, having four tiers of open work gallery on each side. These are attached to and supported by thin palm-like columns, spreading under the roof into capitals, composed of four broad serrated leaves, divided by pine-apples and lighter fruits. The colour of the whole interior is that of dark bronze. The floor is of plain dark coloured marble without fixed seats or stalls, these being dispensed with or supplied as occasion may require. The choir, which has a fine organ, and an elaborately carved screen, occupies one entire side of the chapel, and has place for I know not how large an orchestra.

In the earlier years of the government it was customary to have religious ceremonies—prayers and a sermon on Sunday in the hall of the Representatives—the officiating priest being designated by the Speaker of the house. But this was a service which the clergy did not like, and it was soon found to be wanting in one principal element of true devotion. The hall itself was purely secular—was not only destitute of all religious associations to either preacher or hearer; but could be to either of them only suggestive of party or political strife. The priest had but a general connection with his audience; and to him the principal object must frequently be the display of his own clerical capacity and power. Indeed in every instance he would be selected in reference to this very qualification. The dedication of a portion of the immense pile exclusively

to religious services and ceremonies, separated from all secular affinities, was an appropriate and fitting acknowledgment of our dependence upon divine power and favour, and gave to the prayers, celebrations or obsequies performed in this place, a consecrated character which would have been wanting had they been performed elsewhere. The galleries curve slightly toward the altar, augmenting by this artifice the apparent intervals between the columns, and producing to the eye the effect of increased distance.

I have thus, my dear M., endeavoured to give you an idea of the chateau of the Capitol, garnished with such historic mementoes as I thought would interest you. It is, as I said before, an example of the progress of art in our nation, of which, I doubt not, it is destined to give yet further developments hereafter. They already speak of filling up the open or eastern side of the quadrangle. If so the new building will doubtless far excel its predecessors. For the present adieu.

J. D. P.

#### LETTER XIV.

WASHINGTON, *Quarter of the Senate,* }  
February th, A. D., 2029.

MY DEAR MARY:

In my last two or three letters, we have occupied ourselves with Architecture, Statuary and Painting, considering them as mementoes and exponents of the arts, sciences and civilization of the present and former times. It will be some relief if not amusement—as the grand ceremonial is still some days distant—to change the subject from Physics to Metaphysics—to criticise the people as well as their houses, and say something of the inhabitants of the elaborate edifices we have been describing, their appearance, habits, duties, occupations, and manners. I told you in a former letter, that I had as yet seen little of the Legislature, and had never heard a debate, or even a great speech. The truth is, I had then had no opportunity. Great speeches are not like Falstaff's reasons, as plenty as black-

berries; and when we first arrived here, the meetings of Congress commencing after dinner, it was inconvenient, unpleasant, and, indeed, nearly impossible for gentlewomen, without equipages or attendants of their own, to be present at the debates. As the Session is now approaching its conclusion, the business at present being more in the chambers than in the committees, they meet earlier in the day, and attendance is more practicable, though even now it is necessary to go early and in a loose dress, as a security against fainting from perfume and pressure, if not excitement: for to any one, country-bred like myself, the ideas of "Araby the blest" are not improved by the liberal distribution of its essences and odours in any Washington assembly. For my part, though perhaps it may be accounted an old-maidity, I prefer vegetable to animal odours—new-made hay to musk—and like them rather delicate than strong. Indeed, I doubt whether those are not best which are imperceptible—like the Clown's music in the play—"If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again."

We arrived at our places in the gallery of the Senate, about an hour before the commencement of the session. These galleries are wide and surround the chamber on all sides, but the privileged portion of them, to which you are admitted by ticket, is the part immediately in the rear of the President's seat. When we arrived a few of the Senators were already in their seats, and there were present, also, sundry other small notabilities: proprietors of little claims and managers of petty interests, for until after prayers the chamber is free to everybody. The audience continued to increase rapidly, so that before the sitting was formally opened, all the galleries were closely filled and even crowded, about four-fifths of those present being gentlewomen. This, I am told, is the case every day, no matter what may be the subject of deliberation. To day, however, there was some reason for an extraordinary attendance, as the main business to be taken up was the question of admitting the new State of Oonashka.

I have told you, in a former letter, some of the reasons why questions of this kind are always of paramount interest, affecting the political character of the Senate by the addition of two members, and in that respect offering an inducement to the strongest of two parties, when they are nearly balanced, to erect new States, and thereby strengthen their majorities and continue their power in the same way as English prime ministers have heretofore been supported by the creation of new Peers. In our country this problem has one certain condition, and that is, that the Senators from newly erected States will always support the administration, or the party which brings them into power, and they are, therefore, always on that side which is most popular. The inducement to the admission of new States is not as strong, nor the thing itself as effectual, now, that there are seventy States, as it was when there were only thirteen, but its influence is perceptible even at the present time.

If I was a little surprised at the number of the audience present, which I should estimate at about three thousand, my surprise was much increased at the preponderance of our own sex in its composition. It seemed to me as if the highest council of the nation were sitting at the feet of about two thousand ladies, all at perfect leisure and in grand tenue, outshining, in the splendour of their appointments, the plainer and less elaborated males employed with affairs of State below them. As if the time of womens-rights had returned upon us, when the ambitious of our sex were determined to be uppermost in every transaction: were to be all queen-bees in this bustling human hive. But on a further reflection, I found a more painful inquiry presenting itself as thus: from how many palaces of the great, the renowned, or the merely rich, is the presiding deity absent? and among the dwellings of the lower and more humble, how many dinners will be undone, or spoiled: how many children unkempt, unschooled and uncared for: these appropriate and necessary duties being pre-empted for the indulgence of an unde-

coming and profitless dissipation. You know I am free to make such reflections, as disinterested and a looker on, being myself stranger, spinster and traveller, and hence entitled, in a three-fold degree, to be a self-constituted censor of manners. Some of the ladies had brought with them books, pamphlets and newspapers, to occupy the time necessarily spent by the legislators beneath them in the preliminaries and intervals of debate; but the chamber was soon too densely packed to admit much edification or display of this character.

At the hour of meeting the Senate was called to order by the President, and the Chaplain, for the time-being, opened the Session with prayer. The prayer was brief, fervent, and uttered in tone which indicated not a formulary, but a sincere and humble supplication, and had the effect of composing not only the Chamber, but the whole assemblage. There is no set form for this act of devotion, though I believe all the Episcopal sects use a prayer set forth by the bishops or councils of their churches. The clergy of the Calvinistic communions make extempore prayers, suited to the occasion, and are said sometimes to mingle with them their private opinions upon matters under discussion in the chambers. On some occasions it would, doubtless, be difficult for a true priest to refrain from references to public affairs of importance; he would, perhaps, think, and think rightly, that it was his duty to refer to them; and his invocations in these respects, if made in a heart-felt and reverent manner, must necessarily have great weight. This effect, however, must always depend more upon the character of the priest than upon that of his exhortations. Among the informal prayers there will, doubtless, occur specimens made on the *ad captandum* principle, from which the clergy are not wholly exempt, though they constantly remind us that the Pharisees are all to be damned for it. A preventive to indulgence in this vein, is found in the presence of the reporters, who, though not holding it a part of their official duty to stenograph either prayers or sermons, still never miss any peculi-

arity of this kind which will tell. Among the prayers preserved in this way is one made in behalf of General Jackson, in which the Almighty was invoked to bestow upon the President the wisdom of Pallas, the strength of Hercules, and the constancy of Jupiter Stator. Another instance is mentioned where a Chaplain of the Senate having used happily, in his official prayer, a line from one of the poets,

"Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea,"

and finding, about twenty years afterward, that the same line had been used for a similar illustration, in a toast drank at a public dinner, reclaimed it with much emphasis as his property, in a letter published in the official newspaper. Such conduct is more indicative of conceit than piety, and would make it very questionable whether the parson was at all cognizant of his proper office. It is true that exhibitions of this kind of pedantic folly are quite uncommon—they would be avoided entirely by a prescribed form. For my own part, I think that public prayers should always be made in this manner. The priest who proffers them is not merely making his own supplications, but is leading the devotions of others, and can certainly do it most effectually by following an established order. For private prayers the case is entirely different. But I forget you are a better theologian than myself, who am somewhat irregular, and think it no sin to be a Calvinist at home and a Catholic in the church.

The propriety of the chamber having thus been established, the ordinary business was proceeded with, which consisted in reading the Journal of the previous sitting, followed by the presentation and reference of communications and reports, and other matters of routine.

The rules, forms, and terms used in all deliberative assemblies in this country, from the meeting of a joint-stock company up to the Legislature of the Republic, are all derived from, and, indeed, identical with, those of the English Parliaments. Among us, from the meeting of school-boys, or school-girls—elves and fairies—

who determine to stint themselves in ginger-bread and bon-bons for the purpose of presenting their teacher with a snuff-box, or an album, up to the congress of aged and grave citizens who meet to present grievances, or applaud public service, there must always be a Mr. or a Mrs. President—two or three movers, as many amenders—questions put, carried or lost—a vote of thanks to the chairman for ability, dignity, courtesy and impartiality—and an adjournment. All this process is in the egg of every good citizen of this great nation. The forms of the English Parliaments, from which all this is derived, originated, for the most part, in a semi-barbarous age, far removed from the present civilization, and prior to the almost miraculous devices for preserving and imparting knowledge, which belong to modern times; and many, if not most of them, have for this reason become entirely inapplicable, while the technicalities being, nevertheless, preserved, they seem to inexperienced an unnecessary and unmeaning nomenclature. All Legislative Acts must originate either by petition and report, or on leave; and while in the preliminary or inchoate state, or while under discussion, take the name either of Bill or Resolution. In the British Parliament, it was provided that every Bill, or Resolution, must be read three different times before the question could be taken upon its final passage. This regulation being evidently designed to give a full opportunity to the members to become acquainted with the provisions and character of the enactment, and to prevent hasty or surreptitious legislation—the better to ensure which, it was further provided, that no two readings should be made on the same day without unanimous consent. At present every bill, at the time of its introduction, is read by its title—that is, nothing but the title is read; and though the second reading may be objected to, it seems very rarely or never to be done; so that the two readings, separated so carefully by our good ancestors, are in fact no readings at all. The original form of the proceeding is thus preserved, while the use of it is entirely disregarded.

Notwithstanding your lesson about pedantry and quotations, I am tempted here to slip in the often quoted Latin, "*Multa sunt consuetudine;*" or, if you will take my translation from Mophistopheles, you will find it more to the purpose—

"Statutes and rights

Come to us by descent, as men inherit  
Their ancestors' diseases. They progress  
From one race or one country to another;  
Till the reason of a law becomes a folly,  
And its first benefit is turned a plague."

In the matter of these legislative readings, the necessity for the primitive regulations no longer exists. For as almost every paper presented to the chambers is printed by thousands, the public reading of them becomes a mere waste of time. And as the printing of by far the greater part of them is an enormous waste of money, it is difficult to tell which of the two, the absurdity or the extravagance, is most to be condemned. At one period of the Government the cost of the printing for Congress amounted to four millions of dollars annually, or about a fifteenth part of the whole expense of the Government; and, though more economically managed now, it continues still to be a much abused branch of the public service. Should I have time, and you continue to endure my reveries, I propose to give you a particular account of this branch of administration in some future letter.

An important formula, derived also from the English Parliaments, is that of demanding the question. Any Bill, or Resolution, can be debated till its third reading, every member having a right to be heard on the subject. To protect this right, as well as to prevent its abuse by interminable and useless discussion, the English adopted the preliminary known technically as the previous question, which is simply a decision by the majority that the chamber is ready to vote on the main proposition, and that further discussion is unnecessary. This question is usually settled *eo nomine*, without stating it in terms, and as it is always in the power of the majority, it hence becomes liable to abuse, by pre-

venting the other party from being fairly heard. For many years it had never been put in the Senate of the United States, but was avoided by voting previously that the question should be taken at a certain hour on some future day. It seems absolutely necessary in a large assembly, else the debates would become endless, and is one of the expedients resorted to for terminating the rights of a losing party without violating proper courtesy. Among primitive nations, and in judicial decisions, various are the expedients resorted to for this amiable purpose. Thus it was the practice in the criminal courts of some nations, to light a candle on the rendition of a verdict, the sentence not being pronounced until it had burnt out, during which time any formal objection, or appeal, could be heard on the part of the culprit. In important sales at auction, it was long the custom to light a small piece of candle at the commencement of the sale, by the duration of which the strife of bidding was to be limited. In Scotland, the selling by the "doup o' a cawnel" continued till the times of Burns and Scott.

There are several other technical procedures, apparently both inconsistent and nonsensical, which have been derived from the same source, and were originally intended to prevent the reconsideration of subjects which had already been determined by vote. But the grand expedient in modern legislation, and which makes all other mere formal devices unnecessary, is the suspension of the rules. This can be done at any time by two-thirds of a chamber, and puts the body which resorts to it above all law for that particular occasion.

The ordinary routine was thus proceeded in until the hour had arrived, previously determined upon, to resume the special business of the day, to wit: the Bill for the admission of Oonalashka as the seventy first State of the confederacy. The question, so far as I can understand it, which is only so far as it is disconnected from personal interests and aspirations, was simply whether the proceedings of the people of the territory, in their primary assembly, or convention,

for the formation of a Constitution, had been conducted in conformity to law and prescription: and whether its record, or the process verbal, was now properly authenticated before the Legislature of the Union. It seemed to me a question of fact and form merely—altogether of a practical character—and I was as much astounded at the quantity of verbiage used in its discussion, at the references to sovereignty, delegated rights, reserved rights, and such like abstractions—the resort, on all sides, to first principles and theories of government, as I should be to hear a charity sermon preached upon the doctrine of predestination, or of the real presence. Indeed, throughout the whole debate, the ingenuity of false argumentation was the fact most patent to my observation; and I could not help thinking that the validity of the principle, if there really was any involved in the discussion, might as well have been determined by a game at cricket between the parties; or, if the contest must, in credit to the assembly, be a metaphysical one, then, in the attack and defence of any arbitrary thesis, to be chosen at will. But if I was surprised at the character of the discussion in this respect, that surprise was considerably modified when I learned that, for the most part, the Legislators who use such arguments have no belief in them themselves, but are literally forced to adopt them, either to cover up false ground of their own, or from the necessity of meeting similar rhetoric arrayed on the other side, and which, if left unanswered, might damage them at home. This kind of talk is called speaking to Buncombe, that having been, I suppose, the name of some district where the people were, at the same time, Thebans and long-winded. From this cause whole hours and days are spent in defining terms, laying down uncontroverted axioms, until the most plain and solid matters are sublimated into a vapour of words.

This was peculiarly the character of the first set speech, which it was my fortune to listen to in this august assembly. The Senator from Parawana spoke on what is at present the popular side of the ques-

tion, and it was truly painful to listen to a person of such worth, talent and dignity of manner, evidently arguing in defence of a prevalent opinion, but against his own convictions not only of right, but of expediency. I say, evidently, for throughout the whole oration there was

"a kind of confession in his looks which his modesty had not craft enough to cover,"

giving assured evidence of the conflict going on within. I think that statesman must stand in fearful proximity to eternal damnation, who can allow himself, in his high office to mislead public opinion: to move the great depths of popular sentiment for ends merely partisan or personal: for though the Scriptures say that the works of the wicked man shall praise God, they do not any where intimate an immunity to the operator; and it is really lamentable, and scarcely consistent with the doctrine of intellectual and moral progress, to witness what slight shades of difference, carefully and wickedly wrought up, have already been sufficient to originate a party Shibboleth and distract the Government by banding one half of the citizens against the other.

The Senator who opened the debate is in the prime of life, being, I should think, about forty-five, somewhat above the ordinary stature of men and of a goodly presence. The complexion is dark, the eye clear, full and rather prominent; the forehead square, but not high, shaded with dark brown curled hair, which one might fancy as belonging to Achilles, or Marc Antony. The lower part of the face indicates mildness rather than decision, and the whole bearing is graceful and winning. The voice is strong, filling the chamber without any apparent effort of the speaker, and managed skilfully, so as to be constantly in potency where its greater powers are required—in the fervid passages it becomes somewhat harsh and is made expressive by emphasis rather than modulation. The gestures are quiet. The determined indication of the finger: the startling slap of the hand, and the conclusive thump upon the table, are no part of his manual, and the speech

is aided rather by the illumination of the countenance and the flash of the eye, than any action of the more subordinate members. From what I have already said you will be aware that the speech necessarily lacked one great element of true eloquence—that is sincerity, and therefore must be estimated as belonging to the bar, rather than to the Senate; but on that account it may also be held as a good specimen of the taste and talent of the speaker, and his skill in conciliating an audience, so as to substitute sound instead of sense; for, as an argument, I cannot believe that his speech would tell either in the Senate or out of it, except as an overture of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," played to apprise the country that the speaker had good reasons for advocating the side upon which he appeared. I send it to you; or you will find it in all the newspapers, and can judge for yourself. You will see that there is great exuberance of patriotic technicalities in it, such as "inalienable rights:" "free institutions:" "march of empire:" "voice of the people:" "blood of our forefathers:" and such like terms, which answer the same purpose as "justification"—"sanctification"—"election"—"predestination," do in an indifferent sermon. Where such expletives come thick, you may be sure they cover nothing. And yet that little organ, the human voice, has most miraculous power! A speech like this, delivered by a dull man with a bad and ill-stopped voice, would be intolerable, and might produce yawning and spasms even in the best disposed and attentive auditory; but in the mouth of this highly favoured and distinguished Senator, became not only sufferable and pleasant, but was here and there made luminous and refreshing, by illustrations which had only one defect, and that was, that they had no relation to the subject. It was a good specimen of what some satirist has said of a book—

"A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't."

—He was followed by a person of a very



different character, whom I will endeavour to give you some idea of in my next letter. Adieu,

J. D. P.

#### LETTER XV.

WASHINGTON, *Quarter of the Senate,* }  
February —th, A. D., 2029. }

MY DEAR MARY :

The personage who next took part in the debate, and who bears among his compeers the cognomen of Brutus, is in most respects different from the first speaker and neither the man nor his words are easily forgotten. He too, is rather above the ordinary size of men, and not only the frame, which is strongly built and massive, but all its movements give you an idea of firmness and command. The head is well set and balanced, and from the broad brow there springs a high and vaulted forehead, reminding one of those heads of Shakespeare, which are most consonant with our imaginings of the poet. Beneath this

“Dome of thought and palace of the soul,”

in deep set niches, there lie in wait eyes, large, dark and lustrous, the *genii loci* and exponents of the mysteries within. Masses of dark, straight hair fall on either side, sedgy and thick, like those of a seaking. The nose is straight and prominent: the cell of the nostril being dilate and muscular: the mouth is small, the lips strong and when composed, as they are in the repose of the features, are slightly curved downward at the extremities, giving to the countenance an expression rather severe than serene. But when the mental machine within begins its movement and the first low sounding of the mighty voice is heard, then the outward movements of the face are seen to run through the most infinitely varied changes, and it becomes truly

——— “a book, where men  
May read strange matters.”

The voice is clear, yet mellow and of much compass, varying from the loud surge of

a *de profundis*, to the high and swelling melody of a *Hallelujah*. But the great charm of the orator is his sincere and earnest manner,—the perfect self-possession and modesty with which he approaches the question, as if it had been unconsidered, until the very time at which he is speaking—as if the opinions he is about to set forth and defend were as yet unconceived and unshapen in his own mind. Upon the present occasion, the first sentences of his speech were short—slowly and distinctly spoken, with long pauses between. They were not commonplace, nor complimentary, nor apologetic, nor promissory: but essential, axioms, the advanced posts of the argument—the planting of the standards and cannon. As he proceeded, the words came thicker, uttered still in a voice low and peremptory, in sounds like the tread of an armed host at midnight, giving promise of power yet unseen. As by degrees he became conscious that he had command both of himself and the Senate, and was leading the thoughts of all who heard him, he produced each in its proper place and sequence his array of facts, showing their relation to each other and to the question, and clothing them with a wealth of happy yet simple illustration, which gave them, as it were, a real presence to us all. In doing this, he never reiterated the same thought, or reproduced or insisted upon previous conclusions, but his argument was managed and worked up like a picture; where we first are made to appreciate the accuracy of outline, and watch with delight as the artist fills in the detail, here bringing out a light and there deepening a shadow, till the whole design comes out upon the canvass, natural, life-like and true. All this was done quietly. Even in the most fervid portions of his speech there was little more of gesture than would have been requisite in ordinary conversation. The distinct and well modulated utterance, the legible change of feature and the well stopped and measured pauses, served always to complete the meaning or sentiment to be conveyed. Indeed this distinguished person is as effective in his pauses as in the march of his discourse.

His is no gushing, brawling rivulet, dashing onward in its useless course from rapid to fall, and from fall to pool, but a great broad river, kept always full and placid, where at each abrupt change of level, the current has been veired and sluiced and converted into a motive-power for machinery of the most fertile and all grasping invention. Ah, *ma mie*, it was a grand display of human power, to behold so many groups of living men converted into statues—to feel, as it were the deepening silence, and see the faces of a whole assembly turning gradually to the speaker as by the fascination of a spell. Nor was the termination of this magical incantation less appropriate and graceful than the charm itself. There was no lengthened wordiness in the leave-taking, though with powers like this, a psœan might be made of emptiness—no

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“bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,”

no egotism or palaver. The speech had obliterated the orator even to himself, and as he gradually relaxed and at length wholly withdrew the bands which he had thrown about us, and it became evident that the terminating sentences were at hand, it was with a feeling of regret that we found ourselves about to be liberated from a trance so delightful and left to ourselves. Immobility and silence continued for some moments after the melodious discourse had ceased, as if men were unwilling to return to their own thoughts, business and desires, after having been so long sublimated by such a heavenly colloquy.

To one simple minded and uninformed, it were painful to think that such powers might be arrayed on the wrong side—that this seraphim might be led to war against the most highest. But after what I have told you in a former letter, of the effects of eloquence in the present day, you will readily enough, though reluctantly, conceive that even should such burning words be spent on the wrong argument, they would have little effect upon the decision of the chambers. The leaders heed not the voice of the charmer, though he charm ever so wisely. They

are mail-clad against all such weapons as this, and order their forces by inducements much less potent and more powerful. This is but the music and not the artillery of the army.

I have been thus particular in describing to you the person and manner of this distinguished Senator, because I esteem him as the model of a great orator and pure patriot. The first part of the definition is to my mind certain. Alas for the last! that it should admit even of a doubt! Let us not doubt it even, if for this purpose, it should be necessary to adopt the convenient philosophy of Corporal Nym, “things must be as they may.” Through the whole of his discourse upon the present occasion, which was certainly not one requiring all the powers of such an orator, the impression was as that of an Athlètè coming slowly and confidently to the performance of some great feat of strength. There was first the baring of the arms—the tenting, proving and dallying with the opposing force—the grapple—the wrestle, and the final overthrow, concluding with a good-natured conge and adieu to the spectators. I might, perhaps, rather compare him to some mighty engine, which, when its valves first begin to open, and its pistons to move, groans and vibrates inarticulately: but when the inertia has been overcome, careers away in triumph, every movement being perfect, and every sound musical. In the debate I am writing about, he took the practical side of the question, and when he came among the theories, verbiage, and slang patriotism, which had been set forth on the other side, the damage inflicted upon it with so heavy and unsparing a hand, was interspersed here and there with flashes of wit and sarcasm, not the less telling because they were always impersonal and polite.

The person who followed and answered this speech from the other side of the chamber, is in almost every respect, voice, manner and presence, the opposite of his predecessor in debate. He is, I should think, rather under than over the usual stature of men, spare and lightly formed, with fair complexion and light features, and an abundance of light hair. This,

as if conscious of its value, he has permitted to attain a length reaching nearly to his shoulder, and setting off, as with a halo, the almost feminine countenance. The dress was of the finest material, with here and there a jewel, and scrupulously in the mode, aiding the idea which every observer must form at first, that we were about to encounter a critic, made so from constitutional delicacy of organization—one to whom discord, disagreement or inconsequence, would be insufferable—a man of infinite objections, whose chief weapon would be ridicule and satire. In short, the Halifax of the Senate. The voice of this remarkable person is clear, and penetrating, and he uses it at times with a rapidity of utterance, that puts one in mind of the roll of kettle-drums in a grand march, or point of war. His manner is entirely different from that of the other Senators we have already spoken of. With him, there is no deference to those opposed to him—no wish to conciliate or persuade. He does not permit any supposition that he may be on the wrong side himself, and is open to conversion, but puts forth bravely his manifesto and levies war by every species of conscription. In this he loses, to a certain extent, the fellowship of his hearers; for men are always offended at a superiority too fiercely urged—but he keeps with him the great charm of all speaking, that of sincerity—no one can for a moment believe that he is not in earnest. He is abundant in gesture—a very he-Pythonesse. He rides his argument, like a Roman-horseman, without saddle or stirrup and with an entirely loose rein. He deals much in question and answer; giving out a whole catechism of interrogatories, with brief pauses between, which he straightway answers with commentaries copiously illustrated, and in a glorious roll of diction, which it seems beyond the power of the speaker to control. He has also the singular advantage belonging to none that I have ever seen before of his temperament—and that is, he is always distinctly heard.

His treatment of the question was such as you might have expected from a person whose forte must naturally lie in look-

ing for faults and sifting for differences. He never spoke of a theory or a statement intrinsically right or wrong. Its validity was tested always by the general character of the party, or faction, by which it had been promulgated or appropriated: and his hypercritical skill was always brought into requisition to attack or defend the rulers and not the laws—the evangelist and not the gospel. A doctrine which had been assented to or adopted by both parties, was a non-entity with him and beneath his consideration. In carrying on this species of warfare, he dealt severely with politicians who had changed their opinions and reviewed passages of contemporaneous history in a manner which must have given little satisfaction to those who had been concerned in them. The speech was evidently piquant and entertaining to those

“Who had no friend or brother there,”

and is highly applauded in the journals. For this person, and it is perhaps a principal one of the many good points about him, has been a most liberal and intelligent patron of Literature and Science. For my own part, I think that debate of this character, judging of measures by their authors, and censuring the agent instead of the act, is both unworthy and unbecoming. It seems to me that both integrity and patriotism should be presumed to be qualities so necessary in the Legislature, as to make inferences of the want of them, an insult both to the members and their constituents. Besides personal character should certainly have no weight in deciding upon public measures. A Senator should not be one of those “who will not serve God if the devil bid him.” It has been said, I know, by some dealer in maxims, that an immoral or wicked person can neither institute nor effect a great idea. That Mirabeau could never have founded a Republic, and that if Copernicus had not been an ecclesiastic, his theory would not have been received, (its reception was bad enough at any rate,) until a much later period. We all readily enough admit the weight and value which a pure and virtuous life gives to

wisdom and talent, when they are happily connected : but it seems to me that to speak of such defects in a public debate, is about equivalent to introducing obscenities into common conversation, and equally an indication of weak judgment and depraved taste.

Before the last speaker concluded, the night had set in, and the chamber had already, for some time, been lighted up. This was done quite imperceptibly by some unseen agent : the artificial supplying the place of the natural light, by very insensible gradations. The hour fixed for the final vote was fast approaching, and, as a finisher of the debate, there arose the Senator from Nebraska. In regard to presence and voice, this person has no advantages, indeed in these respects every thing is against him. The face is pale, with features of quite an ordinary cast ; an expression of great kindness, mixed with conscious superiority, beaming in the eye, and playing about the corners of the mouth, are all the traits in him which indicate greatness. The eye is small, of the colour between grey and blue, and has a quiet fixedness of regard that intimates calm, clear and constant thought and well settled purpose. The voice is harsh and nasal, and when it swells above the ordinary tone, resembles somewhat the alarm cry of a brooding hen. Yet, with all these imperfections, the speaker was for nearly all the time, master of his audience. The power which he wields is derived from a most tenacious memory, a clear perception, and the faculty acquired, no doubt, by long experience, of presenting his ideas always in the plainest and most palpable relations to the subject, and in a language almost as pure and unencyclopediac as that of Addison or even of Bacon. All his aims have been practical and useful, and it was delightful to notice the pleased, yet attentive countenances of his brother legislators, as they listened to his simple and sometimes quaint illustrations, as if they were receiving the instructions of a master and a friend. His words flow as easily as if they had all been studied and inset in the argument long ago, and though he sometimes reiterates, it is in pure kindness to you, and

never without a purpose of making his propositions more distinct and secure, or of linking them together by some bond or association which could not have been tied before. In private conversation, his personal defects disappear altogether, and he becomes not only loveable but beloved. His great knowledge lying at the surface — open to all, a mine of pure metal without either crust or scoria. At times he becomes metaphoric, and in him this is most frequently a weakness and a fault. In so cold a temperament as his, fancies are apt to become puerile. The imagination being a horse, as the ancients represented it, which must be ridden with strong passion, else he stumbles or falls down. The strength of this man as a debater, is in the perspicuity of his thoughts, the simplicity and perfect English of his words, and the kind and winning manner, which can explain, and expostulate, and persuade, without ever stooping to injury, reproach, or even retaliation. In estimating the effect of each of the four speakers, of whose matter and manner I have been giving an account, It is not difficult to see that each of the three first would tell upon a different class of intellect and feeling, while the last would act with nearly equal force upon all.

As he concluded the hour had arrived for taking the final vote. The president stated the question and the Senate voted. You have heard of this operation, which is done by a species of legerdemain peculiar to the last age. There was no call of names, or answering of aye or no : each senator remained silent in his seat, and in about four minutes after the question had been put, the pages and other officials of the Senate, distributed among the senators, printed lists of the division which the President announced, and the business was completed.

This expedient for voting was resorted to about the end of the 19th Century, for the purpose of saving time, which in periods of great party strife, was often wasted to a terrible degree, by demanding divisions for the purpose merely of procrastination. The inconvenience was greater and the abuse more frequently practised in the Representatives than in

the other house, though even in the Senate, a division is taken in one tenth of the time which would be required in calling the names in the ordinary manner. The machinery is as follows—on each side of the desk, or small table, at which the members sit, is a small knob or key, like the handle of a service bell. One of these makes the affirmative and the other the negative vote. These connect by a system of wires and springs, with a metallic case, in an adjoining apartment which contains, in separate grooves, two sets of names of all the members, each stereotyped on a single piece of metal and arranged in alphabetical order. The touch of the affirmative key draws out the name of the voting member on the affirmative side of the question; that of the negative key on the negative side, those undrawn on either side, which the machinery is also made to indicate, are the absentees or those not voting. The plates are instantly collected and fastened on a small cylindric form, which always containing precisely the same number of pieces of the same size, is arranged and fastened in a very short time, and from this the division is printed on a small press which delivers about one hundred copies in a minute. When the printed division has been in the chamber long enough for examination, the vote and decision is announced as final. Should there be any mistake, which when it occurs, is always the fault of the members, and not of the machine, it is corrected by leave of the chamber.

Plans of machinery for the purpose of taking divisions had been made in detail as early as the middle of the nineteenth century, but they had always been resisted as unnecessary innovations, and the Senate then having less than half its present number of members, such a device, with them, was not necessary. Subsequently there happened to be elected, from one of the manufacturing districts, a person of great wealth and influence, an economist and also a liberal patron of the mechanic arts, who by his own skill and energy had raised himself from the humble station of a day labourer to be a ruler of the people. In this higher position to which he had been elevated, he

did not forget, or (what would have been worse, though quite as common,) become ashamed of his early habits and occupations; and by his influence and under his patronage, this voting-jennet was introduced. In ten years afterwards it was computed to have saved Legislative time to the value of a quarter of a million of dollars. And though this be rather a silly species of arithmetic, as the majority of Legislators might as well be voting as not, still it told with the public; and this Legislative engine will not be dispensed with, as long as there are questions for it to decide.

I will conclude for the present, and shall probably have something of a more lady-like character to write about in my next. Though Lent is scarce well begun, we are to have a fancy ball at the mansion of Mrs. Delaroute. What penance the clergy enjoin on those who shall indulge in such pastime during the fast, I cannot learn, or how the clergy manage who have no penance to inflict. For my part, I am going as Saint-Bridget, and have reasoned the matter with my conscience thus—I am a sort of pilgrim and stranger here, gathering knowledge for others as well as for myself: my example, therefore, can produce no contagion. To be in rag-fair and see “gravity out of his bed at midnight,” is a phase of humanity which as yet I have had but little chance to see—and may I not say, as did the melancholy Jaquez,

“out of these convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and learned.”

So I will e’en doff, for one night at least, coif, bodice and farthingale, and don hood, frock and rosary, and you shall hear of me soon, in the papers, as *la Penserosa*—for the present adieu.

J. D. P.

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AN APOLOGY FOR THE LETTERS OF A SPINSTER, WHICH COULD NOT WELL HAVE BEEN MADE INTO A PREFACE.

*To the Editor So. Lit. Messenger:*

I have recently had some serious misgivings as to the good sense or propriety

of writing letters like those which I have for some time been transmitting to you; and these doubts at one time extended to their fitness for publication, without which indeed they could have had no injurious effect except upon myself. As I have succeeded in quieting my conscience in these respects, it is meet that I state to you the appliances by which I have arrived at so comfortable a conclusion, to the end that you, who have deigned to be my coadjutor in this matter, may avail yourself of similar means and thus attain a similar state of contentment, that is if you have ever been troubled by qualms similar to those I have mentioned.

The apprehension and mistrust which I at first entertained, in regard to these letters, arose from the nefarious character which has always attached to necromancy and astrology. To

"look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow and which  
will not,"

has been accounted from the time of Saul's witches to those of Macbeth, and the still later ones of Massachusetts, (which I believe are the last upon record,) as an impious appropriation of a prescience not permitted to our race. My first impression was that these letters might be held liable to this objection, but on further reflection I concluded that they could not; that the wrong and impiety now-a-days, of any species of vaticination, lay merely in its pretension, and in the design to use it for some unworthy purpose; the abuse and injury of the credulous, the timid or the vain; an intention which does by no means belong to these compositions, whose aim is as much to be critical of the present as hopeful of the future. They are of the nature of Corporal Trim's wager, quite as harmless, and may be successfully defended by the same sort of Logic:

"I would lay, and please your honour, my Montero cap to a shilling—was it proper," continued Trim, (making a bow,) "to offer a wager before your honours."  
"There is nothing improper in it," said

my father, "'tis a mode of expression; for in saying thou would'st lay thy Montero cap to a shilling, all thou meanest is this—that thou believest."

I could not well have given any outlet or expression to those, my apprehensions, before now, or by way of preface for fear of being pertly answered that there was little danger of my being taken either for a prophet or a witch; but now after having, by your aid, gone safely through several fits of incantation without interruption, I may be permitted to say something of the motives which have induced me to prepare such unauthorized narrations. And the truth is that the business of every man lies before him and not behind. A very great deal of the happiness of the present is derived from the anticipation of events to come, and certainly depends much more on the future than on the past. The only use of all the experience of by-gone years is to educate us for more skilful exertion in the years that are to come, and the whole term of our existence here is felt by all wise men to be only the probation for a more perfect state of existence hereafter. From such premises I have come to the conclusion that it can scarce be accounted a sinful indulgence of the imagination to picture the changes that are to come over our country and our home, after we ourselves shall have left them forever, regarding these changes as the effects of agents which we already see in operation, and whose results we may estimate from what we have seen before. If in so doing we keep before us the great aim of all writing which should be to promote truth and virtue, piety and patriotism, our creations of this kind, though dim, fanciful and far off, may nevertheless be both useful and interesting.

We must also remember that all historical writing is more or less imperfect. When we look at the uncertain picture which even the best historians have given us of the earlier times, and that too when for the greater portion of the period of which they wrote they had not only the dates, facts and persons stated and described to them, but also a good deal of contemporary writing and biography in

addition; and see how difficult it has been out of all this material, to shape out and embody a world which can be understood and felt by us of the present day; when I say we consider this and that the regular and accredited mode of writing history is oftentimes, if not always, imperfect, it will not, I think, appear altogether unreasonable if we reverse the problem and endeavour to produce a fresh world and people out of the one that is now here, extending the avenues and highways, remodelling the houses and adorning the waste places in conformity with the ideas of progress which we have learned from the past; for if the Utopia thus formed should turn out only a mirage etherialized from the void wastes of the future it may nevertheless, though a vision only, exhibit the main features of the original.

Nor can such an exercise of imagination be regarded as a merely useless waste of time. The success of all human enterprises depends mainly upon an accurate precognition of the future. The peculiar and characteristic excellence of man as a worker is that he can plan before he executes, and that the accomplishment of all his purposes depends more upon foresight than force. The manifestoes of the great Napoleon, issued on his march from Frejus to Paris before the reign of the hundred days, had been written and printed months before in the island of Elba. And proclamations of a similar character, such as would have been necessary had the imperial arms conquered at Waterloo, were found among the Emperor's equipage left upon that disastrous field. In the one case his prescience had been accurate, and his plans successful, in the other all was lost; yet no one will say that in either case it was unnecessary preparation. Now seeing

that it is the appropriate and natural office of the imagination to supply invention with time, space, and material upon which to lay the plans of future work, we cannot but conclude that no exercise of this faculty can be useless or wicked which is not intended for a bad or worthless purpose; and such is certainly not the design of these letters.

Nor is this, which may be called the inverse method of writing history, less available in the inculcation of pure morals, or the advocacy of public and private virtue, than the more direct and accredited process. If history be justly defined as philosophy teaching by examples, the mode we have been following does in no respect fall out of the definition. The use that we would make of our facts is not merely to collate, compare, describe, and analyze them, which is the aim of all ordinary histories; but to remodel them into shapes consequential and exemplary, placed beyond the present time, so that the lessons of the past shall be reproduced in the probabilities of the future, thus endeavouring at prediction on the authority of experience. In fact we are only putting our golden age and our age of fable at the last end instead of the first beginning of the true narrative.

Such, Mr. Editor, have been the sedatives employed by me to quiet my conscience in respect to the propriety of dabbling with futurity and writing about events that have not yet occurred. It is a medicine which I intend to keep by me until by your aid I shall have safely housed the fiftieth President. Should any similar qualms or questionings have been troublesome to yourself, I recommend to you the same appliances, and add my best wishes.

THE AUTHOR.

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## POEMS OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.\*

The elegant little volume in which Mr. Aldrich has here collected the gems of his verse, will commend itself to the most fastidious lovers of typographical grace and elegance. The pieces have, with a few exceptions, been taken from the pages of various periodicals in which they have appeared from time to time: and present, in their new setting, a most attractive appearance. Merely as a thing of paper and print, the little duodecimo is a jewel. The eye rests with pleasure on the creamy, yellow-tinted surface, reminding one of the most carefully printed London publications—the type is the clear, black, perfectly defined “old English;” and the wide margins, and spaces, decorated with curious hieroglyphs, and grotesque blazonry communicate to the mind an impression of serene enjoyment and satisfaction. It is no slight measure of praise to declare that the poems themselves are wholly worthy of this graceful frame-work. The selection has been made with very unusual taste and judgment. There are some poems of Mr. Aldrich which we greatly dislike. The subjects are such as to make any handling of them, whatsoever, inevitably disagreeable to us. That more than one of these pieces are stamped with the finest beauties of the poet’s imagination, is only the more to be regretted. In the volume before us, there is little or nothing to condemn; and the resolute exclusion of all upon which he would not be willing to rest his reputation, is, as we have said, one of the traits of the publication which persuade us of the nice taste and judgment of the author.

And now what does this unpretending little volume *signify* in the great world of letters? Is it poetry, and if so, still what value in it? There are a considerable number of persons in every community, who seem disposed to regard poetry in the light of a costly, but useless

exotic—a pure luxury of no practical benefit, and calculated only to afford a species of epicurean entertainment to a mind otherwise unoccupied and idle. We do not acquiesce in this view of things. In our opinion, such a mode of thinking involves a serious injustice, and a very great blunder. Instead of being a mere superfluous luxury, attainable by, and applicable to, the “consumers of the fruits” of this world only, and having no interest or value for the large class who are engaged in the various business of life; true poetry is eminently adapted to the tastes and improvement of the very best order of minds—to the hard-workers, the deep thinkers, the earnest toilers in the great field of human struggle and effort. It widens and expands the highest faculties. Its influence is strong upon the strongest. It infuses new strength into the most vigorous intellect, and it has been well said of genuine poets, that their “thoughts *enrich the blood* of the world.” It is the aim of this much undervalued class of writers to ameliorate, soften, and at the same time add serious power to the mind. Great poems nourish, and give nerve and muscle to the intellect. They place the solemn questions of human life before us in their true aspect, and prompt us to do our duty with an eye single to a high and noble sense of the dignity of our nature. There are others again which take a less ambitious, but no less worthy, range. These enlarge our appreciation of the beautiful and true—delight our sense of melody and music with sweet cadences—and lap the mind in reveries which do not enervate at all, but rather purify and ennoble it. They display the beauty and attraction to be found in the smallest flower of the field, in the leaves upon the trees, in the sound of flowing water, the songs of birds—in the very least traits of the world in which we live. When a new poet “sails into our ken,”

\* *BABIE BELL, AND OTHER POEMS.* By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1859.



we thus feel little disposition to subject him to harsh criticism, to challenge him rudely on the threshold of the temple, or to condemn him in advance because his method may seem strange, or his voice unfamiliar. So that he gives the pass-word, with whatever accent, we hail him, and usher him on his way.

We think that we discern, in the little volume before us, unmistakable indications of the dawn of one of these original seers of beauty—the footsteps of a new explorer in the exhaustless fields of nature and human life.

The poem, *Babie Bell*, which has secured a wide popularity, is among the most delightful poems of the affections which the English language contains. Its touching tenderness and beauty will commend it to every one who possesses genuine feeling, and recognizes it in poetry. From the first lines :

“Have you not heard the poets tell  
How came the dainty Babie Bell  
Into this world of ours”—

to the close, where the child is shown upon her death-bed, the young brow encircled by a “ring of flame;” the verse glides on, with a melody, an inner music, and a depth of pathos which has been rarely surpassed. The whole ballad is a triumph of poetic art—or, rather, it is nature itself set to music, and penetrating to the very fountain of tears. The remaining poems of the volume are in different styles and measures, on a great variety of themes, and in various moods—from the grave and even tragic, to the light and gay. But almost without a single exception, they are characterized by a delicacy and sweetness which are rare indeed in these days of manufactured rhymes. The author, who is still a very young man, we are informed, exhibits few traces of the vice of imitation,—and where, in two or three instances, we discover this fault, we see, to offset it, that his own natural style and mould of mind is superior to his models. Young men generally catch the subtle mannerism of some master-workman whom they greatly admire. They study his pecu-

liarities, imbue their minds with his idiosyncracies of subject or handling, and reproduce his compositions, with all of their faults and none of their beauties. It is high praise to say that Mr. Aldrich has steered clear of this dangerous quicksand—but the praise is deserved. His rhythm is his own, and borrowed from nobody. There is a delicacy, an originality, a softness of touch, in many of the pieces, which older and more famous poets might steal from him with advantage. He has shown himself in this little volume, which will be read with delight by the best order of minds, a poet of more original powers than many who occupy a lofty rank in the estimation of the world.

It is customary, we believe, with literary critics to present some specimens of the writer whom they speak of. It is, we think, an ill-advised practice. The smoothly mediocre—the *average* rhymster—will always receive the most benefit from this habit of the critics. A light, lively song is understood and appreciated at once—the really deep and original composition by a master is comprehended slowly and with difficulty. It is some compensation to the genuine composer that the shallow song soon palls on the ear, whilst his own real creation in music grows more delightful with every repetition—but the two rival candidates start unfairly.

We shall nevertheless present a few of Mr. Aldrich's shorter poems which will serve to show the variety of styles which he has attempted—and if we are not mistaken these extracts, brief as they are, will establish his claims to a very high position among his comrades. We quote first the following little piece which is informed with a gloomy power. It is entitled—

#### THE MOORLAND.

The moorland lies a dreary waste,  
The night is dark with drizzling rain;  
In yonder yawning cave of cloud,  
The snakey lightning writhes with pain,  
And the wind is wailing bitterly!

Oh! dripping rain outside my door!

Oh! wailing phantom make your moan!

Go through the night in blind despair,

Your shadowy lips have touched my  
own!

*And the wind is wailing bitterly!*

No more the robin breaks its heart

*Of music, in the pathless woods;*

The raven croaks for such as I,

The plovers screech above their broods,

*And the wind is wailing bitterly!*

All mournful things are friends of mine:

*(That weary sound of falling leaves!)*

Oh! there is not a kindred soul

For me on earth but moans and grieves!

*And the wind is wailing bitterly!*

I cannot sleep this lonesome night;

*The ghostly rain goes by in haste,*

And further than the eye can reach,

*The moorland lies a dreary waste,*

*And the wind is wailing bitterly!*

If there be not genuine creative strength and original power in the lines which we have italicised, then we shall cease to think that we recognize noble writing when we see it, and shall consider the propriety of refreshing and expanding our minds by a diligent study of the literary products of young men who are nursing their first moustache, and think it incumbent on them to rhyme for their lady loves. We may add, however, that this terrible alternative does not seriously present itself. The lines are poetry, and poetry of a very high order. We may safely say, that the poet who wrote the second line of the last verse is no mere rhymester, but a genuine, unmistakable possessor of the "fine-frenzy" which we read of in Shakespeare—the owner of "the vision and the faculty divine," which are no more to be counterfeited than they are to be acquired by the most careful cultivation.

It is in the delicate and tender, however, rather than the gloomy and tragic, that Mr. Aldrich excels. A marked peculiarity of his nature, is a love for, and sympathy with, the more subtle and evanescent emotions of the heart—those fitting and almost imperceptible "moods

of mind" which every one is dimly conscious of at times, but can neither define nor reduce to form and comprehension. And here we think is one of the strongholds of the true poet. Almost any intelligent person of ordinary cultivation may describe the violent and demonstrative feelings of the heart—he may not succeed as Shakespeare did, or penetrate very deeply into the soul, but the reader will comprehend his drift, and understand at what he is aiming. It is different with those glancing and subtle thoughts which touch, as it were, upon the mental field, and then dart away. The true poet only—the high-strung instrument alone—is able to catch and express clearly these dim, but no less real perceptions. Mr. Aldrich succeeds admirably here. His triumph is no less remarkable than delightful to the appreciative reader. We quote as an example of this success in arresting delicate and subtle thought, the little piece, styled—

#### NAMELESS PAIN.

In my nostrils the summer wind

Blows the exquisite scent of the rose!

O, for the golden, golden wind,

Breaking the buds as it goes!

Breaking the buds

And bending the grass,

And spilling the scent of the rose!

O wind of the summer morn,

Tearing the petals in twain,

Wafting the fragrant soul

Of the rose through valley and plain,

I would you could tear my heart to-day,

And scatter its nameless pain!

To those who have never passed idle hours in the "nameless pain" of which the poet sings—to the hard and practical, who discard romance and deride everything but per cents. and dividends, this may seem a mere rhapsody. But it will not seem such to others. Its ethereal music will be recognized and understood, or what is better still, deeply felt. The management of the rhythm—to descend to the mere mechanical execution of the piece—is exquisitely deli-

cate. The almost imperceptible shifting of the accent in the line, "O for the golden, golden wind," and the repetition of "breaking the buds," exhibit the most sensitive ear to the melody of verse. The same nice handling of accent, and careful adaptation of the phraseology, so to speak, to the thought, is discernible in the lines, "On a faded Violet."

What thought is folded in thy leaves!

What tender thought, what speechless pain!

I hold thy faded lips to mine,  
Thou darling of the April rain!

I hold thy faded lips to mine,  
Though scent and azure tint are fled!

Oh dry, mute lips! ye are the types  
Of something in me, cold and dead!

Of something vanished like thy hues,  
Of fancy flown, of beauty dim:

Yet for the love of those white hands  
That found thee by a river's brim,—

That found thee when thy sunny mouth  
Was purpled as with drinking wine—

For love of her who love forgot,  
I hold thy faded lips to mine!

That thou should'st live when I am dead,  
When hate is dead, for me, and wrong—

For this, I use my subtlest art,  
For this, I fold thee in my song.

The great merit of this song may not strike the careless reader at once, but its beauty will grow upon him—the music will endure repetition, and be liked the more, as it becomes familiar. Another graceful little lyric—not so fine as this, but simple and tender—is

#### THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

I have placed a golden  
Ring upon the hand  
Of the sweetest little  
Lady in the land.

When the royal roses  
Scent the summer air,  
I shall gather white ones  
For my darling's hair.

Hasten, happy roses!  
Come to me by May;  
In your folded petals  
Lies my wedding-day!

In presenting an entire drama, as it were, in a few brief verses, Mr. Aldrich has been singularly successful in many instances. We give an example in the following verses of our meaning. At first it would seem that the poet merely glanced at a fashionable woman, sweeping along in her "rich brocade," and jostling the shrinking little maiden at his elbow: but see the lines in the third and fourth verses which we italicise:

Madam, as you pass us by,  
Dreaming of your loves and wine,  
Do not brush your rich brocade  
Against this little maid of mine,  
Madam, as you pass us by.

When in youth my blood was warm  
Wine was royal, life complete;  
So, I drained the flask of wine,  
So, I sat at woman's feet,  
When in youth my blood was warm.

Time has taught me pleasant truths,  
Lilies grow where thistles grew:  
*Ah, you loved me not. This maid  
Loves me. There's an end of you!*  
Time has taught me pleasant truths.

I will speak no bitter words—  
*Too much passion made me blind:*  
*You were subtle. Let it go!*  
For the sake of womankind  
I will speak no bitter words.

But madam, as you pass us by,  
Dreaming of your loves and wine,  
Do not brush your rich brocade  
Against this little maid of mine,  
Madam, as you pass us by!

Here is the poet's meaning plainly conveyed—the whole tale of his blind love for a proud, heartless woman, who was false to him, but did not wound him very deeply. The weed which grew in his heart is replaced by a tender flower: the dream is over—he is not even angry enough to speak bitterly; would only have the false love pass without brushing against the true. Another instance of the manner in which the writer hints, as it were, a whole tragedy, may be seen in the song containing but two verses, headed

## "THE MERRY BELLS SHALL RING."

The merry bells shall ring,  
*Marguerite,*  
 And the little birds shall sing,  
*Marguerite ;*  
 You smile, but you shall wear  
 Orange blossoms in your hair,  
*Marguerite.*

The merry bells have rung,  
*Marguerite,*  
 The little birds have sung,  
*Marguerite ;*  
 But cypress leaf and rue  
 Make a sorry wreath for you,  
*Marguerite !*

We think that the reader will agree with us that this is an entire history, conveyed with wonderful artistic beauty, in a few slight touches. The maiden whose bridal morn was to have soon dawned, is dying. To the cheering assurances of the brother or sister who tells her that the wedding bells shall ring for her, the birds sing for her, and that she shall wear the orange blossom, the dying girl replies with a smile only—and the second verse conveys the rest. Cypress and rue make a sorry garland for her hair, instead of the orange blossoms.

In the minor departments of his art Mr. Aldrich attains to great excellence, and worthily follows the "sweet singers" of the tongue. His similitudes are graceful and not seldom striking—as these, from "A Legend of Elsinore."

But she passed by with a stare,  
 With a half unconscious air,  
*Making waves of golden froth*  
*Upon a sea of maize :*  
 With her large and clouded eyes  
 Looking through and through the skies,  
 As if God's rich Paradise  
 Were growing upon her gaze.

When the stars had blossomed bright,  
*And the gardens of the night*  
*Semed all full of marigolds*  
*And violets astir :*  
 Maiden Maud would sit alone,  
 And the sea with inner tone,  
 Half of melody and moan,  
 Would rise up and speak with her.

• • • • •  
 One red-leaf falling morn  
 Many russet autumns gone,  
*A lone ship with folded wings*  
*Lay dozing off the lea :*  
 It came silently at night,  
*With its wings of murky white*  
*Folded after weary flight,*  
*The worn nursling of the sea !*

This is assuredly very fine. "Folded after weary flight" is full of suggestiveness and music. We find in Mr. Aldrich's poetry many delicate paintings of flowers, as this, from "The Bouquet."

Tulips breathing of the South,  
 Crimsoned like a leopard's mouth !  
 Water lilies white as pearl,  
 Almond shaped and set in beryl :  
 Slips of heartsease ; purple clots  
 Of memory's forget-me-nots !  
 Poppies almost gone to seed,  
 And one rose that seems to bleed  
 Like the pale Madonna's heart !

We add to this a single other example of the poet's love for the "earth's sweet children." It is a little piece entitled

## TIGER LILIES.

I like not lady slippers,  
 Nor yet the sweet pea blossoms,  
 Nor yet the flaky roses,  
 Red or white as snow :  
 I like the chaliced lilies,  
 The heavy Eastern lilies,  
 The gorgeous tiger lilies,  
 That in our garden grow !

*For they are tall and slender,*  
*Their mouths are dashed with carmine,*  
*And when the wind sweeps by them*  
*On their emerald stalks,*  
*They bend so proud and graceful—*  
*They are Circassian women,*  
*The darlings of the harem.*  
*Adorn our garden walks.*

And when the rain is falling,  
 I sit beside the window  
 And watch them glow and glisten,  
 How they burn and glow !  
 O, for the burning lilies,  
 The tender Eastern lilies,  
 The gorgeous tiger lilies,  
 That in our garden grow !

The verse which we have italicised is certainly of rare grace and picturesqueness. The comparison of the lilies to slender Circassian girls, wandering through the garden—their mouths tinged with carmine, their graceful figures bending as they move—is one of those subtle and delicate fancies which reveal the true poetic vision.

It would afford us pleasure to quote numerous other poems from this little volume—stray songs and ballads, filled with an affluence of dramatic suggestion, or a sweetness and subtlety of music, which will make them rarely attractive to the nice ear of the scholar and the critic—but space fails us, and as we have said already, it might not be to the advantage of the pieces. They should be carefully read, in the pretty little volume—and we invite this test of their real excellence.

We shall conclude our brief paper, by rapidly summing up what seem to us both the defects and the beauties of Mr. Aldrich's muse. And first, the defects which we find are an undue preponderance of the merely sensuous—and too great a fondness for a few phrases, and adjectives. It is true that almost every poet of vivid and affluent imagination finds his sympathies powerfully drawn toward physical beauty, and whatever impresses the senses most agreeably. The faces and forms of men and women, the glories of the natural world around us, the splendour and imposing attraction of the luxurious trappings which the cunning of the artificer hangs around the social life we live—all these must forcibly impress the youthful imagination, and as deeply interest it. It is natural, also, that the vivid emotions of admiration should "bloom into song"—that the poet should celebrate the splendours by which he is encircled, and almost dream that physical and material beauty is the sole thing grand and noble and attractive in the universe. The conviction and what it leads to is lamentable in the extreme. It has produced the disgusting *erotica* of all languages, from Anacreon to Moore, and has done more to debase the standard of poetry than all

other influences put together. What has rendered this philosophy more dangerous and degrading in its results, is the conspicuous genius of those men who have bowed the knee before it, and soiled with the taint of the bye-ways, their shining robes. Keats, the maimed giant, fell a victim to the error—in proof of which we need only ask which is the greater of his two master-pieces, the "Hyperion," or the "Endymion"—the gigantic torso, like an overthrown statue of the Phidian Jove, or the gaudy Bacchante, like a coloured French engraving. Those who have followed him, and emulated his general style have, in like manner, debased their high faculties, if they have not descended from a height so lofty. One and all, these masters of the merely sensuous school have failed in the attainment of what they might have secured in the noble field of their ambition, because their philosophy was a false and mistaken philosophy. They taught and, though dead, still teach the delusion, that a grace above all other graces is to be found in physical and material beauty. They have forgotten, or refused to acknowledge that the "crown of pride" upon the brow of the mere worshipper of the outer world—and the "glorious beauty" of the object of his adoration—are "but a fading flower—the hasty fruit before the summer." There can be no *ripeness* in this fruit,—it may be attractive to the eye, but it will be poison to the taste. Shakspeare and his great brethren, though they lived in an age, and among a people, permeated with the spirit of sensuous life, never proposed this low ambition to themselves. They saw what every truly great poet has seen, and acted upon, that the real end of poetry is to extract the inner significance of human life, and the natural world—to secure the spiritual essence which informs it, and lies beneath, giving character to the whole. This is the true "diadem of beauty" which the honest lover of his great art should strive to secure. If he is satisfied with an outside view, so to speak, of the imperial palace, when he might enter as its lord, and sit upon the throne, he may follow

his preferences; but he will never be inscribed among the great names of the dynasty.

We have been led away from our subject by this train of thought: but we shall not regret indulging it, if a single reader is induced to reflect upon the magnitude and dangerous nature of this popular error in letters. The chastened and spiritual sensuousness, so to speak, of Tennyson, Browning and other great masters of the epoch, has had a fatal influence upon our poetical literature. This blunder culminates in the puerilities of Alexander Smith and his imitators—but it is perceptible in almost every rising poet of England and America. The verses of these gentleman are full of syrup and honey, and they soon cloy, for that reason: but meanwhile they have destroyed the mental digestion of many a reader—if they have not accomplished what is a more miserable end, still,—warped the minds and feelings of young persons of both sexes toward that most dangerous and painful “poison of idolatry,” as says De Quincey—the idolatry of material and sensuous attractions. But enough upon this point.

Mr. Aldrich, as we have hinted in the commencement of our notice, has not kept himself wholly from this all-embracing atmosphere of the day. Some of his pieces we could not and cannot commend: they are, in our opinion, unworthy of his genius, and untrue to the fine instincts of the poetical nature. We do not find them collected in this volume, however; and the fact has served more to heighten our opinion of his judgment and discrimination than any other trait of the volume. The other defect which we shall briefly mention, is a too great fondness for a few pet phrases, which convey a character of sameness to poems

otherwise distinct creations—but this demerit is trifling, and quickly remedied.

Of the beauties and original merits of the poems in this volume, we should like, were it possible at present, to speak more at length. But space fails us. We can only say again that we think they discover a real originality and unborrowed excellence, which places them in a distinct rank by themselves. They cannot be confounded with those of other writers—and here we bestow our “great word” of praise. The finest nosegay that ever was painted by the most accomplished artist, in his brightest tints, all gold, azure, and crimson, is inferior, no one will deny, to the least violet or snow-drop, peeping up toward the sky. So the real original poem, however slight and humble it may appear—if it strike a new chord, and add a music before unknown to the treasury of literature—is better than the most gorgeous imitation, or variation. We bestow upon Mr. Aldrich the highest praise in our power when we declare that his music is *new*. It should outweigh a thousand adjectives and rhapsodies. We are not afraid to hazard the statement that he is a genuine “new star” in the poetical skies, and will prove, should his performance be equal to his promise, one of the brightest lights of our literature. We have spoken of his faults and those of his class of writers with a plainness which we strove to make unmistakable to every reader—we desire to record his merits as clearly. There are to be found in this volume, small and unpretending as it is, an originality of thought, a wealth of imagery, and a subtlety of musical rhythm, which prove the writer to be a genuine poet. We predict for him, should he prove true to his own genius, and no less to the elevated aims of his great calling, a famous and honourable career.

## Editor's Table.

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There was a very pleasant pilgrimage made last month to the ancient site of Jamestown. Number of pilgrims sixteen. Ladies and gentlemen. Beauty and patriotism. The editor of the *Messenger* had the good fortune to be one of the party, in the patriotic interest, and he desires, that is "we" desire, to make a record of the proceedings.

The morning was calm, with light fleeces of cloud overhead, as the company left one of the most hospitable mansions on the lower James, and embarked on a little steamer, chartered for the occasion, for Jamestown Island. The pilgrimage had been projected nearly twelve months, and one object of it was to plant ivy at the base of the old ruin, which in former years had been hung with the rich green of a creeper. The creeper had died out latterly and its graceful drapery had fallen away, so that the tower was stripped of the covering which nature had kindly flung over the ravages of time. The idea had occurred to a fair daughter of Virginia that if the church edifice could not be rebuilt, we might at least restore the mantle which had made picturesque its desolation; and it was therefore under her auspices, that we had assembled from different points to perform the excursion—all of the party originally pledged to it being present, except a lovely young pilgrim who had lingered, in forgetfulness of her promise, beyond the winter, in New Orleans, and Mr. G. P. R. James and his charming family, who were now dwelling among ruins of another sort on the Grand Canal. The absence of these friends associated with us in the inception of the undertaking, was compensated for by the presence and participation of others, the young, the old, the attractive in person and character, representatives of New York and the British Provinces, and some fascinating recruits from the neighbourhood than whom no April sun of the Colony had shone on fairer types of maidenly perfection. Happily, inasmuch as all sectional questions were ignored on the excursion, the relative claims of North and South to the palm for female

loveliness were not brought under discussion, else had the gentlemen been more sorely perplexed than if they had been called upon to define the ancient limits of the corporation of Jamestown. Nor among those who kept the appointment of a year ago, was there wanting either womanly beauty or intellectual distinction. The senior editor of the *Richmond Enquirer* had withdrawn from the excitements of a Gubernatorial canvass to visit the spot which had been the seat of empire when the Old Dominion owned Governors appointed by the crown. The Virginian Vice-Regent of the Mount Vernon Association, so well known in literature and art, had for a moment turned her thoughts from the hallowed soil of Mount Vernon to the venerated earth with which the dust of the earliest settlers of the Commonwealth has so long been mingled. And the great orator of Massachusetts, for the day forgetful of Bonner and of engagements to speak, had come to walk for the first time on ground trod by the white man before Miles Standish had set foot on Plymouth Rock.

In an hour and a quarter our little steamer had reached the point of Jamestown Island, where, there being no wharf, we came to an anchorage and went ashore in small boats. Then, to the old churchyard, as Mr. Pepys would say. There, moralizing among the tombs of the "forefathers of the hamlet," we lingered for awhile, what time the birds piped in the sycamores and tulip trees overhead the song of the world's morning. What an unwritten poem filled the enclosure, in the resurrection of nature above the ashes of the pioneers, in the atmosphere of balm that reigned under the shadowy coverts of the burial-ground, in the bright faces around us, in the mutilated marbles crumbling over departed beauty and worth! Places like Jamestown inspire the least imaginative of persons with thoughts which dispel gaiety of demeanour and sportiveness of conversation—visitors are not mirthful at Avon nor do they crack jokes in Santa Croce or the Abbey—and so our pilgrims were as pensive as Mr.

Coleridge's public, as they sought to decipher the perishing inscriptions upon the tombs. "Vir reverendus et honorabilis Jacobus Blair," shame, most worthy patriarch of Colonial days, that your monument should have been left to the violence of the elements and the destroying agency of nature, rending the most perdurable memorials of affection when these remain unvisited and uncared for. Not long will the tributary stone retain any record of the Jamestown dead, if the hand of pious reverence does not seek to repair, as far as possible, the cruel waste of a century of neglect. The monuments of Commissary and Auditor, Blair and Ludwell, and the slab which marks the resting-place of honest William Sherwood, "a great sinner waiting for a joyful resurrection," will alike utterly perish from the recognition of posterity.

As the pilgrims turned away from the graveyard to visit the ruined tower hard by, mindful of a period anterior to the erection of church or grave-stone, when the first few settlers of the Commonwealth contended on this very spot with the frost, the fever, the famine, and the foe, in the fixed resolve to make a nation, there passed up the shining James the steamer *Pocahontas*, as if by a happy coincidence to call up the image of the tender Indian maiden amid the scenes of her girlish life. Then gathering around the base of the tower the pilgrims planted the ivy, and the writer of these lines, being placed under gentle compulsion by the fair young patroness of the pilgrimage, addressed the orator of Massachusetts in such poor unstudied phrases of welcome as he could command and the occasion suggested.

Mr. Everett replied to Mr. Thompson's remarks substantially as follows:

**MR. THOMPSON, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:**

I am extremely indebted to you, sir, and to our kind friends, on whose behalf you have spoken, for the obliging manner in which you have been pleased to allude to my share in this simple act of commemoration, and for the cordial welcome which you have given me to this sacred spot. I feel that any premeditated phrases of acknowledgment would have marred the beautiful simplicity of the occasion, and I rejoice that we are both here with no other preparation, than that

of the sympathy, with which we have all united in this tribute of respect to the noble fathers and mothers of Virginia. It is, indeed, sir, a hallowed spot. The venerable tower, beneath whose shadow we stand, and which we have sought to adorn with Nature's drapery, though not coeval with the first attempts at settlement, is nevertheless—for this country—of great antiquity, and it marks the spot, where the first germs of this mighty republic, now almost co-extensive with the Continent, were planted in 1607, not as we have planted these roots of ivy,—

"Not in the sunshine and the smile of Heaven,  
But wrapped in whirlwinds and begirt with foes."

The next attempt at settlement, I need not tell you, were those made by the Pilgrim fathers at Plymouth thirteen years later, and in like manner amidst hardships never to be adequately described; and it is indeed with heartfelt satisfaction, that I,—a dutiful son of New England,—have united with the fair Daughter of Brandon; with you, sons and daughters of Virginia; with our friends from the empire State, (Mr. Samuel G. Ogden and family of New York,) and the gentleman from a foreign Province (Mr. Johnston of Halifax) who has kindly joined us on this occasion,—in paying this humble tribute of respect to the pioneers of North American civilization. What memories come back to the mind, as we stand on the spot, where two hundred and fifty-two years ago, those thrilling scenes of our early history began to be acted out! What solemn and tender images crowd upon us, as the shadowy forms of the chivalrous Smith, the friendly Powhatan, the gentle and compassionate Pocahontas, (whose name, truly Christian before she was baptized, figures on the little steamer that has just glanced over these shining waters) present themselves to the mind's eye.

Haply, sir, the ivy we have planted will long survive us, and adorn these venerable ruins many years after we shall be laid in the dust, as low as those whom we have now sought to honour. The works of man pass, with himself, away, but nature and her lovely growths are perennial. These ever-green plants, in continuous reproduction, are descended from those which flourished two centuries and a half ago; but the substantial brick walls of the ancient church have crumbled to the dust never again to be raised; the solid monuments in yonder church-yard, which preserved for a while the memory of the good and brave of other days, are falling asunder; huge trees have pushed their gnarled



limbs through sepulchral marbles; their very fragments are hastening to decay; *etiam perire ruinae*. But let us hope that, in generations to come, the ivy, which we have this day committed to the genial earth, will spread verdure and beauty over the wall upon which it climbs; yea, that in ages still distant, to the end of time, and when tower and ivy shall alike have perished, the great Republic of which it is our privilege to be the citizens, will stand unshaken upon the foundations of Jamestown and Plymouth!

Permit me again, sir, and you, dear Virginian friends, to express the cordial satisfaction which I have felt in uniting with you on this pleasing occasion, and to assure you that I cherish, in all their force, the emotions which warm your bosoms on the venerated soil of Jamestown.

When Mr. Everett had concluded this most feeling and appropriate little speech, the party repaired to the house of Mr. Gibson, the manager of the Jamestown plantation, and having there refreshed themselves, they soon afterwards re-embarked upon their steamer, and returned to the noble old mansion they had left in the morning.

In submitting to our readers the speech of Mr. Everett and describing thus imperfectly an "act of commemoration," which will long be remembered by those who united in it, we cannot but enter a plea for the preservation of the ruins and site of Jamestown from the encroachments of nature and the further progress of decay. The river is gradually gaining on the Jamestown shore, and before many years may reach even the wall of the cemetery, while the unrestricted growth of trees within the enclosure will surely push from their bases and rend asunder the few monuments which yet remain comparatively whole. A considerable body of land around the tower and graveyard belongs to Virginia. Let us enclose it. Let us by strong safeguards stop the advance of the river. Let us, in the spirit of Old Mortality, clear away the redundant growth and rubbish from the tombs freshen the inscriptions they bear, and re-erect them upon their ancient foundations. Let us preserve so much of the old brickwork of the colonial house of worship as is yet standing, in the same manner that the ruins of the Coliseum are secured against further demolition. And as in after years the sons and daughters of this ancient

Commonwealth and the visitors from our sister States and the tourist from foreign climes, shall look upon the tower wrapped in the curtain of living green which nature shall fashion from the ivy roots so freshly set in that sacred soil, the scene will bear testimony that the Virginians of our day were not insensible to the august memories of the past.

We had designed as a matter of pleasing duty to make honorable mention of the brilliant Tableaux, recently given in Richmond in aid of the Mount Vernon Fund. The artistic skill shown in the representations, the beautiful living illustrations they supplied to Moore's sweet episodic poem of "Paradise and the Peri," and the fine readings of the text by Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie, all demanded a grateful recognition at our hands, but hearing from our friend Mozis Addums, that he had written to "Noahrer" a letter descriptive of the beautiful exhibition, we begged of him permission to lay it before the public in lieu of any remarks of our own. Here it is—

RICHMOND, April the 29, 1859.

*My Deare Wief, luvly Madum.*

I atendid promptly to the biznis which you told me to aten to it, and when nite cum, havin nuthin ptickler to do, and membrin what you told me bout, I mustnd go to no theaters nor nuthin, I asst Mr. Ballud of thar warnt nuthin goin on in toun uv a mo morrut nacher, which I cood go to it without injry to my konsenshus screwpils. "Certny," he sais, "the verry thing—sum Tablows, right here, acrost the bridge." "What," s'I, "jest acrost the Ixchain bridge here?" "Yes," s'e, "rite in the bald rume uv the Ballud Hous, sum Tablows fer the bennyfit uv Gen'l Washintun." "Then I'm boun to go," I sais, and see I did, and I'm abunnunty thankful I dun it, becaws a prittier spectacul I has nuvver seen in this wirl.

What Tablow ment, I didnt know, aud, lookin to the derryvashun uv the turm, I dunno now. Part uv it were so low down I cood skeercely see it, but as fer the tab part I dont reckin they playd it at all. Ennyhow, sune arfter supper I finds myself seetid in the mist uv a splendid crowd uv fashnubbil Richmunders, which I likes um, fer the reesin that a mo desunt and genteel pepill I've nuvver seen um no whar. I were perdidjus crowdid in twixt the ladies, which it were nuvvertheless verry agreebul to my feelins, exceptin that I didnt know nun uv um and coodin chat nun—a

grate deep rivashun (ef you'll permit me so to say it, my deere suetness and respectid Madum,) to a sosherbul persun like myself, isspeshilly when the ladies was pritty and soft voisted.

We all set thar fer sum tiem, lookin at the tasty curtin which it concealed the Tablows from our gaze, tel presinly a ban called the Omry Ban bust intoo a strain uv charmin musick. Ptickly was it a bewgil that techt me to the sole, and I reckon the gentilmun which plays it has got him sich art that I bet he cood dror melody fum a a cow-hon or eavin a punkin vine. Then, all uv a suddin, the room were darkind, and were herd the magniffysent vois uv a lady (I wisht I cood uv see her) tellin in bewtyful poetry about a angul calld a Peri which were shet out uv Parrydice and were so sorry she coodint git in. Then the curtin raied up on a picture uv Parrydice, illuminatid with the red sunshine uv glowry and filled with anguls bewtyful beyon cunsephun, mostly standin in a gardin uv flowers. And thar was the sorerful little Peri standin at the gate, which it were shet against her, and way up yonder in the clouds war a leetil teenchy baby angil which was almost too pritty and sweet. All the anguls was lady anguls, and I jedged it ripresentud um verry sune in the mornin, becaus they was all drest in white clothes and hadent combd nun uv thar pritty heds.

But I likes um that a way.

A good menny jumps up to git a better look and I jumps up too. Then they hollers "doun in frunt, set doun, set doun!" I thought it coudint mean me, becaus I were not in frunt a tall, but way behine. But sumboddy hollers, "knock him doun! that slab-sidid fello with the yaller har!" It maid me mitey mad, my deare, but remembrin uv yo injunkshuns, I drapt in my cheer like a peeceful lam, and set thar the rest uv the evenin. It were a grate trile, but I dun it to pleas my littil wief.

Well I coodin begin to tell you the haf uv what follerd. Seen arter seen uv splendor, with anguls, and dazlin luvi soldjers in handsom forrin yuniform, and ladies which was painted later in the day than the anguls and almost as bewtyful, and alwaies the pritty littil sorerful Peri lookin on with hevvinly tenderness upon the seen. And evvry wunst in a while jest befo the curtin riz, the lady with the fine vois wood cum out in the dark and explain it all to us in poitry. Sholy she cood doo whut she pleased with her vois, and sumtiems she put mo feelin in it than it cood hold, and it farly run over, makin me almost cry, ef I hadint ben feerd the ladies settin by me wood uv hav laft at me.

It speer that the littil Peri had to make a partikular kind uv a presint to the anguls in the gardin uv Parrydice befo they

wood let her in. She tride a heep uv things—the last drop uv blud from a dying warrier, the last sigh uv a faithful sweetart (a most a rar artickil) but nun uv um wood do, tel at last she got a teer from a repentant sinneer's eye, which carried her rite in, and thar the Tablows endid, thar bein a good eel uv moneful singin befo they got thoo.

But what astonisht me were the fact that the yung ladis in my naberhood seemed to be pusnully akwaintid with the ainjuls in the Tablows. Evvry tiem the curtin hiestid, I cood heer um sayin—"Thar's so and so," callin her naim. "Aint she perfectly luvly? Did you ever see ennything so bewtyful? Oh! izzint she sweet?" and so foth, and so foth. I declar I thought they was all pickcher paintins. They didnt move a inch and was mo bewtyful than nacher. Ef them things, them ainjuls, was humun beins, reeul humuns, livin in the mortil boddy in Richmun (which I kin skeercely beleieve it) I'm a goin to nock the nex man doun which tells me the gears in Richmun aint pritty. It's a falsity, my preshus, a egnawmus falsity.

Ixkews my dwellin on the Tablows so long, my deare, when I ought to told you about them things I bought fer you, strickly akordin to dreckshins. I misses you a grate deel doun here, and shoood uv injoid them Tablows heap mo ef you had bin thar. The fact is thees publick amewsmints ar verry dreery unlest you has a sweetart or wief settin by yo side. Member how me and you used to squeeze wun nuthers hands at the Pamarammer when the lites went out? I does: I shell nuvver fergit it. It were foasibly recallo to my memry by a par uv the most brilliyunt black eyes (presint cumpny ixceptid) on wun side uv me and a littil white hand on the uther. But I warnt akwaintid with um, and nuvver said a word to um, I pledge you my honner as a gentilman. I were mightly pleased with the Tablows and shell alwais be thankful to Mr. Tom Ballud (the best gentilmun in the wirl, ennyhow) fer tellin me they was a goin on. They say they is fer the bennyfit uv Genrul Washinton and Mount Vernon, which I wish to grachuuous they wood cum up to Kerdsvil and hav sum Tablows fer the bennyfit uv Mount Willis, which they cood buy it a heap cheeper than Mount Vernon, and it's a heap bigger too.

You must be ixtreemly keeful uv yoself, my deare. I shell be back in a few days, a verry few days. Tel then, I remane,

Yo faithful and affection husbune  
Mozis Addum

To Mrs. Mozis Addums, in respect.

Peckerwood Parrydice, near Kerdsvil  
Buckingsaim County, Va.

## Notices of New Works.

"LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG." By CHARLES READE, Author of "*It is Never too Late to Mend*," "*White Lies*," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1859. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

All the characteristics of Charles Reade are to be seen in this story, his daring dramatic genius, his strength in setting before the reader live men and women, his easy command of sparkling dialogue and animated description. Some coarseness there is, an allusion or two verging on profanity, an abundance of "situations" as of old. Lucy Fountain is perhaps his best female character, and Mrs. Bazalgette his worst, for the others, they are humdrum except the big, brave sailor-lover. The story moves on with great rapidity from beginning to end, and the time embraced in it is but a few months, though the book is one of four hundred and thirty odd pages. But Reade would not be himself without an episode, and accordingly he gives us a long chapter on English banking, with a purpose, as he tells us, of using some of his present puppets again. Affectations of style, typography, and punctuation, and the love of high effect are the faults of this novelist, but his genius triumphs over them all, and we rank him first among the younger writers of Great Britain. May the supplementary volume to this work soon appear.

SHAKESPEARE'S LEGAL ACQUIREMENTS CONSIDERED. By JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, LL. D., F. R. S. E., in a *Letter to J. Payne Collier, Esq., F. S. A.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1859. [From James Woodhouse & Co., 139 Main Street.

It is a striking truth in connection with Shakspeare, showing the universality of his genius and his wonderful knowledge of all things human, that upon the intrinsic evidence of his Plays men have sought to prove the most diverse facts concerning his life and education. It is clear to some that he must have enjoyed the advantages of a classical training at the University. Others think that he had gone through a course of medical study. Others again see in his dramatic works proof positive that he sprang from the humblest condition where no facilities whatever were afforded him of acquiring the learning of books. And here comes my Lord Camp-

bell, the Chief Justice, to show that he was probably bred to the law. The treatise is a most ingenious and entertaining one, and the argument strong enough certainly, as his lordship avers, to hang a jury, if not to secure a verdict in its favour. As nothing relating to Shakspeare, from the pen of a profound scholar and accurate thinker, can be without a real value, the reading world is under great obligations to Lord Campbell for his inquiry into Shakspeare's legal acquirements, and the American public to the Appletons for reprinting it.

THE MANUAL OF CHESS: *Containing the Elementary Principles of the Game, &c.* By CHARLES KENNY. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1859.

SCIENCE AND ART OF CHESS. By J. MONROE, B. C. L. New York: Charles Scribner. 1859.

THE LAWS AND PRACTICE OF WHIST. By CÆLEBS. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1859. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The recent impetus given to the science of chess in Europe and America by the amazing prowess of Mr. Paul Morphy, has doubtless been the occasion of bringing out the two works on the subject, whose titles are given above. In view of this probability, it seems hardly fair that Mr. Kenny has taken no notice whatever of Mr. Morphy's game, and that Mr. Monroe has honoured him with but two or three passing references. The works, however, will meet with a ready sale, for they treat with comprehensive ability of the principles of the game, and are illustrated by abundant diagrams. The votaries of whist, who accord with Mrs. Battle in her notions of that ancient diversion as given by Charles Lamb, will gladly accept the little tractate of "Cælebs" who seems to have a practical acquaintance with the philosophy of the subject.

PALISSEY THE POTTER; *Or, the Huguenot, Artist, and Martyr. A true Narrative.* By C. L. BRIGHTWELL. New York: Published by Carlton & Porter. [From James Woodhouse & Co., 139 Main Street.

The records of art contain no more stirring or affecting chapter than that which narrates the story of Palissey the Potter.

The volumes of Mr. Morley, published several years ago, presented the earliest satisfactory account of the life and labours of this remarkable man that ever emanated from the English press. The present admirable sketch is based upon the work of Mr. Morley, and is designed for another class of readers, the children of the Sunday Schools. It is a charming book, with all the interest of a romance, and it possesses the high merit of holding up to the young a glorious example of perseverance under difficulties and conscientious discharge of duty in the face of appalling danger. We cannot praise too highly the neatness of the book's externals. The typography is beautiful and the numerous engravings on wood are spirited and characteristic.

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**DICTIONARY OF THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS, Containing Biographical Sketches of its members from the Foundation of the Government; with an Appendix compiled as a Manual of Reference for the Legislator and Statesman.** By CHARLES LANMAN. Published for the Author. By J. B. Lippincott & Company. Philadelphia. 1859. [From James Woodhouse and Co., 139 Main Street.

This is the age of dictionaries and cyclopædias and our Honorable Congressmen are certainly well entitled to the distinction of being sketched biographically in a book specially devoted to them. The arrangement of Mr. Lanman's volume is excellent and the execution faithful, though he has not escaped the almost unavoidable fault of giving too much space to some members and too little to others. Of course this defect will appear greater or less according to the views of the reader, but we observe some of our Virginia M. C.'s who have figured largely in the legislative annals of the nation, passed over with bare mention. The facts stated in the work may be implicitly relied on, and this is no small degree of praise for a volume requiring so great an amount of labour in its preparation. Altogether we consider the Dictionary of Congress a valuable addition to the library of the politician and legislator.

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**THE LIFE OF JAMES WATT.** *With Selections from his Correspondence.* By JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, M. A. Illustrated with wood cuts. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1859. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

We have become so accustomed to the use of great mechanical inventions that we do not properly estimate the value of

the services which great mechanical inventors have rendered to mankind. We see the beauty of the machine's operation, we recognize with a certain amount of pleasure the rationale of its movement, and the exquisite adaptation of the means to the end sought for, and there in our conceit we stop. We do not bestow a thought on the difficult mental labour by which the perfect idea was enunciated, content with the belief that it must have been brought out sooner or later, and regarding it now as a common property and part of our boasted civilization. It is well to be reminded now and then of the debt of grateful reverence we owe to the men who made that civilization what it is. James Watt was not the least skilful or effective of the architects of England's modern greatness. Without him they would have fallen far behind what she has achieved, and not England alone, but every nation that sends out a steamship or employs a locomotive engine, is the beneficiary of his genius. The present volume is a full and interesting biography of this remarkable man and we commend it most heartily to the acceptance of our readers.

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**THE AMERICAN NUMISMATICAL MANUAL, &c., &c.** By MONTROVILLE WILSON DICKERSON, M. D. Illustrated by Nineteen Plates of Fac-Similes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1859. [From James Woodhouse & Co., 139 Main Street.

A large, elegantly printed and most valuable work on the Coins of America. The letter-press is entertaining and instructive, giving the fullest information on the subject, from the rude pieces of money employed by the aborigines, including their belts of wampum, down to the broad beautiful double eagle, just from the Philadelphia mint and struck from the gold of California. The plates representing our coins now in circulation are so accurately done that one is led to attempt taking the "mint drops" from the page and putting them in his pocket. We know nothing of Dr. Dickerson, the author of this elaborate treatise, but we should be inspired with a lively respect for his talent were it not for the portrait of himself, vilely executed, which deforms the frontispiece, and in which as Macaulay said of Robert Montgomery's likeness, he appears to be doing his best to look like a man of genius and sensibility, but with less success than his strenuous efforts would seem to deserve. The practice of inserting portraits of authors, comparatively unknown to the public, in their earliest books, is one "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

# AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

## For SCROFULA, or KING'S EVIL,

Is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and above all, by the venereal infection.—Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending “from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;” indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says: “I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children.”

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood or corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthful food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

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The most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this everywhere prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedies that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as Eruptive and Skin Diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Blisters and Boils, Tumors, Tetters and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Rheumatism, Syphilitic and Mercurial Discharges, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Debility, and, indeed, all Complaints arising from Vitiated or Impure Blood. The popular belief in “*impurity of the blood*” is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER, *Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.*

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"I have had your Machine for several weeks, and am perfectly satisfied that the work it does is the best and most beautiful that ever was made."—*Maggie Aimison, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I use my Machine upon coats, dress-making, and fine linen stitching, and the work is admirable—far better than the best hand-sewing, or any other machine I have ever seen."—*Lucy B. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I find the work the strongest and most beautiful I have ever seen, made either by hand or machine, and regard the Grover & Baker Machine as one of the greatest blessings to our sex."—*Mrs. Taylor, Nashville, Tenn.*

"I have one of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines in use in my family and find it invaluable. I can confidently recommend it to all persons in want of a machine."—*G. T. Thomson, Nashville, Tenn.*

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"The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine works admirably. I think the stitch and work far superior to that of any Sewing Machine I ever saw. On fine work, I think the Machine would be hard to beat."—*W. J. Davis, Memphis, Tenn.*

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"The Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have given such satisfaction that we cheerfully recommend them to all who wish a good and substantial Sewing Machine. It executes work with much care and speed, and more finely than any other machine I have seen."—*Mrs. R. B. Mitchell, Memphis, Tenn.*

"I am happy to give my testimony in favor of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines, and of the perfect satisfaction it gives in every respect. It sews neatly, and is by no means complicated, and I prefer it to all others I have seen."—*Mrs. Bryan, wife of Rev. A. M. Bryan, Memphis, Tenn.*

"It affords me much pleasure to say, that the Machine works well; and I do not hesitate to recommend it as possessing all the advantages you claim for it. My wife is very much pleased with it, and we take pleasure in certifying to this effect."—*R. C. Brinkley, Memphis, Tenn.*

"It gives me pleasure to find the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine giving so much satisfaction. I have it in constant use, and find it all that could be desired. It is the most simple and durable machine in use, and I heartily recommend it."—*F. M. White, Memphis, Tenn.*

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# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

J. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.



MACFARLANE, FERGUSON & Co.  
PROPRIETORS,

1859.

RICHMOND, Va.



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# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

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**RICHMOND, JUNE, 1859.**  
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**PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON.\***

BY AN ALABAMIAN.

An surely never did there live on earth  
A man of kindlier nature.

WORDSWORTH.

No man has exerted a greater influence upon the literature of the age than Professor John Wilson. No man has ever arrived at such a brilliant literary height, and occupied such high and honourable positions, about whom, among the generality of readers in our country, so little is known. To Dr. Mackenzie are due many thanks for the very able manner in which he has edited the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, and for the entertaining biographical sketch of the author, with which he has prefaced the work.

John Wilson was born in Paisley, in Scotland, on the 19th of May 1785, and ended his life on the 3rd of April 1854. It would be difficult to find a village that has produced more distinguished men. Here was born, in July 1776, Alexander Wilson, the greatest of European ornithologists. In this little town of weavers, was born on the 3rd of June 1774, that sweet and tender lyrical poet, Robert Tannahill. This place was the home, from early childhood, of William Motherwell, the author of "*Jeanie Morrison*," the most sentimental and pathetic lyric that was ever penned. At an early age,

Wilson was placed under the direction of Dr. McIntyre, a clergyman of character, who resided at Glenorchy, in the Highlands. We are informed that he was a man of extensive information, and was distinguished for his pure and ardent love of nature, as well as for his classical knowledge. By his manliness and virtue, his energy and activity, his diligence and perseverance, Wilson won the confidence and esteem of his worthy preceptor. It was, perhaps, at this very school, amid the beautiful and romantic Highlands of Scotland, that he received those "first impressions," which in after life contributed so much to his vast knowledge of nature. It was there his soul first expanded with joy, when he beheld the blue summits of distant mountains up-lifted against an evening sky,—and learned to gaze with delight upon the golden splendours of the sinking sun. It was there he first wandered alone through the flowery glens and over the heather hills, and caught an inspiration from every object that met his youthful eyes. It was there he first sought the mossy bank of some beautiful loch, rest-

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\* *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*—"The Trials of Margaret Lindsay"—"*The Foresters*"—Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. "*Recreations of Christopher North*," "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*," in Five Volumes, Edited by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. New York: Redfield.

ing like a huge mirror, in the mountain-gorge, and watched with enthusiasm every snowy wing that flitted by, and admired every wavelet that broke in sparkling spray at his tender feet; and it was there that he taught himself to kneel at nature's shrine, and to acknowledge, that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

From Glenorchy, Wilson was removed to Glasgow—thence to Oxford, where he entered Magdalen College, as a gentleman-commoner. Whilst at the latter place he exhibited many of those irregularities and eccentricities out of which so many journalists have fabricated the foulest falsehoods. Dr. Mackenzie has displayed much wisdom and excellent taste in passing over these things in silence. It is true, he informed us how he fought the bully, but he does not dwell upon it as a matter of any importance. It would have been to little purpose to have told us how Wilson used to run up lofty mountains—how he swam rivers—how he danced at fairs and flirted with the lassies. In these things he did no more than might be expected from any healthy, vigorous youth. The fact that Robert Clive was a naughty boy at school, and that he twice attempted to blow his brains out, did not prevent him from crowning himself and his country with unfading honour in India. The fact that Warren Hastings was a wayward and impulsive youth, strongly given to sentiment, did not prevent him from making a splendid government out of a people, broken down by internal broils and misrule. These extravagances are not always ominous of evil—they are frequently the mark of that restlessness of spirit which in the future is almost certain to achieve great and noble results. They are a part of the inheritance of genius. But it is not concerning these things that we wish to be informed. We prefer to know something of the moral and intellectual culture of the man, and in these preferences Dr. Mackenzie has gratified us.

When Wilson departed from Oxford a

cotemporary said of him: "When he left us Oxford seemed as if a shadow had fallen upon its beauty." Between 1809 and 1812, he married an English heiress, of great beauty and accomplishments. Instead of spending his honey-moon amid the rejoicings and congratulations of friends, he journeyed with his bride *on foot* over the whole of Scotland! This was a most fortunate match—the union of the eagle to the dove. From 1812 to 1817, he passed his time at Elleray, situated upon the banks of the beautiful Windermere. Up to this time Wilson had published two poems—one upon the death of James Grahame—another, entitled the "Isle of Palms," and these had given him considerable reputation. His name was now favourably known throughout England and Scotland; but the arena was just beginning to be opened in which he was to display the power of his mighty genius. He came before the public at a time when nothing but the greatest energies and noblest powers could gain an audience.

Having thus rapidly gone over the most prominent events of the youth and early manhood of Wilson, it now becomes necessary to depart a little from the main subject, in order to bring before the reader the causes and the influences, that shaped his future destinies. It is essential that we look a little into the Periodical Literature of the times in which our author lived—the circumstances with which he was surrounded, and to notice the men, with whom he had to contend in the race, for honour and fame.

The Edinburgh Review was established in 1807, and was the forerunner of one of the most brilliant periods in the history of literature. It is an interesting fact, that this organ, which was destined to wield such a powerful influence in politics, literature, science and religion, should date its origin back to the playful remarks of three young, unknown men, who were without money, without friends, and with nothing to recommend their project, but their fiery zeal and their brilliant intellects. Sidney Smith set out for Germany, but be-

fore he reached there, Germany "became the seat of war." He remained five years at Edinburgh—and during that time the Review was put on foot. "Among the first persons," says he, "with whom I became acquainted, were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray, (late Lord Advocate for Scotland;) and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island. One day we happened to meet in the eight or ninth story or flat of Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the Edinburgh Review. The motto I proposed for the Review was

"Tenui musam meditatur avena—"

"We cultivate literature upon a little oat-meal. But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success."

Prior to its advent the cause of letters seems to have been on the decline. This was not, however, really the case. This literary lethargy grew out of the fact that public attention was turned in another direction. Great political questions, involving the peace and happiness of kingdoms and empires, were exciting the minds of the people. The burning eloquence of such men as Fox, Pitt and Burke was claiming the admiration of the world; and Napoleon Bonaparte, like a brilliant meteor, was blazing aloft, and by the power of his mind and the greatness of achievements in the Cabinet and on the battle-field, had struck the nations mute with astonishment. Victory after

victory was heralded with acclamations, which filled the hearts of his enemies with dread and shook their thrones, as with the might of a tornado. Upon every breeze were borne his brilliant deeds, and kingdoms trembled at his name. Around him had assembled a corps of military men, whose bravery, skill, and daring had never been surpassed. Into the military science he had infused a new and wonderful life, and around the bloody name of war he had thrown the spirit of romance. His movements were so rapid—his victories, over armies, that had never before been conquered, so brilliant,—his courage, so great—and his knowledge in everything that related to men and governments so profound, that we are not surprised that literary men paused from their labours to admire a genius so stupendous and sublime. Amid these great political agitations and military achievements the age of Pericles was forgotten. Sophocles, Euripides and Eschylus were no longer studied as models. The Elizabethan era ceased to fill the mind with love and veneration. Sydney and Raleigh and Spenser failed to attract attention. The "Faery Queen" was neglected; and the "Arcadia" was no longer remembered with delight. That period in the history of literature, which proudly boasted such names as Richardson, Fielding and Smollet was forgotten in political questions of vast magnitude, or was dimmed by daring deeds, the like of which no other age had ever seen.

It is with pleasure that we avail ourselves of the following just and elegant remarks from the work of Thomas B. Shaw upon English Literature: "During the actual ardour of any great political struggle, men's minds are too intent upon the more immediate and personal question, and their views too much narrowed and distorted by prejudice and polemics for any great achievement in general literature to be expected; but it is in the period of *tranquillity immediately succeeding* such great national revolutions, that the human intellect soars aloft with steadfast, broadest and sublimest wing

into the calm empyrean of poetry and philosophy—

“Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
Which men call earth.”

Other causes, therefore, in connection with the energy, industry and genius of two or three men, conspired to render the *Edinburgh Review* successful. That individual talent and industry did much toward giving it a permanent position, we do not deny; but we must refer its unparalleled popularity to the great reaction that took place in politics—in religion—in science and in literature, toward the latter part of the French Revolution. The year 1802 was an auspicious period for the establishment of such an enterprise. Healthy criticism had almost perished. It had sunk to such a degree that an author expected to be complimented with the most fulsome panegyric, or to be insulted by the most withering sarcasm.

The *Review* coming before the public at such a time, with its dignified criticisms, glowing with the light of genius, and aided by the prestige of ethical and philosophical reasonings, could not fail to make an impression upon all classes of society, and to claim the attention of other countries. It became the mighty vehicle of political and literary power. By the purity of its morals; the boldness of its language; the fearlessness of its spirit; the fierceness of its attacks, and the ability it displayed upon all subjects, it immediately took a position which few periodicals have ever since attained. In its columns might be seen the splendid essays of Jeffrey; the sparkling wit of Smith; the glowing articles of Brougham; and at a later period of its history, those gorgeous productions of Macaulay, which add a dignity to the cause of literature, and encircle the *Review* with a halo of glory. From 1803 to late in 1829, Francis Jeffrey was its sole editor. To the arduous duties of this position, he brought a mind well-trained by study, and well-stored with knowledge. His perception was fine; his taste pure;—his imagination brilliant;

his heart kind;—his judgment generally correct;—and his analysis as keen as a two-edged sword. To all this we may add that he was young and ardent, and entered the arena with the determination of “familiarizing the public mind with higher speculations and sounder and larger views of the great objects of human pursuit than had ever before been brought as effectually home to their apprehensions; and also in permanently raising the standard and in increasing the influence of all such occasional writings; not only in this country, but over the greater part of Europe and the free States of America.” How nobly he accomplished these results the subsequent history of the *Review* fully attests. A journal setting out with such high aims and with such liberal views, should always have been just and impartial. This, however, was not the case. As a whig organ it was fierce and vindictive; and as a literary review its criticisms were not always written with candour and justice. Influenced by prejudice, it frequently manifested a spirit of pique that was disgraceful to the editor and dishonourable to all concerned. Jeffrey waged a bitter and relentless war against the School of Lakers. In the “Excursion” of Wordsworth he could see but few beauties, and he prefaced his remarks upon it with these words: “*This will never do.*” There never was, perhaps, a more scathing criticism penned. While it was written in an elevated and dignified style, yet it sinks into little else than down-right abuse. That this severity was unmerited the continued popularity of the work shows. His remarks upon the *White Doe of Rylstone* are no better—if anything they are worse. The same vindictive spirit was manifested against Robert Southey. Coming from such a source, clad in the beauty of diction, glowing with the might of genius, and proclaimed from a seat of such power and authority, such withering strokes hurled against literary men who had many admirers, and against political measures which had many supporters, could not fail to awaken feelings of hostility and opposition. For

fifteen years the Edinburgh Review held undisputed sway. Its authority was supreme. Men and measures had been forced to submit to the great Autocrat of the North. A new set of men had, however, come upon the stage—men who were as profound as Jeffrey,—as witty as Smith, and as powerful as Brougham. The Tory party could no longer submit to have their principles assailed with argument, abuse, ridicule and satire without retaliation—hence was established that famous magazine over which John Wilson presided with so much ability and dignity for so many years. The first number of Blackwood's Magazine was published on the first of April 1817. It was edited by Pringle and Cleghorn, and Dr. Mackenzie says that "dull and decent" would truly characterize the opening number. It had been established by Blackwood, a man of great vivacity and intelligence, to oppose the wit, satire and argument of the Edinburgh Review, and this first display did not meet with his approbation. It was not long before the publisher and editors quarrelled. They went over to Constable, leaving Blackwood to act both as editor and publisher. Each number now improved. James Hogg, John Wilson, Robert Merce Gillies were among the contributors. The success of the magazine began with the "*Chaldee Manuscript*"—a daring satire upon Pringle, Cleghorn, Constable, and Jeffrey. It was written by James Hogg, and was in the form of Scripture,—being divided into chapters and verses. On account of this article suits were instituted against Blackwood, and it cost him 1000 pounds. Thenceforward the magazine was triumphant. The most brilliant men of the age, caught by the boldness and daring of the *Chaldee Manuscript*, rushed to its support. But of all this number, he who held the directing and controlling power was Wilson. He breathed into it a new spirit and infused into it a new and beautiful life. Though his name was concealed, yet all acknowledged that a masterly hand was at the helm. The public asked the name of this new editor, and was answered,

*Christopher North*. Few men can distinguish one name; but here we have an example of a man who has immortalized two, and each stands forth separate and distinct. Month after month, with this *eidolon*, Wilson sent forth those magnificent and gorgeous essays, which have made his name a household word in all the regions of the earth, and will hand it down in glory to the most distant posterity. Blackwood's Magazine inaugurated a new era in periodical literature. It overcame all difficulties; triumphed over all enemies; spread the richest blessings throughout Scotland; and dignified the cause of learning. It promised the return of the poetical age of Robert Burns.

Young, ardent, and enthusiastic, Wilson entered the arena, while around him were towering aloft intellectual giants, with whom he had to contend. From Italy came in mournful melody the strains of Lord Byron. Robert Southey was in his gala-time. De Quincey was preparing the "*Opium Eater*;" and Macaulay was maturing those splendid essays upon Milton and Machiavelli. John Wilson Croker was in the ranks. William Wordsworth had already achieved a name. Thomas Moore was pouring forth his "melting murmurs," and

• • • "mad Coleridge, the mystical Lacon,  
Who out cants wild Kant, and out *bacons*  
Bacon,  
The vain, self-tormenting, and eloquent  
railer,  
Who out of his tropes, *jerries* Jeremy Tay-  
lor,"

claimed his share of attention. In Scotland, the shepherd, James Hogg, was pasturing his flock, and wrapped in his humble plaid was drinking inspiration from the twinkling stars that nightly kissed the waves of Loch Lomond and rested upon the summit of Ben Nevis. Robert Sym had girded on his armour. Dr. Maginn, known as *Sir Morgan Odoherty*, was sharpening his blade for the contest. Lookhart was dreaming over "Peter and his Kinsfolk." Sir Walter Scott was then the *Great Unknown*, and Francis Jeffrey was the terror of the North.

In 1820, Wilson was elected to the Chair of Mental and Moral Science in the University of Edinburgh, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Thomas Brown. The duties of this position brought him to more "regular work," and induced him to lay aside many of those irregularities and eccentricities which distinguished his previous life.

In personal appearance he is said to have resembled John James Audubon—the American Ornithologist. He is said to have been the finest looking man in Scotland. He was over six feet in height; his chest was full and round; his brow large and bold; his flashing eye of Heaven's own beautiful blue; and from his broad and noble forehead flowed back his long Scandinavian locks. "Kit North," says John Savage, "walked the earth like a Titan, and the step became him. Look at him,—brawny-chested, broad-shouldered, fire-eyed, lofty-browed, trumpet-tongued monster of six feet two, with a body capable of great indolence, or immense exertion; and a face changeable as the climate of New York. Look at him in his study, when the fever of composition was upon him—his Celtic locks flowing about his round, full head, like a tangled halo; his eyes gleaming like a panther's; and a hirsute beard, adding wild force to his expression. Verily the man looks like an inspired buffalo, or wild boar, howling out his huge lyrical love, or driving his tusks into and gnashing his teeth in a critical phrensy over some Satanic Montgomery. He dealt his blows as though he felt their force himself, and knew that each was a leveller."

His nose was like the eagle's beak, and the whole contour of his face was such, that strangers frequently paused to regard him as he walked the street. In the "Recreations of Christopher North," he applied the following lines of Wordsworth to himself—as North:

\* \* \* \* \* "he was a man  
Whom no one could have passed without  
remark—  
Active and nervous was his gait; his limbs

And his whole figure breathed intelligence.  
Time had compressed the freshness of his  
cheeks  
Into a narrower circle of red,  
But had not tamed his eye, that under  
brows  
Shaggy and grey had meanings, which it  
brought  
From years of youth; whilst like a being  
made  
Of many beings, he had wondrous skill  
To blend with knowledge of the years to  
come  
Human, or such as lie beyond the grave."

Wilson was kind, courteous, and generous. His soul was full of compassion, and the tale of woe was never known to

"Die on his ear a faint unheeded sound."

It was in the bosom of his family that he shone the brightest. Here his happiness was perfect. In one of his poems he thus speaks of himself:

"And it has pleased high Heaven to crown  
my life  
With such a load of happiness, that at  
times  
My very soul is faint with bearing  
The blessed burden."

As an orator few men ranked higher than Wilson. He possessed in a high and perfect degree all the qualities that are essential for a great speaker. His language was fine and his imagination brilliant. Impetuous in disposition, it gave an earnestness to his manner which none could resist. He had a strong and powerful memory, and he treasured whatever he saw, felt or read. Witty, playful, sarcastic, and pathetic, he could lead an audience from one stage of feeling to another with ease and rapidity. To-day he would be reclining on the bank of some far-distant loch,—to-morrow he would journey fifty miles on foot, and delight thousands by his eloquence. Those who have listened to the "old man eloquent," describe his oratory as overwhelming. At one moment his voice was as soft as the low murmuring Æolian, or the gentle whisperings of the

zephyrs at eventide; at the next it was like the shrill notes of the clarion, or the roar of the tempest in its might. With his long locks flowing down his broad shoulders,—his breast swelling with emotion, and his gleaming eyes prophetically fixed upon the distant future, he bound his hearers with the spell of a magician. At one moment his eloquence was like the quivering lightning upon the summer evening cloud; at the next it burst forth like a red flashing meteor—leaving his auditory bathed in a flood of indescribable glory. He had many and many a time slept upon the “starry hills”—and with what beauty could he clothe them! Often had he chased the red deer over the mountains—and with what vividness could he paint their towering summits from memory, softened by love and brightened by the magic touch of genius! The gleaming lakes, the sparkling streams, the glowing skies, the heather hills, the flowers, and trees, and “all things that be,” found a place in his capacious mind.

The students of the University followed him from place to place, eager to catch every word that fell from his lips. As he grew interested in his theme, he could make them roar with laughter, burn with indignation, or weep with pity. Wilson lost his wife. He met his class in the lecture room. It was the appointed time to decide upon the merits of compositions. He arose before his class; his form trembled with emotion; his lips quivered from deep feeling; his eyes filled with tears. His class sat breathless—for none dared to break the deep and awful silence. At length he “apologized” for not having examined the essays saying, “*I could not see to read them in the darkness of the valley of the shadow of death.*” The great tears rolled down his cheeks; and Dr. Mackenzie informs us, that the students, fearing to disturb his grief, rushed from the lecture room. After this he was lecturing to a crowded house upon “Memory.” It was a theme he loved. He visited the “farthest back hour” of his life, and lingered with delight amid the scenes

and hallowed associations of his childhood. In imagination he was once more romping in glee over the beautiful hills of Glenorchy, or was seated by the sparkling streams of the Lowlands: or was listening to the twitter of swallows or to the songs of the nightingale; or was journeying through

\* \* \* \* \* “the glens  
And on the mountains, by the lakes and  
rivers,  
And through the hush of the primeval  
woods.”

The bright hours crowded thick and fast upon him. With enthusiasm he portrayed his first love: with vivid language he painted the first years of his wedded life, and when he spoke of the melancholy state of a bereaved husband, he could go no farther; he leaned his face upon his desk and wept as if his heart were broken. When he arose the students greeted him with deafening shouts and applause.

We now propose to speak of Christopher North as a critic. In him true merit ever found a faithful friend; but alas! for the charlatan that fell in his way. Upon such he had no mercy. He tormented them with sneers; he tortured them with sarcasm; he withered them with laughter, and annihilated them with wit. A word from him argued immediate success, while one stroke from his lash was almost certain literary death. Wilson was wanting in that keen perception and wonderful power of analysis that distinguished Lord Jeffrey, and in that research and profoundness of thought which has made Macaulay the best reviewer that ever lived. How much so ever we admire Wilson, candour compels us to attribute to him a very limited knowledge of human nature. With certain phases he was as familiar as he was with the birds, flowers, skies, clouds, moors, hills and dales; but there were others with which he seemed only partially acquainted. As a proof, we need only to refer to his prose stories. In them exist no deeply laid schemes, no portrayal of human nature in its profundity, no insight into those mysterious

depths of the soul, such as we find in Bulwer and Dickens. It is true he knew Sir Walter Scott, Allan Cunningham and James Hogg; William Maginn, Robert Sym and John G. Lockhart. These men he fully comprehended, because they were his friends. Wilson was too much of a Scotchman in thought, feeling and purpose, to be a strictly impartial critic. He loved England; but he adored Scotland. To him the far-famed Italian skies were not fairer than Scotia's. He admired an Englishman, but he loved a Scotchman—and this partiality frequently exhibited itself in his criticisms. To him Byron was a clever poet; but how dear was James Hogg! He sympathized with the poor the world over; but it was the peasantry of his own dear mountains that awakened his interest, and claimed his tears and prayers. Though this feeling did not cause him to act with downright injustice, yet it cast a dampness upon his usual vigour, and checked the ardour of his enthusiasm. In criticising an American, Dana or Willis, for instance, he was candid, liberal, courteous and generous; but in speaking of Burns or Scott or Hogg, he mingled with that candour, liberality and generosity, so much poetry of thought, so much enthusiastic praise, and so much geniality of feeling, that one cannot fail to identify him as a son of Scotia.

To show the truth of our remarks, we will quote from an article in "Recreations," a criticism upon Lord Byron:

"Byron had a vivid and strong, but not a wide imagination. He saw things as they are, occasionally standing prominently and boldly from the flat surface of this world; and in general, when his soul was up, he described them with a master's might. *His merit, whatever it might be, is limited therefore to that of imitation.* \* \* \* His soul having been awakened by the inspiration of the *Bard of Nature*, (William Wordsworth,) never afterwards fell asleep or got drowsy over her beauties or glories; and much fine description pervades most of his subsequent works. \* \* \* But fortunately the poet, in his pride, felt himself pledged to proceed, and proceed he

did in a superior style; borrowing, stealing, and robbing with a face of aristocratic assurance that must have amazed the plundered; but intermingling with the spoils riches fairly won by his own genius from the exhaustless treasury of nature, who loved her wayward, her wicked and her wondrous son. Is Childe Harold, then, a great poem? What!—with one half of it only above mediocrity, one quarter of it not original in conception, and in execution swarming with faults, and the remainder glorious? Don Juan exhibits almost every kind of talent; and in it the degradation of poetry is perfect."

We will not quarrel with the venerable Kit for these sayings, but notice how he speaks of Sir Walter Scott:

"But Scotland is proud of her great national minstrel,—and as long as she is Scotland, will wash and warm the laurels around his brow with rains and winds that will forever keep brightening their glossy verdure. \* \* \* All at once he touched their tombs with a divining rod, and the turf streamed out ghosts, some in woodmen's dresses, most in warrior's mail; green archers leaped forth with yew-bows and quivers; and giants stalked shaking spears. The gay chronicler smiled; and taking up his pen, wrote in lines of light the annals of the chivalrous and heroic days of auld feudal Scotland. The nation then for the first time knew the character of its ancestors. \* \* \* Thus has he described and illustrated the land as with the blaze of a million beacons. Lakes lie with their islands as distinct by midnight as by mid-day; wide woods glow gloriously in the gloom; and by the stormy splendour you even see ships, with all sails set, far out at sea."

What can be more splendid than this? We are at a loss to know which to admire most, the criticised or the critic. In writing of Byron he viewed with the calmness of a surgeon, and summed up his conclusions with the accuracy of a great mathematician. In writing of Scott his soul burned with love for the man; all the heroes he had depicted stalked before him, and the pride which he felt in



beholding Scotland towering in learning and literature, filled him with delight—even rapture. Hear how lovingly he speaks of James Hogg, “The Ettrick Shepherd:”

“‘The Queen’s Wake’ is a garland of fair forest flowers, bound with a band of rushes from the moor. \* \* \* The airy beings that to the soul of Burns seemed cold, bloodless, unattractive, rise up lovely in their silent domains, before the dreamy fancy of the tender-hearted shepherd. The still green beauty of the pastoral hills and vales where he passed all his days, inspired him with ever-brooding visions of Faery Land till as he lay musing on the brae, the world of shadows seemed, in the clear depths, a softened reflection of real life, like the hills and heavens in the water of his native lake. When he speaks of Faery Land, his language becomes aereal as the very voice of the faery people, serene images rise up with the music of the verse, and we almost believe in the being of those unlocalized vales of peace, and of which he sings like a native minstrel.”

Again of his songs he says:

“They seem to start up indeed from the dew-sprinkled soil of a poet’s soul like flowers: the first stanza being root, the second leaf, the third bud, and all the rest blossoms, till the song is like a stalk, laden with its own beauty, and laying itself down in languid delight on the soft bed of roses—song and flower alike having the same ‘dying fall.’”

That some of his criticisms were severe we do not deny; but we do contend that he was generally just and generous. He did not hesitate to pronounce the first works of Bulwer “*horrid puppyism*,” yet Bulwer became a contributor to Blackwood’s Magazine. He wrote freely of Childe Harold, at various times, yet Byron admired him. He defended John Wilson Croker from the caustic and powerful attack of Macaulay; yet Dr. Mackenzie informs us that though stricken with paralysis, he rode, in 1852, eight miles to vote for Macaulay for Parliament. He was ever severe upon Leigh Hunt, yet when that author was in trou-

ble and misfortune, he opened to him both his heart and his purse. If Wilson admired a work for its intrinsic merit, with what brilliancy could he invest the book!

Wilson’s first prose work was “*The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*.” If he had written no other book, this one would have fixed his fame. It is a prose poem, breathing forth in the sweetest and most elevated strain the feelings and sentiments of a great mind; and painting scenes which awakened a sympathy in the breasts of the humble as well as in the hearts of the high-born. “*The Lilly of Liddesdale*” is a story fraught with the finest feelings of our humanity. It glows with all the gorgeous hues of a refined and brilliant imagination; it touches all the tenderest chords which bind man to man; and the whole work proves that those lonely wanderings into the deep solitudes of forests, upon the lofty mountains, through the quiet glens, amid the flowery braes, beside the flowing streams, by the banks of gleaming lakes, had been for high and holy purposes.

*The Lights and Shadows* is a book of sparkling pearls. It is made up of short stories of the sufferings and joys of the humble. None but a man whose heart was full of sympathy and love for his fellow-man could have written it. Thousands of the lowly shepherds, as they watched their flocks, like Norval’s father, upon the sunny hills, read this work, and wept over the pathetic story of their sufferings and their wrongs.

Lovely lassies poured over it at night, beside the cheerful ingle-neuck, when the wintry winds were howling fiercely and the snow flakes were rounding each “hillock into a crystal dome.” In it they saw their own beautiful nature and forms reflected. In it they read those thoughts, which many and many a time had stolen faintly into their minds, but which they could not express. In it they felt a powerful fascination, because it portrayed their own hearts, and drew a picture of what they knew to be real, because those scenes existed around them everywhere. Long after we have closed the book, do

we in imagination behold the "Rain-bow" spanning the eastern sky, and our eyes grow moist when we remember the sorrows and affliction of poor "Blind Allan."

"The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay" appeared in March, 1823. This is the best of Wilson's stories. It is beautifully and pathetically told of a maiden, who suffered almost every conceivable misfortune that could possibly befall a poor, frail girl. In a criticism upon Scottish novels, Lord Jeffrey thus speaks of Margaret Lyndsay: "Nothing was ever imagined more lovely, than the beauty, the innocence and the sweetness of Margaret Lyndsay in the earlier part of her trials; and nothing we believe is more true than the comfortable lesson, which her tale is meant to inculcate,—that a gentle and affectionate nature is never inconsolable nor permanently unhappy, but easily proceeds from submission to new enjoyments. \* \* \* Yet we must enable our readers to form some notion of a work which has drawn more tears from us than any we have had to peruse since the commencement of our career."

When we take into consideration the position these two men held—each the editor of a powerful and popular magazine,—each opposing the other with the full might of his genius; and when we know that Jeffrey was sometimes harsh, cruel and unjust, we must acknowledge the impartiality of the critic, and the greatness of the praise. Jeffrey never lavished his kind words through a weak policy—prejudice might sometimes influence his pen, but generally merit must convince his judgment and elegance of diction and purity of thought must impress his taste. According as pleasure or displeasure marked his brow, he lavished the sweetest praise that ever filled the heart of an aspiring author, or traced the most withering, burning words that ever fell from the lip or glided from the pen.

Some one has said that *Beatrice Cenci* is the saddest story ever written. The author of that assertion either forgot, or was ignorant of the "Trials of Margaret

Lyndsay." This is the most pathetic story ever penned. Like all of Wilson's stories, it teaches a lesson of morality and religion, and is mingled with a deep sadness that sometimes becomes oppressive. He loved and sympathized with the poor—hence he delighted to portray their trials—their sufferings—their meekness, and their firm and unshaken reliance on the promises of the Bible. But Wilson was not a great novelist; his characters too nearly resemble each other, and they are too good—too pure and too perfect for our sinful world. There is, also, too much sameness in style—in imagery—in comparison, and in incident. After reading one or two of his stories, the reader can always guess, with tolerable accuracy, at the main incidents of the rest. After having finished Wilson's stories, we must confess that our opinion of the morals of Scotland is rather low. For a country that loves to attend the kirk on the quiet Sabbath days, and that goes down upon its knees morning and evening in solemn prayer, there is more forgery, adultery, apostacy, in Scotland, according to Wilson, than in any other country under the sun. For every pious, humble Christian there is a cunning forger—for every beautiful maiden there is a black-hearted seducer, and in every lowly sheiling you are apt to find a bastard. These striking peculiarities are as common to Wilson as the "*solitary horseman*" is to James.

Notwithstanding these minor objections, Margaret Lyndsay is full of beauty and will be loved and wept over by the Scottish maidens as long as the heather blooms upon the sunny hillsides, or the Highland is the home of the humble laird. In her disposition—her sorrows and her trials, Margaret Lyndsay greatly resembles Charles Dickens' "Little Nelly." The hideous form of Quilp haunted Nelly—blear-eyed misfortune followed the footsteps of Margaret. Nelly was the guardian angel of an infatuated old miser—Margaret was the beautiful light that guided Daniel Craig from misanthropy and melancholy into the lovely and fragrant fields of purity and piety.

We sometimes hear the religious fanatic

condemning, in the most foolish and reckless manner, all novels as full of ruin and corruption. Margaret Lyndsay will accomplish more in the great battle for morality, virtue and religion than a thousand ranting hypocrites will ever do. Some of the greatest moral lessons that have ever been taught by uninspired man have flowed from the pen of the conscientious novelist. What man or woman—it matters not how hardened by crime—how blackened by vice—who has perused the story of "Little Nelly," in *Master Humphrey's Clock*, has not arisen from the work a purer, better, holier man, or woman? Who has not wept over her bitter trials and weary wanderings? Nelly was an angel in the form of woman. For hours, days, weeks, and months, after we have finished the book, is she beside us, breathing into our very souls a sermon more eloquent than ever fell from the lips of preacher. She is so delicate—so pure and angelic, that we cannot, if we would, forget her goodness, her perseverance and her piety. Misfortunes, enemies, griefs, and sufferings were her companions through life; but her purity, her virtue, her meekness, and her sweet Christian disposition, bore her triumphantly through every scene of sadness, smoothed the pillow of death, and elevated her to those blissful mansions above. Her whole life was one great and eloquent lesson of morality and religion. Her piety teaches us that religion is essential, and that God is eternal. Her life is a beautiful emblem—sweetly embalmed—of all that is pure and noble in woman. All that ingenuity could invent; that malignity could boast; that downright meanness could command, was used against frail little Nellie; but she was faithful; she sought comfort from above; and when afflictions came, through her tears, she saw, by faith, a realm where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," and her death, in that dim old church, was like the folding of a beautiful flower at even-tide. There, too, is the Beatrice Cenci—the Italian girl. Surrounded from infancy by the most dreadful crimes that ever caused a heart to shudder or an eye to weep, and

witnessing scenes that chill the blood and send it frozen to the heart; yet in the prison, amid the clanking of chains, under the torture and on the scaffold, she teaches feeble man a lesson of faith, of constancy and of religion, that shames the modern pulpit. Those who have read the beautiful Roman story, Valerius, by Lockhart, have not forgotten—will never forget—the prison in which the Roman Christian, Tisias, was confined, nor the Flavian Amphitheatre, in which he suffered for the delight of Trajan; nor will the lapse of years banish from the memory the lovely Athanasia and her piety. As long as there are those who love the true and beautiful—the power of religion—the brilliancy of morning—the calm hush of evening, and the quiet Sabbath day, so long will Margaret Lyndsay exert a beneficial influence over the heart of sinful man, and be remembered with delight.

We cannot write at length of the "Foresters"—neither is it necessary that we should, because nearly everything that has been said of Margaret Lyndsay will apply to this work. In the "Foresters" there is not so much oppressive sadness, and it is, perhaps, more true to nature, and more interesting in incidents than the former, but taken as a whole, it is inferior to Margaret Lyndsay. They should, however, never be read consecutively, for the reasons which we have previously given.

In 1842, the most brilliant of those essays that had charmed thousands of the readers of Blackwood's Magazine, were collected into a volume, entitled "The Recreations of Christopher North." Here Wilson is in his native element. In these articles he appears in the full strength of his genius, and displays a power of analysis, a beauty of diction and a world of wealth that is wonderful. Whether Christopher North is in his "Sporting Jacket;" or is visiting the "Cottages;" or is giving us his "Morning Monologue;" or is spending a day at "Windermere;" or is sitting quietly in his "Aviary;" or is journeying over the dreary "Moors;" or is travelling with "Dr. Kitchiner," he is always the same

genial, generous and noble being, who from the fulness and freshness of his great mind, is ever ready to help the weak—to cheer the broken in spirit, and to lift up the oppressed. "What a dear kind soul of a critic is old Christopher North!" says he of himself. "Watering the flowers of poetry, and removing the weeds that might choke them—letting in the sunshine upon them, and fencing them from the blast—proclaiming where the gardens grow, and leading boys and virgins into the pleasant alleys—teaching hearts to love and eyes to see their beauty, and classifying, by attributes it has pleased nature to bestow on the various orders, the plants of Paradise." This description is as true as it is noble.

"An Hour's Talk About Poetry," is the most *perfect* criticism in the English language. It is a sparkling gem in the literature of the age. In it are seen to perfection all those characteristics that made Wilson the most brilliant man of the nineteenth century. In this criticism he maintains that there is but one great poem in our language, and that one—Paradise Lost.

See how beautifully he writes of Campbell:

"What shall we say of the Pleasures of Hope? That the harp from which that music breathed, was an Æolian harp placed in the window of a high hall to catch airs from heaven, when heaven was glad, as well she might be, with such a moon and such stars, and streaming over half the region with a magnificent aurora borealis. Now the music deepens into a majestic march—now it swells into a holy hymn, and now it dies away elegiac-like, as if mourning over a tomb—vague, indefinite, uncertain, dream-like, and visionary all; but never else than beautiful; and ever and anon, we know not why, sublime. It ceases in the hush of night—and we awaken as if from a dream. \* \* \* As for Gertrude of Wyoming, we love her as if she were our only daughter—filling our life with bliss, and then leaving it desolate. Even now we see her ghost gliding through those giant woods! As for Lochiel's Warning, there was heard the voice of the Last of the

Seers. The Second sight is now extinguished in the Highland glooms—the Lament wails no more,

'That man may not cover what God would reveal.'

The Navy owes much to 'Ye mariners of England.' Sheer hulks often seemed ships till that strain arose—but ever since, in our imagination, have they brightened the roaring ocean. And dare we say, after that, that Campbell has never written a Great Poem? Yes." \* \* \*

No wonder that he wrote in his enthusiasm, that "only in such *prose as ours* can the heart pour forth its effusions like a strong spring, discharging ever so many gallons in a minute, either into pipes that conduct it through some metropolitan city, or into a water-course that soon becomes a rivulet, then a stream, then a river, then a lake, and then a sea." And in this sea the immortal Kit sported like a whale—now spouting the water aloft, until the sun-rays lit each descending spray-drop with brilliancy, and spread across the waves a beautiful bow—and now lashing the deep into foam, and then disappearing in the ocean's depths to visit the coral groves.

For thirty years Christopher North was editor of Blackwood's Magazine, and during thirteen years of this time appeared that brilliant and dazzling series of articles, entitled *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. These now compose five volumes. For variety they have never been surpassed. They are critical, biographical, historical, comical, poetical and tragical. In this work a prodigality of wit, humour, pathos and poetry appears. Amid such a profusion of pearls and diamonds, the reader never grows weary. We are not surprised that James Hogg, upon the reading of one of the *Noctes*, in which he had been happily personated, said: "That Wulson is a droll b—h." We can easily imagine a man of high culture and extensive information writing one of these articles, but we are lost in wonder and astonishment, when we know that for thirteen years they appeared regularly like the beautiful stars of night. This page

glitters with dew-drops;—that one, with brilliant pearls. This one dazzles us with a magnificent array of gems;—that one overcomes us with its gorgeous glories; this one paints to our view the hills, dales and mountains of Scotland; that one charms us by an exhibition of pastoral beauties.

To pronounce the work a noble production is feeble praise. It is a garden, blooming with blushing roses—a kaleidoscope, reflecting an infinite variety of beauties and perfections—a peristrophe panorama, representing scenes of greatness and grandeur. Abounding in philosophy, metaphysics, politics, poetry, wit, humour, pathos and criticism, the *Noctes* present to the reader a “feast of fat things.” If you love the morning, dewy and rosy; or the forest, grand and glorious; if you delight in gazing up into the “beautiful light of the boundless blue,” trembling with light; or in viewing the soft and mellow twilight; if you admire the night—

“Stringing the stars at random round her head  
Like a pearl net-work,”—

or the snow-mantled mountains, you cannot fail to be gratified. All that a refined taste can claim,—that an extensive reading can command,—that a brilliant imagination can offer,—that a glowing fancy can portray,—that a poet’s soul can breathe, may here be found.

When once fairly within the influence of the *Blue Parlor*, or *Buchanan Lodge*, we cannot tear ourselves away. We become charmed—fascinated. We feel and know that we are beneath the magic of a potent mind. We revel in a new and beautiful world, and in the fulness of our joy and admiration exclaim—

“Ne’er was such an Eden given  
To houri of an Eastern heaven.”

Beneath his powerful pen a new creation springs into existence—a creation not tangible but ethereal and heavenly, because of the mind. We hear the low but distinct murmur of streams, quietly flow-

ing through beauteous and peaceful vales. Ever and anon we view, through the vista of grand old forests, the broad and majestic river, gleaming, like burnished silver, in the morning sunshine. We listen, while a pleasing sadness steals silently through our hearts, to the songs of birds. We inhale the rich aroma of a thousand sweet flowers. We watch with delight the heavens, now overcast with the thunder-cloud—now glowing in splendour—and now sparkling with a myriad stars. We behold mountains, whose blue summits are indices to a land of eternal repose, and we listen to the hum of many—many voices—not in anger but in love and thanksgiving—swelling up toward the throne of Him who dwells in light, above the mountains—above the clouds and above the stars. Wilson, in the work under consideration, has confined himself to no particular subjects, but with a master’s might, wrote of

“Wood, wold, sea, city, field, solitude,  
And crowds and streets, and man where  
e’er he was,  
And the blue eye of God, which is above  
us.”

What Gillfillan has said of Bulwer may be applied to Wilson with great truthfulness in the *Noctes*: “All is point: but the point perpetually varies from ‘gay to grave, from lively to severe;’ including in it raillery and reasoning, light dialogue and earnest discussion, bursts of political feeling and raptures of poetical description; here a sarcasm, almost worthy of Voltaire, and there a passage of pensive grandeur which Rousseau might have written in his tears.” Bulwer declared that there was enough poetry in the *Festus* of Bailey to set up a thousand poets; the same may be said of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Ages will pass away before we will see the counterpart of John Wilson. In body and mind he was a perfect man. In this work you will “meet with philosophy as deep as the Stagyrte’s, wit as lively as Sheridan’s, pathos as tearful as Scott’s, imagination wide as Byron’s, and sociality as genial as that of Captain Morris. It seemed

that he could play upon every instrument in the vast orchestra of thought." His labours will long be remembered—and his name covered with glory, will descend to posterity an inheritance which will gladden, beautify and adorn the literature of every age. He stands side by side with Scott and Burns, and Allan Cunningham. By his genius he has hallowed every flowery glen and green savannah, and has hung a halo of beauty about those "soft, silent hills," which will never more grow dim. Combining such extraordinary characteristics, he is said to have been a remarkable union, the "eagle, the lion and the man." With the ferocity of the tiger he combined the generosity of the lion, and to the daring

of the eagle he united all that is great in man. Like a giant he walked the earth, but he left upon it the impress of an angel. Like the nightingale he could fill the air with the sweetest melody, or like the bold condor, could bathe his broad pinions in the pure light of the upper sky. Through many difficulties he rose upon the literary world, rushed onward to the zenith of his glory, and like the setting sun sank, behind the western hills, amid the splendours which his own greatness had created. On the 3rd of April, 1854, he departed this life,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his  
couch  
About him and lies down to pleasant  
dreams."

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## MARCH.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESBY.

Sunny and smiling, you come to the earth,  
With promise of pleasanter days,  
Waving the banner of blossoms and mirth  
Far out in the golden haze;  
Blue-eyed and tender, you bend o'er the beds  
Where little soft buds lie asleep,  
Stirring and coaxing, till tiny bright heads  
From out the brown mold-quilt creep;  
Then, with a frown and a wrathful eye,  
You cover them up in the snows to die,  
Cruel old March!

Greedy and grim, with your heartless wiles—  
Crushing the beauty you won with your smiles!

Brightly you sit on the bare peach boughs,  
And feel for the pulse of the flowers,  
Whispering falsehoods over their brows  
Of golden and bright green hours;  
Warming their blood with your treacherous breath,  
And swelling the soft pink bloom;  
Then with your frost-work chill them to death,  
And whistle and rant o'er their tomb;  
Yet in the gold of the April sun,  
You sob and moan for the mischief you've done,  
Silly old March!

Fickle and false, with your cheats and arts—  
You are type of some who have souls and hearts!

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

## COVENTRY PATMORE.

It is common to characterize the poetry of our own time as analytic or subjective in distinction from the great objective works of the Epic poets and the dramatists of our earlier literature. There is much that may be adduced in support of this characterization. The great poet of the nineteenth century is eminently subjective and analytic. Wordsworth may well glory in having developed almost new phases of human nature. It is, indeed, the fact, that man and his aspirations, passions, and weaknesses, form the subject of a vast deal, perhaps almost all, of our poetry. Yet the statement first mentioned seems to involve an erroneous distinction. It represents our age as equal to any preceding age in point of imaginative power, differing only in its manifestation. This is true to some extent. But it seems to us more correct to say that the age, without a peculiar character, exhibits in its poetry the marks of the natural progress of society. In succeeding histories of literature, it will be described as one of unprecedented activity of thought—when the number of writers in every department was immense, when consequently there was a vast rhythmical literature, and when careful scientific education was universal. Men are coming now to write on all subjects with a degree of scientific accuracy which they have never before had the means of attaining. We are coming to attach great importance to purity and correctness of thought and style. In a word, the age is more scientific than any preceding one. It is then to be expected that the artistic development should exhibit these general features. At any rate, we should expect the lesser productions of art to be shaped by this prevailing character. Many trains of thought, in themselves unpoetical, will be presented in rhythmical form. There must be many attempts at poetical renderings of nature, and the absence of profound poetic feeling will be supplied by careful attention to justness and precision of thought. Thoughtfulness would then become the

prominent feature of our poetical literature, and might exhibit itself either subjectively or objectively. And from this thoughtfulness would not unnaturally proceed a perception and appreciation of the finer feelings of our nature. And so we might come to confound thoughtfulness and delicacy with poetry. Observe the eulogies which Wordsworth's admirers make on the great poet; you find that they praise oftenest not the poetic frenzy, but the philosophy, the profoundness which can extract instruction from the simplest occurrences. This, too, seems to us to have occasioned much of the praise lavished on "Festus." The subjects of the poem are intensely interesting, the thoughts not unfrequently striking, the reflections and train of reasoning correct. But they are, for the most part, without any true poetical elevation. So Tennyson is admired for his depth of thought. But philosophy is not poetry. Thus our rhythmical literature comes to be didactic, till it is a relief to meet with an "Ancient Mariner," or "Christabel," in which no one has yet succeeded in tracing any profound philosophic discussion, or latent moral. Thus metre is made the vehicle of pleasant thought of a character that would be comparatively unattractive in prose. Just as in the Augustan period of Italian Literature, Vida traced the history of the game of chess, and Fracastoro discussed minutely the "Morbus Gallicus." In such productions we are pleased with the thought, the taste is not offended, the ear is content with the rhythm, and we are fain to accept as poetry what is often either mere philosophy, or neat and pleasant statements of facts.

The poems under consideration, "The Betrothal," and "The Espousal," forming "The Angel in the House," seem to us to exemplify these remarks. The two volumes, published by Ticknor & Fields, on most attractive paper, with profusion of margin, have, no doubt, been largely read with pleasure, and we heartily commend them to all lovers of

pure and gentle feeling. They treat their subject, love, with the utmost delicacy and highmindedness. They present a better analysis of the emotion than we remember to have seen elsewhere at all. They abound with useful practical thought, tersely expressed, and the principles they develop are broad and sound. And this is the extent of the praise which can be accorded them. We do not find the "thoughts that breath and words that burn." We are charmed with the neatness of the sentiment, but we are never carried away by the divine fury. We are constantly compelled to acknowledge the justness, the keenness of thought; we are never lifted into the atmosphere of rapture. Indeed, the poet seems to aspire to the praise rather of an instructor.

"I, servant to the Truth in times

When gaudy words are more than wit,  
And diligent in all my rhymes,

The truth with truest phrase to fit," &c.

If he has aimed to speak in high and noble terms of Love, to develop its real influence on our human nature, to divest it of all unworthy accompaniments, to quicken in men's hearts pure and ennobling ideas, then we cheerfully adjudge him the reward.

The poems may lay claim to a certain amount of originality. The general subject, indeed, is hardly new, since perhaps not only every poet in the world, but every man, at some stage of his career, has opened his soul to the inspirations of the god. Sappho and Ferdusi, Ovid and some famous Chinese poet, Catullus and Tom Moore, have severally given utterance in their various tongues to what is perhaps the lowest presentation of the subject. Hardly in a single case have any of these risen above the merely sensual passion. There is hence a remarkable similarity in their productions. They have none of them attempted an analysis of the passion. They have described its patent effects, and especially mourned over its sorrows, but no more. It is a pity that their glowing pictures should be devoid of real depth and

delicacy of feeling. Spenser in his "Hymns" has attained more of this latter quality than any of his predecessors. Yet in the first two, "An Hymne in honour of Love," and "An Hymne in honour of Beautie," even he has not risen above the beauty of mere form and feature. And when in contrition for the production of these "lewd lays," he determined to write such as should be unexceptionable in sentiment, he took no pure earthly love; his remaining Hymns exhibit their subjects in their titles: "An Hymne of Heavenly Love," "An Hymne of Heavenly Beautie." Yet it would be instructive to compare these "Hymnes" with the poems of Mr. Patmore. They are short; they attempt no very laborious description; they are not remarkable among the works of Spenser; but they exhibit more imagination, more fancy, more heavenly frenzy, than are to be found in all the others. We say this, not in disparagement of the modern poet, whose excellencies we have already stated, but to illustrate the remark made at the outset, that our modern rhythmical literature is remarkable rather for justness of thought than for imagination.

But Mr. Patmore's poems, as contributions to literature, supply the defects of preceding love-poetry. And while we miss the thrilling conceptions of the older poets, we recognize the purity and religious devotion which were not theirs. We must not, however, forget that philosophy can never take the place of poetry. It is not the business of the "bard," we suggest, to instruct us. We have not only minds to be developed. We unfortunately need something more than bare statements of duty. We are apt to forget this when comparisons between ancient and modern poetry present the superior scientific accuracy of the latter. The divorce of the True and the Beautiful is unfortunate, if it be necessary; but one is no less important to us than the other.

The originality which we accord to Mr. Patmore, lies in this chaste and accurate analysis of Love. The older poets addressed themselves to the God or



Goddess: the modern has presented the emotion which one human soul arouses in another. He is therefore freed from their generalities and addresses himself directly to human hearts. But it is time to give our readers a sketch of the plan of the work.

We may best give the poet's subject in the answer he makes his wife, when she inquires what is "the well head—whence gushes the Pierian Spring?"

"Your gentle self, my wife,  
Yourself, and love, that's all in all.  
And if I faithfully proclaim  
Of these the exceeding worthiness,  
Surely, the sweetest wreath of Fame  
Shall, to your hope, my brows caress."

And he proceeds to imagine the results if he should be numbered

"With those great Bards who shared their  
bays  
With Laura and with Beatrice."

The two volumes detail the progress of the hero's courtship and marriage, (written in the first person.) The narrative advances in "Idyls," of which each volume contains twelve, each Idyl being preceded by "The Accompaniments," and "The Sentences." The former of these are devoted to descriptions of the phenomena of Love, and the latter consist of quaint and suggestive remarks by the way. The structure is neat and convenient. The plot is perfectly simple, yet the author throws no little interest around the fortunes of the hero; but the subject assures him of the sympathy of most readers.

Of the poetical rank of the works, we have already expressed our opinion. We may add that the metre, (Iambic Dimeter, or eight-syllabled,) seems to us unsuited to great elevation. The formal pauses and returns, the necessary stiffness, sometimes give the appearance almost of doggerel. The author moves with great ease in his alternate rhymes, and asserts that rhyme, so far from clogging the poet, only adds vigour to his flight. We do not ignore the naturalness and agreeable effect of rhyme, but we

doubt if it can ever be applied to the highest poetry—if it can serve any but a familiar, it may be pleasant and piquant, but certainly not sublime purpose.

We turn to the examination of the thought of the poems. And we mention first, as worthy of all praise, the author's enthusiastic devotion to woman. We are not disposed to find fault with the rhapsodies in which he indulges. We would rather look on such manly devotion, such worship, as the soundest philosophy. Selfishness is the curse of the race, and it is our duty as men of enlarged views to use every means to encourage disinterested devotion. Nothing less than divine influence can present a perfect example of this; yet nothing comes nearer to heavenly love than a noble devotion to purity and gentleness.

"The best half of creation's best,  
Its heart to feel, its eye to see,  
The crown and complex of the rest,  
Its aim and its epitome."

"For she's so simply, subtly sweet,  
My deepest rapture does her wrong."

"On wings of love uplifted free,  
And by her gentleness made great,  
I'd teach how noble man should be,  
To match with such a lovely mate."

"Myself I never seem to raise  
So much as when I honour her."

If these sentiments could metamorphose the "practical" coldness of our times, they would do a good work. It is possible to feel this reverential regard for every good woman, without falling into the absurdities of chivalry. We pay our devotion to pure womanly grace and love. We are grateful to Mr. Patmore for the tenderness with which he has developed the point of woman's true superiority. Her weakness is her strength. And this deferential homage is to the sex. Why should we be obliged to designate a man whose manners retain this characteristic as in a "gentleman of the old school?"

Equally interesting to us is the author's mingling with this unbounded admiration a perception of the weaknesses of the sex. His ladies do not move, like

Hypatia, in a sphere raised above the usual joys and sorrows of mortals. They are real women, who, discarding philosophy, trust to instinct; who are full of little artifices; who have the ability to give interest to a thousand little trifles. The conversations are not profound; the ends, purposes, and means are such as belong to ordinary people. It is right to dwell on the romance of common life.

We are pleased to find, too, that another fact is indirectly evolved from these poems. The author lays stress on the worship which each one of two lovers pays himself, or herself in the other. The lover calls on his mistress to admire in him her own qualities—he declares that he will give up his individuality, and be only what she is. Now, this is nothing but the consummation of sympathy. We believe that the Greek Legend which represents Love as blind, conveys an essentially false principle. It is at best superficial. Love may seem to aim his shaft at random; but the soul has frequently a logic deeper than the intellect's. After the latter has performed its part, there remain data which only the former can comprehend and act on. It is sympathy which underlies our determinations—sympathy which can be explained sometimes, but often only felt. Human hearts left unbiassed rarely go wrong.

There is not space to enumerate the characteristics and phenomena which the author states genially and neatly. The works abound, as we have said, in practical thought. We may instance the beautiful portraiture of courtesy between lovers:

"He who would seek to make her his,  
Will comprehend that souls of grace  
Own sweet repulsion."  
"And ne'er to numb fine honour's nerve,  
Nor let sweet awe in passion melt,  
Nor fail by courtesies to observe  
The space which makes attraction  
felt," &c.

The vanity and purity of lovers, the mystery and ceremoniousness of love, its paradox, humility joined to pride or dar-

ing, its interpenetration into all matters of life, these we must leave to the reader to find. In every case he will discover keen insight into human nature, as well as hearty sympathy with the best natural emotions. There is more than this, a depth of feeling, which is impressive and instructive. And there is a simplicity of devotion which is touching. As, describing his lying awake, waiting for the morning then rising,

"My prayers for her being done, I took  
Occasion by the quiet hour  
To find and know by Rule and Book,  
The right of love's beloved power,"

where his praying for "her" is introduced without prelude as a thing of course.

As might perhaps be expected, the author is not happy in his descriptions of nature. Yet there is a striking description of so unromantic a thing as a railroad train—the train, it is true, which was carrying "her" away:

"And, with a shock and shriek like death,  
Link catching link, the long array,  
With ponderous pulse and fiery breath,  
Proud of its burden, swept away."

Here is an admirable expression of the element of motion rendered with vigour and elevation, and the last line invests it with a high poetic character. And though the author sometimes approaches to conceits, there are passages in the works which exhibit no little idealization, as where, describing the chase after a maiden, he represents her at first as asleep, and seeming to float,

"A water-lily, all alone  
Within a lonely castle-moat."

And, telling of the tribute that virtue pays to woman:

"The far-fetched diamond finds its home  
Flashing and smouldering in her hair;  
For her the seas their pearls reveal."

We have given barely a sketch of the poems, and have not been able to do justice by quotation to the pure, healthy,

loveable spirit that pervades them. We observe with pleasure, too, the religious tone of the sentiment—the subordination of the natural to a higher love. We rejoice to see romance carried into everyday life. No man can be worse for the appeal to his gentler feelings. And we repeat, that, not expecting to find here

the highest poetry, in no similar work will we find more real tenderness and purity, universal sympathy, insight into human nature, (at least of lovers,) and practical suggestion, and all presented in neat and pleasing form. We recommend Mr. Patmore's volumes as a valuable addition to our modern psychological poetry.

## GREENWAY COURT; OR, THE BLOODY GROUND.

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### XVI.

#### HOW CAPTAIN WAGNER DECLARED WAR ON HIS PRIVATE ACCOUNT AGAINST LORD FAIRFAX.

The stalwart Borderer uttered these words with so much energy and expression, that Lord Fairfax was diverted from his gloomy thoughts and smiled. It was the old grim smile, habitual with him—but this even was more pleasant than the gloomy shadow which lay before upon his lips and forehead.

"Captain," he said with his sardonic expression, "permit me to say that your invention in respect of oaths is truly wonderful."

"Many thanks, my Lord," returned the Captain, evidently pleased and flattered, "I have a small genius in that line which my friends have complimented. But after all 'tis a bad habit!—a bad habit!"

And the worthy looked modestly down, with an expression of mock self-depreciation which was a treat to the author of the papers in the "Spectator."

"I agree with you, Captain," replied the Earl, coolly, "but 'tis nothing to our present purpose. You have spoken of the Indians in time. When I get on the subject of Denton, and the wrong done

to me, I am never in my right mind. What do you counsel—speak plainly and with no paraphrases as is your wont: I require the assistance of a man who knows the habits of these devils, and who can plan. I don't care to acknowledge that I am a mere nothing in council as Tom, the General, was before me. I am irresolute—have a morbid inertness clinging to my mind; it is only in the chase that my nerves are strung, my brain clear and vigorous."

"I have seen as much in your Lordship," said Captain Wagner. "You are irresolute, but would be an excellent officer for a cavalry charge. There is the frank truth."

"Speak plainly," said the Earl indifferently, "but when you have finished with me, come to the threatened Indian attack. I know nothing of these matters. Come, your counsel! I have laid before you the particulars."

● "My counsel is easily given, or the devil take me," said the Captain. "'Sdeath, my Lord, I know these Injun rascals—they hold pawpawing days the year round and will be on you like an avalanche some morning; you should prepare. Send runners to the South Branch, with instructions to assemble the men with all the pistols, cohorns, muskets, rifles and carbines to be found:—entrust commis-

sions to them for persons I will designate: such men as Martin, Miller, Howard, Walker, and Rutledge—direct the levies to be trained in bush-fighting, in loading while running at full speed, and in everything connected with a combat and the instruments of the said combat, down to the cutting off the necks of the balls of the rifles. You have no time in an attack to unbreach and extract the ball—consequently a rifle is done up, or the devil take me. I will repeat to your Lordship all the particulars and you shall write them down, and entrust them—with the commissions you have the right as county Lieutenant to issue—to the runners. As to myself, I shall remain here—partly on private affairs,” said the Captain, curling his mustache, “and partly because my services may be needed here more than yonder. It is not out of probability, even, that these devils will make their swoop upon Cedar Creek, and this portion of the manor, from the mountains yonder toward the Northwest. Let ’em come!”

“That is a wild country, is it not?”

“The ruins of an overturned world, grown over with grass and trees, and inhabited by panthers and Injuns,” said Captain Wagner succinctly.

“Pardy,” said the Earl with his grim look, “I think we may expect them from that quarter.”

“Therefore I shall remain here, my Lord. Zounds! I will have an opportunity, even here, of breaking some sculls I warrant you: I hope so at least—my hand is getting out of practice. Since I have stopped dragging at scalplocks and eating buffalo hump I have felt badly. Give me an attack soon, or by the devil’s horns! I will rust to death.”

The stern smile came back to the Earl’s face. He liked to hear the sonorous voice, the martial oaths even, of the rude soldier: they were but additional proofs that the instrument which gave forth such sounds must be robust and strong. The Earl needed Captain Wagner: he had estimated his own character—its strength and weakness—with unusual truth and exactness. Brave, impetuous, even wholly fearless when aroused, excited, he was

yet morbidly irresolute when unmoved—could not bring himself to any determination—had scarcely power to decide upon the most obvious courses. He would often spend long, weary, miserable hours, thus in his great dining room, his head resting on his hand, his thoughts wandering back to the past, or forward to the future; and would only rouse himself at last to dash off to the forest, there to drown his morbid feelings in the excitements of the chase, as other men do in the stimulant of wine. Thus the sight of Captain Wagner was always welcome to the Earl:—he was glad to hear the loud voice, the rattle of the spurs, the clatter of the sword: they kept him from thinking. He needed a counsellor, too, as has been seen, and thus the soldier stood high in the Earl’s regards.

“Well, remain!” he said in reply to the Captain’s last words, “I shall have need for you in other matters, not so warlike.”

“In what pray, my Lord?”

“They speak of a trial for witchcraft here soon.”

“Who?”

“These gentlemen justices of Frederick, or rather one of them, a Mr. Gideon Hastyluck.”

“I know him: a crop-eared rascal!” said the Captain, “zounds! one itches to kick him—this master Hastyluck, or Haste-thee-Luke, as he was formerly called. But who on the earth is to be charged with witchcraft?”

“An old settler here in the Fort Mountain.”

“His name?”

“Powell,” said the Earl thoughtfully.

“Old Powell! what folly! a more peaceful man I never knew.”

“Well, I take no part in the affair: let the gentlemen justices follow their own ideas.”

“They have none, my Lord—they really have not, many of them, capacity to follow their noses even.”

“I am sorry therefor, then.”

“You are sorry?”

“Yes, inasmuch as I shall have to submit to them, very soon, a proposition in which I am interested.”

"What is that?"

"I wish the county seat of Frederick county to be Stephensburg, over here."

"Well, my Lord," said the Captain, collecting his forces.

"Well, there are gentlemen who desire that Winchester should be selected."

"And ladies too, pardy!"

"What, Captain?"

"Nothing, my Lord, I only said that there were ladies who wished Winchester to be chosen."

"Indeed! why?"

"Who have property there."

"I regret it: but I cannot yield: my interests all point to Stephensburg."

"Let us argue that point, my Lord," said the Captain, "I know that Stephensburg, from its position, as—"

"Enough, Captain," said the Earl, indifferently, "spare your logic, I have determined to have the county seat at Stephensburg, if my influence can compass it."

"Good: then it only remains for me, in due and honourable form, to declare war on my private account against your Lordship in this affair."

"You!" said Fairfax.

"Myself."

"You wish Winchester to be selected?"

"Yes, indeed, my Lord."

"Why?"

"For private reasons."

"Ah! a lady is concerned—I have heard of your gallantry very often, Captain. A lady!"

"I do not deny it, my Lord," said the Captain.

"Well, I am sorry to say that I cannot oblige yourself and your fair friend in this matter. I have determined on Stephensburg."

"And I, my Lord," said Captain Wagner, "have determined on Winchester—zounds! with all possible respect for your Earlship, Winchester shall be the county seat."

The melancholy smile flitted over Fairfax's face.

"How will you compass it?" he said, "I have a majority of the justices already in my favour."

"How large a majority pray, my Lord?"

The Earl smiled again.

"You seem to forget that you have declared war," he said, "but this moment. I will afford an enemy no information, whatsoever."

"Ah, that is just, or may the devil take me—right, right! I must do my own nosing-out I see—and faith, as your Lordship has so much the start of me, I will commence at once."

"And I promise not to bear the least grudge, Captain, if you succeed—since we are fairly pitted, arms in hand."

"Except that my sword is shattered to the hilt when I enter the contest, yours whole and sharp."

"It is the fortune of war: so much the more glory if you overcome me. It would not break my heart."

"Very well, my Lord. I promise you to give you a hard fight, and from this moment I sound the trumpet," said the Captain, rising.

"Where are you going?" said the Earl.

"I decline to reply," returned the Captain, cunningly, "I follow your Excellency."

"Not a bad hit, upon my honour—you are invaluable to me, Captain; you alone of all my friends make me laugh. Go then: but let us empty a cup before your departure."

"Willingly, my Lord."

And so Captain Wagner tarried and emptied a fair flaggon of Jamaica (wine he cared not for) to his own success. Then assuring his Lordship that on the next day the instructions for the border settlers would be ready for him, the Captain mounted his horse and took the road to the Ordinary.

## XVII.

### MONSIEUR JAMBOT'S DEATH'S HEAD.

In the main apartment of Mynheer Van Doring's Ordinary, the fair Mrs. Butterton is dancing a galliard to the music—

Monsieur Auguste Hypolite Jambot's fiddle.

That gentleman is clad in a picturesque coat with barrel cuffs turned back to the elbows—a blue satin waistcoat, fitting tightly to his thin, slight figure—and pumps adorned, in place of buckles, with immense rosettes of red ribband. Monsieur Jambot is thus very picturesque—but the widow is resplendent. She is dressed in all the colours of the rainbow—she wears rings, breastpins and bracelets without number; and when she lifts her skirt gracefully in the animated dance—the other hand balanced a-kimbo on her side—she makes a full display of a pair of substantial ankles cased in real silk stockings, and large serviceable feet plunged in slippers of immense elegance.

The dance comes to an end, and the fair widow, fanning herself, says:

"How did I get through, Monsieur?"

"Elegant! elegant!" cries Monsieur Jambot, "but nex' time you shall step not so quick, not so jig, *ma chère madame!*"

"Not so *what?*" asked the fair widow, laughing.

"Ah, my poor head!" said Monsieur Jambot, ceasing for a moment to tune his violin, in order to press his forehead with a theatrical air, "my poor head—I no understand *l'Anglais*; I mean you step out too—what you call him—*vite*, too quick, too spirited: *viola le mot!*"

"Well, let us try again."

"Same, madame?"

"Oh, yes: are you tired of it?"

"Ah, *non, non*—I could not be tire of you when you dance."

"You are very gallant, Monsieur."

"*C'est vrai!*"

"Well then, play for me again: do you like that tune?"

"'Tis beautiful."

"I think so too. So you are willing to try again?"

"*Ravi!*"

And Monsieur Jambot struck up a lively air, and Mistress Butterson tripped gaily down the room to the quick music, her arms a-kimbo, her wrist bent and resting on her side, her eyes sparkling,

her red-heeled shoes merrily chattering on the brightly scoured floor.

"*Ah, c'est grand!*" cried Monsieur Jambot, "you might dance the *contre danse* before his *Majesté* Louis le Grand himself."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mrs. Butterson, fanning herself and casting a languishing glance upon her companion—it was to keep herself in practice—"I am glad you think so: for I shall go to a number of frolics before returning to Belhaven, and I wish to show the folks up here the difference between the town and the country. I must not dance any more jig tunes, for they dance them very well here: now a minuet is so much better: *that* is a court dance!"

"A royal dance, madame! But *parole d'honneur*, you dance minuet most elegant."

"Oh, you jest!"

"Jest? never!"

"Shall we try one, then?"

"*Oui, madame*: I will play and dance also."

When Monsieur Jambot danced the minuet he became, for the time, a different person, so loftily did he hold his powdered head, with so graceful and stately an amenity did he move on the points of his high-heeled shoes to the slow-gliding music. This change now passed over his countenance and manner: he held his violin as a monarch does his sceptre; he took up, then laid down his cocked hat, as an emperor would his crown; his whole person became at once stiff and supple, erect and inclined. The lady was not behind-hand. She drew herself up in a stately way, assumed a gracious and condescending smile, and raised gracefully her long skirt, ready to step forward at the first notes of the violin.

Monsieur Jambot commenced with a low prelude, full of elegance and softness. The instrument which had at first shook from its strings a bright shower of laughing and sparkling notes in the gay galliard, keeping perfect time to the rattle of the lady's slippers on the floor of the apartment, now changed its tone completely, as if ashamed of such inane

gaiety and unseemly mirth. It now gave forth a slow, ceremonious strain, such as was fit and proper for great lords and ladies in princely hall assembled, to bow and courtesy to each other by: even for kings to incline their royal heads to in a stiff, graceful, royal way, leading out princesses in gilded, picture-walled saloons.

As to Monsieur Jambot, he seemed to be perfectly happy: he could play and dance very well at the same time, and on this occasion he excelled himself. He glided, he ambled, he simpered, he bowed, his very eyes seemed to be full of music, and to be ready to dissolve away in fluttering delight. Those eyes, we are compelled to say, were fixed upon the fair widow, and they expressed, in a way quite unmistakable, the condition of the owner's heart—the state of his feelings. It was very plain, from the languishing and admiring glances he fixed upon the lady, that Monsieur Jambot was a victim to the *belle passion*, as he called it: and would rather prefer to die for her than otherwise.

Not to do injustice to the fair widow's discrimination, we will add that she understood both the look and the state of Monsieur Jambot's feelings perfectly well. She was well assured that he was one of her most ardent adorers: and that he aspired to her hand; but whether this hand was to be reduced into possession by the dancing-master, or by Captain Wagner, the reader will find out in due time.

And now they approached each other in the graceful dance, bowing, smiling and rolling their eyes:—in which latter exercise we must say Monsieur Jambot very far excelled his fair friend:—and the music seemed to sigh forth a species of luxurious delight. The lady, with her skirt raised with one hand—the other hand, or rather the wrist thereof, resting on her side, executed profuse bows:—and so to the triumphant fiddle of Monsieur Jambot, the dance went on its way in triumph.

He wound up the minuet with a loud graceful flourish; improvised for the occasion, and full of beauty; and in the excitement of the moment sank upon his

knees before the fair lady, grasping her plump hand; which hand he pressed rapturously to his lips. The lady stood calmly fanning herself with her disengaged hand, and looking at her admirer with a roguish twinkle in her eyes. The parties were arranged in this elegant and striking tableau, when suddenly the widow turned abruptly, and Monsieur Jambot rose angrily, brushing his knees. These movements were caused by a very simple circumstance, a circumstance which assuredly, in the ordinary course of human events, was not calculated to overwhelm one, or cause any profound astonishment. Not to keep the reader longer in ignorance, the lady and her admirer had been startled by the arrival of a third personage, and this arrival was announced by the form of words:

"Snout of the Dragon! what do I see! Kneeling, or the devil fly away with me!"

And Captain Wagner, the foot-falls of whose horse had been drowned by the music of the violin, stalked into the room, a dreadful frown upon his brow; his martial spurs jingling as he strode; his heavy sword, half drawn, and clattering portentously against his legs, cased in their heavy, iron-bound boots.

## XVIII.

### HOW CAPTAIN WAGNER PREDICTED HIS FUTURE FAME.

Monsieur Jambot drew himself up, and exclaimed in a theatrical tone—

"*Malediction!*"

"What is that you say, sir?" said Captain Wagner, sternly. "I do not understand your barbarous lingo, though Mistress Butterton seems to comprehend it perfectly, or the devil seize me!"

And Captain Wagner threw upon the fair widow a look which nearly took away her breath. She scarcely knew what to reply, and found all her presence of mind unequal to the task of repelling the valiant Captain, and asserting her own right of action. She finally decided to burst into tears.

"You are a cruel man! that you are, Captain," she sobbed, "to speak to me in that way—that you are."

The Captain was proof against tears: he knew the sex, as he often said, and was not to be moved by such trifles.

"I was not addressing you, madam," he said, frowning, "but this gentleman, who used toward me the highly injurious term, *malediction*. In the whole course of my life, madam, I have never been called a malediction by any one before, and I now inform Mr. Jambo, that whatever may be the fashion in his own frog-eating country, in this country when one man calls another a malediction, it is a declaration of mortal enmity—in which light I receive it!"

"*Sacre!*" groaned Monsieur Jambot, between his clenched teeth, "*ce maudit Capitaine!* I will fight him—I will abolish him from the face of this earth."

"Abolish me!" cried Captain Wagner, indignantly, "may the devil take me, but we shall see. I have heard that you teach fencing, Mr. Jambo, as well as capering: well, draw your sword, pardy, or I will nail you, Monsieur, to that table!"

Monsieur Jambot jumped back, for Captain Wagner's sword flashed forth like lightning from its scabbard.

"Your sword! your sword!" cried the Captain.

Monsieur Jambot was no coward: and now thoroughly aroused by the presence and insults of his hated rival, he executed two steps, professionally speaking, to the mantel-piece, and took down a good rapier which hung there among pepper-pods, balls of twine, and ears of corn; with which he turned and faced his adversary.

"Begar!" he cried, in a great rage, "we shall see what we shall see!"

Before the Captain could put himself into position a loud screech was heard, and Mrs. Butterton rushed between them with tears and sobs.

"Oh, for mercy's sake!" she cried, "Oh! no fighting—oh, you must not! Captain—Mr. Jambot—you shall not! Put up your swords—this moment!—or—or—I shall—faint—my smelling-bottle—in—my—room—Monsieur—Jam!—Cap—!"

With which faintly uttered words the lady closed her eyes; then her form swayed backward and forward, her head drooped, her feet bent beneath her, and just as Monsieur Jambot, with all the gallantry of the Frenchman and the lover, rushed from the room to bring the smelling-bottle, she sank back into the sturdy arms of the valiant Captain.

"Oh, how could you!" she said, languidly opening her eyes and drawing back.

"A thousand apologies, my dearest madam—I have done wrong—forgive me!"

"Oh, Captain!" murmured the lady.

"But to see your beautiful hand pressed to another's lips!—to see another kneeling to you, which individual you might have in another moment raised from his knees—may the fiend seize me, madam!" cried Captain Wagner, "but I will yet have my revenge on that perfidious rival—revenge, revenge!"

The lady drew back pettishly.

"You care nothing for me," she sobbed, "I am angry, sir, and I won't be treated so, sir. You treat me too badly—that you do."

"Tears!" cried Captain Wagner, tearing his hair, "tears caused by me!"

"Yes, sir, by you."

"By me—the most devoted of your admirers—of your—yes, of your—"

"Enemies—yes, the most bitter enemy I have."

"Madam, you tear my heart!"

"You would kill my friends because they are my friends."

"No, no."

"You would fight Monsieur Jambot."

"He is a good swordsman, I know well."

"And if he is?"

"He might run through the midriff me myself—the most faithful of adorers: but that would be nothing," added Captain Wagner, gloomily, "a broken heart and a clay-cold corpse go well together."

"Whose heart is broken, sir?"

"Mine, madam, by your coldness—your unkindness."

"Captain," sighed the lady.



"You turn all my virtues into faults, or may the devil take me!"

"Oh," remonstrated the lady.

"If I show jealousy, you laugh at me: if I wish to drive off other—yes, other rivals, madam, you quarrel with me."

"I have not quarreled."

"You feign not to perceive that I am the most devoted of—"

The lady turned aside her head: the Captain pressed to his lips the hand which was abandoned to him: the other covered her face. Just at this moment Monsieur Jambot re-entered and stood transfixed with horror.

As Captain Wagner, in his profound wrath and astonishment, had cried out violently—

"Snout of the Dragon!"—so now

Monsieur Jambot, with rage quite as profound, saluted his adversary with the words—

"*Milles diables!* what do I see!"

The Captain twirled his mustache.

"You see me," he said curtly.

"And who are you, *sacre!*"

"Captain Julius Wagner, at your service, sir."

"Captain Waggenear, you shall answer to me this!" cried Monsieur Jambot.

"Answer what?"

"For your insult to me," replied the Frenchman, adroitly avoiding a committal of himself.

"I will answer anything," said the Captain. But perceiving the eyes of the fair widow fixed beseechingly upon him: "still," he continued, "I am not aware, Monsieur Jambot, that I have insulted you half so grossly as you have me!"

"*Comme!*"

"Did you not characterize me as a *malediction*? answer me that."

"But," said the lady, delighted to see the two adversaries gradually cooling and speaking in more amicable tones, "that is not an insult, I am sure, Captain. *Malediction* is—I don't know exactly what—but it is not an insult."

"If that is the case, madam, and Monsieur Jambo has not insulted me by this *malediction*, I am ready to end our quarrel."

Monsieur Jambot bowed with ceremony.

"It shall end," he said coldly.

"Good," continued the Captain, "and now, madam, let me proceed to business. I am here purely on business."

Monsieur Jambot hearing these words, understood that it would not be polite for him to remain: so taking his fiddle from the floor, and restoring the rapier to its place, he betook himself to the porch, where, seated on the wooden bench, he discoursed sweet music, soft enough to penetrate the very heart of his mistress.

"Business, Captain?" asked the lady, seating herself near the table.

"Business, madam," said Captain Wagner, taking out a paper, upon which were written, in huge, sprawling letters with a pencil, a number of names, "your business."

And he seated himself on the opposite side of the narrow table; spreading out the paper between them.

"My business?"

"Yes, madam—that which brought you to the Valley."

"Oh, my lots?"

"In Winchester—yes."

"I now recollect your kind offer of assistance. La! Captain, you put yourself to a heap of trouble."

And the lady gently agitated her fan of swan's feathers, gazing thereon.

"Trouble? no, nothing is trouble for which we expect to be munificently paid, pardy!"

The lady cast down her eyes with an affected blush.

"Thus, then it is," said the Captain, leaning over the table and caressing his black martial looking mustache, as with his enormous hand he pointed out the names written on the paper in a double row, "thus it is. At the next meeting of the Honourable Justices of the County of Frederick—which county, by the horns of the devil!—excuse me, madam—should be a kingdom, for it reaches from the Blue Ridge here to the Mississippi—at the next meeting of the Court here, madam, the county seat, as you well know, will be determined on. It will be either Stephensburg over there, or Winchester—"

"Yes, Captain."

"And your interest," said the Captain, in a business tone, "points to Winchester?"

"Yes, indeed—I have some excellent lots there, as I have before told you."

"Good: well I have determined, as I informed you, madam, that Winchester shall be the place."

"La, Captain!—but how can you—there is Lord Fairfax, a sweet nobleman I am sure, but he is determined to have Stephensburg chosen."

"Whether Lord Fairfax is a sweet nobleman or not, my dear madam, is not the question: nor which of these two places he inclines to. I have time before court day, and I will use it in your favour."

"Oh, thank you—you are very good."

"No: by no means: as I said before, my reward will come from you. But that is beside the question. I procured from your worthy father, whom I met on the road coming hither, these names of the justices. You will perceive that they are very nearly balanced equally—for and against Winchester. Two names, you see, are marked *Doubtful*. They are those of Argal and Hasty-luck."

The Captain leaned over the table as did the lady: they were a great contrast: he with his dark, martial face, black mustache, and grotesque humour in the eyes buried under their shaggy brows; she with her fair, plump face and red lips, and affected simper. Their eyes met, and an odd smile passed over the features of each.

"I will bring over Argal and Hasty-luck," said Captain Wagner, watching his companion like a dog with head lowered, "and Winchester will be chosen."

"In spite of Lord Fairfax?"

"Yes, indeed: in spite of everything!"

"You are so kind!"

"Ha, ha!"

"You are the most disinterested person in the world."

"No, I am selfish."

"La! Captain."

"And in proof of it I shall claim the reward for my services."

The lady blushed, casting down her eyes.

"Will you grant me what I ask should I succeed?"

"Oh, Captain," murmured his companion with a fluttering heart.

"If it is reasonable?"

"If—it—is reasonable—y—es."

"Good!" cried Captain Wagner, rising and bringing his fist down on the table like a battering ram, "then Winchester shall, from this time, be the county seat, and shall grow wealthy and increase in population and in size, and in importance and in glory! Yes, I have determined upon that! Stephensburg shall have its foolish ambition overturned: for the more I ponder upon the matter the more proper does it seem that Winchester—where your lots are, my dearest madam—should be the capital town of this great county. I rejoice, not only for my own present sake and your's, that such will be the event: but I see with pride that brilliant future, when the name of Captain Julius Wagner will be loved and respected by thousands now unborn: when they will possibly erect statues to him here in this beautiful land; and where—who knows?—some one of that idle and disreputable, but still useful class called authors, shall write out an account of my services in this matter, and print them with types such as are used for books, and so inform the world of my patriotism!—yes, of my chivalry, my devotedness, my—hum! I think I see that bright day coming, and I shall leave in my will a sum of money with which my children, or grand children—if I have any, which heaven grant!—shall pay one of those scribblers, or Grub-streets, as I have heard them called, to write about my life. And therein, madam, your virtues will shine! therein you will be rendered, from your connection with myself, immortal!—therein we will go down to posterity hand in hand, as I trust we shall do, even—hum!—My horse there!" cried the Captain, breaking off in the middle of his eloquent speech.

"I am going," he added, "and now rest in peace, madam. Your interests are mine."

With which speech Captain Wagner took his leave.

## XIX

## OLD MEMORIES.

Whilst these scenes were occurring at the Ordinary, the master of Greenway Court, leaned back in his tall carved chair, absorbed in gloomy thought.

His pale face indicated some concealed emotion—his lips were contracted sorrowfully, and the long eyelashes rested on his pallid cheek. He remained long thus buried in thought; and then wearily rose erect in his seat and sighed.

"Strange! very strange!" the Earl muttered, "that fatal likeness! Never have I seen reproduced in human face a more perfect resemblance to another! Falconbridge? Falconbridge? Whence does he come? Pshaw! why should I wish to find out? 'Tis one of those fancies which seize on men at times: and yet I swear as I bent over him, when something drove me in the dead of night to his chamber, I could have taken my oath that the face was the very same—eyes, lips and everything! How like, too, the courage which made him spring up and pursue me! There I recognize the likeness again, as in the form—in the spirit as in the outward lineaments. Strange world!—strange life!"

And for some moments, the Earl remained silent, his breast shaken with sighs; his lips quivering. Then he seemed to realize the folly of his emotion: and by a great effort controlled himself.

"What madness!" he murmured, "thus to yield to the ghost of the past, and shake like Hamlet at a shadow! I'll be stronger and colder. He will come to-day or to-morrow, and I must not excite attention by my manner. I must govern myself. Yes—the past must be buried: it is gone. Why rake in the ashes for burnt out hopes and memories? I am thousands of leagues from the scenes of other days—let me not recall them; let them sleep!"

And rising, the Earl put on his hat and gloves, and followed by his stag hounds, wandered forth to the prairie,

still pondering, and pursuing his secret thoughts.

## XX.

## FIRST LOVE.

George pushed his horse gaily up the mountain road, and ere long reached the spur upon which was situated the cabin of his singular host of the day before.

As he approached it, he observed above the great rock in the rear, a light cloud of smoke which puzzled him greatly. It plainly did not issue from the chimney of the house; and as no out-buildings were attached to the cabin, the smoke could not be that of a kitchen. Still, there it was: an unmistakable cloud, rising slowly it seemed from the very fissure of the great mass of rock, and gently floating away among the fir trees.

George was still occupied with this singular phenomenon, when all at once a form appeared at the door of the house which routed all his speculations, and gave him something else to think about.

It was the figure of Cannie: and in an instant the youth had thrown himself from his horse, and held in his own one of the soft hand of the girl, which she abandoned to him with her old air of grave sweetness and simplicity. There was much less constraint in her air now, however, than at first. She had evidently become acquainted with George: and thus her greeting was more familiar and unceremonious.

"I'm so glad you have come!" she said simply, "I did not expect to see you so soon."

"I thought you might be sick from your wetting," he replied with a happy smile, as he looked into the pure sweet face.

Cannie smiled in return.

"Oh no!" she said, "I am very well, I think, though I certainly have caught cold—but I am subject to colds."

With which she coughed slightly; and led the way into the house.

"I don't see your father," said George, "is he absent?"

"He is my grandfather," returned Cannie in her sweet voice; "and he is not far—shall I call him?"

"Oh no! unless you're already very tired of me—Cannie."

George uttered the girl's name with a slight tremor in his voice; and the tall-tale blood rushed to his cheek as he gazed at her. Cannie exhibited no similar emotion—indeed seemed, rather, very much pleased at this absence of ceremony.

"I beg your pardon for my familiarity," said George blushing. "I scarcely knew I was speaking so—calling you plain 'Cannie.'"

"Beg my pardon?" said the girl, in a tone of surprise, "why should you? I wish you always to call me Cannie, if you please. We are friends—and you know that you saved my life."

The words were uttered very simply and sweetly,—so sweetly indeed that George heard the tones of her voice many hours afterwards. His confusion disappeared entirely ere long: and proposing to Cannie a stroll on the mountain side—a proposition to which she gladly assented—the boy and the girl were very soon rambling beneath the magnificent foliage of the autumn forest.

Bright hours full of magical tints and odours!—filled with so much romance and delight! They became a portion of his memory and heart: and long afterwards, far away in other scenes of hardship and pain, he remembered them, and sighed for his bright boyhood. They wandered away along the mountain side thus, with no aim in their wanderings, no consciousness of the sentiment that was ripening in their hearts. George only knew that Cannie was there at his side with her pure sweet face, and kind good eyes; her lips full of cheerful, loving smiles; her voice like soft music in his ears. When she rested on his arm in crossing some mountain rivulet, or gave him her hand to mount to the summit of a rock, George felt, he knew not why, a singular beating of the heart, and his cheeks flushed without the least reason.

Bright days of youth!—brighter thoughts of the heart! They are flowers that bloom but once, and then die. What remains is the wiry stalk and bald head. It may contain the seed, but the odour and the bloom, where are they?

So George and Cannie wandered away for hours: and the golden autumn day sank into their hearts, and filled them with its magical delight. When they came back home, they were silent, and very happy. It seemed but a moment since they had left the house.

In the main room they encountered the old man.

"Grandpapa," said Cannie, "here is George."

The old man returned the young man's greeting with easy courtesy. They then commenced conversing, Cannie joining easily in their talk.

In the midst of one of the speaker's sentences, George observed a glittering object lying on the floor. It was a *carolus*, as the gold coin was then called, and George picked it up. To his astonishment it was almost hot: and his look as he held it out, betrayed his wonder. His host took it with a sardonic smile which George afterward remembered.

"It is a coin I have just been experimenting on," said the old man; "I dropped it and forgot to pick it up. I am a savant, or chymist, Master George, you must understand. I experiment on gold and silver. You no doubt saw the smoke from my furnace up there—and so let us turn to something more interesting."

With these words the speaker calmly put the coin in his pocket, and changed the topic with the ease and grace of a thorough man of the world. George had never heard such brilliant and profound talk from any one; and for more than an hour he sat listening with delight to the absorbing monologue of the stranger.

It was not until evening that the youth took his departure; and then it was with a promise that he would come again.

"Remember I am lonely," said Cannie smiling and giving him her hand, "as grandpapa is often busy. Come back soon!"

George required no urging, and all the way back to Greenway, heard her voice.

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## XXI.

### CAPTAIN WAGNER GOES TO CALL ON HIS FRIENDS.

When Captain Wagner undertook to perform anything, he was accustomed to set about it with a rapidity and energy almost fatal, in the very beginning, to an opponent of sluggish disposition.

The Captain had come to the Valley of Virginia at the bidding of Lord Fairfax, to assist that nobleman with his counsel in the troublous days which were plainly lowering on the border:—and in so doing, the soldier had only acted in conformity with his views of duty, and his war-instincts. As the Indian attack was evidently delayed for the time, however,—as no breeze brought to the huge ears of the frontiersman the rumour of battle,—as he was doomed to inactivity for the moment, and was not needed by his Lordship,—under this state of things, it seemed to the Captain that his most rational employment would be a diligent application of his energies to the cause of Mrs. Butterson, with the prospective view of inducing that lady to become Mrs. Wagner, into which changed state she would doubtless carry with her, her thousand “desirabilities.”

These reflections had occurred to the soldier at his first interview, and we have been present at his formal declaration of war against Thomas, Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, and Lord Lieutenant of Frederick and the shires adjacent.

The Captain, after leaving Mrs. Butterson as we have seen him do, immediately set about his task.

He instituted inquiries upon all sides—procured a full list of the justices, with the greater part of whom he was perfectly well acquainted:—and with this basis of operations, and the comfortable assurance that there was quite a formidable party against Stephensburg and Lord

Fairfax, and consequently in favour of Winchester and Mrs. Butterson, cheerfully took to the high road, and commenced his rounds.

It is not the purpose of this history to follow the valiant Captain and great negotiator in his campaign, or to repeat in detail the various and ever-ready arguments which he used to impress his friends with the importance of selecting the village of Winchester for the county seat. Perhaps we lose a most favourable opportunity of showing the tremendous energy and conspicuous ingenuity of Captain Longknife, by passing thus over a series of scenes in which he was impressive, indefatigable, and triumphant:—but, unfortunately, we are not now writing the history of Winchester.

It is enough, then, to say that the Captain returned to the Ordinary, three or four days afterwards, with a countenance in which might easily have been discerned an expression of much pride and triumph.

“Faith, madam!” he said, bending down and pressing gallantly to his lips the plump hand of Mistress Butterson, who smiled, and murmured, “La Captain!” and covered her face with her fan, “faith, madam! I begin to think that I ought to have undertaken more in your behalf—to have the county seat moved to Belhaven, or, as these new-fangled folks begin to call it, Alexandria, or even to Williamsburg, or the village of Richmond, or any other town in which you may have property! Be easy on the subject, my dear madam, for this very morning I am going to finish everything. I’m going to see Argal and that rascal Hasty-luck—and I want company. Where’s your gallant acquaintance, Falconbridge—our mutual friend?”

The lady smiled, and with an innocent air said:

“I think he has gone before you Captain.”

“Gone before?”

“To Mr. Argal’s.”

And the lady laughed.

“Rather to Miss Argal’s,” said the Captain frowning, and looking thoughtful.

“Yes.”

"He's in love!"

"Is he?"

"Dead in love! What a foolish fellow!"

"Hem!" said Mrs. Butterton, gently and with a dangerous look, "do you think that is very foolish Captain?"

"It would not be in your case, beautiful and—"

"Oh, Captain!"

"May the!—well that's wrong: but I will maintain, with fire and sword, the good sense of the individual who falls in love with you!—that is," added the Captain, guardedly, "I will cut the throats of all persons, or individuals, who presume to do anything of the sort."

With which somewhat inconsistent declaration, and a martial ogle, Captain Wagner again kissed the hand he held in his huge paw, pushed up his black mustache with his finger, as was habitual with him, and issuing forth, mounted his horse and took his way toward Mr. Argal's.

## XXII.

### THE CAPTAIN REVELS IN THE CREATIONS OF HIS FANCY.

"Falconbridge!—Madam Bertha!" muttered the soldier, gloomily, as he went onward, "infatuated! Really, nothing is more astonishing than this passion, or indeed, madness, as one may call it, which invades a man's heart when his looks are still black, his mustache untouched by grey. But this is not an infallible test, since I, myself, am not at all grey. But then, I, myself," continued the Captain, philosophically carrying on a logical fencing with himself as with another person, "I, myself, possibly, am in love. In love! what romance and folly and all that! Still the fair lady yonder is not unworthy of the affection of a soldier and a man of intelligence:—a good, sensible, fair, wealthy, and very engaging widow? If that don't satisfy an individual in search of matrimony nothing can. I'll have her!—may the devil eat me whole but I'll have her! On! Injunhater, on!"

And the Captain dug his spurs into the huge sides of the snorting animal, and went onward like a moving mountain.

He soon reached Mr. Argal's,—dismounted—and entered. It was a plain and rudely constructed house, with few comforts about it, and scarcely discernible at the distance of fifty yards, so dense was the growth of the clump of trees in which it stood.

The Captain was met on the threshold by Mr. Argal, who politely welcomed him and led him into the house, where dinner was being placed upon the table. The Captain snuffed up the rich odour of the repast, plain as it was, and a mild expression diffused itself over his martial countenance. Dinner must have been invented by the earliest inhabitants of the globe, Captain Wagner often said, and he hailed it as one of the greatest discoveries which had ever adorned science. To say the truth, the soldier had an equally exalted opinion of the individual, or individuals, who discovered breakfast, supper, intermediate meals, and all descriptions of eating.

After satisfying himself that his material wants would be amply supplied, Captain Wagner looked around him to see where Falconbridge could be—as to Miss Argal, he never felt a very great anxiety to see her: for which the honest Captain, probably, had good reason. They were neither of them visible, but soon made their appearance, the arm of the young girl gently resting upon that of her companion, and her bright eyes turned to him. Falconbridge grasped the hand of the Captain with hearty pleasure, and declared himself delighted to see him: to which the Captain replied in the same tone. Then, after some conversation, the party sat down to dinner. The Captain eat with great gusto, and emptied more than one fair cup of wine, or—more accurately speaking—Jamaica rum. In those days wines were not much affected, especially upon the border—the mellow rum of Jamaica was the favorite beverage; and, as we have said, this was Captain Wagner's chosen drink.

At the termination of the repast, and when all rose and walked out in the fine

October evening, the Captain found himself in excellent condition for the attack upon Mr. Argal.

He was speedily left alone with that individual—for Falconbridge and the young lady accidentally wandered off toward the prairie, a glimpse of which appeared through a glade in the woods, towards the South; and the Captain's eloquence had thus full scope and room to move in, without fear of interruption.

The difficulty experienced by the very best stenographers in reporting the utterances of great orators, is proverbial and undisputed. We find ourselves in this predicament in relation to the harangue of Captain Wagner on this occasion. Full of his subject, in a talkative and eloquent mood, and with an important end to attain, the Captain's oration was really remarkable. It was also sprinkled with the newest and most impressive flowers of speech, of that description which the soldier was accustomed to use in decorating his utterances—and the originality and beauty of these newly coined forms of expression rivetted the attention of his smiling and amused auditor. As to his eulogium upon the town of Winchester, it was almost sublime in its eloquence and enthusiasm.

"A magnificent situation!" cried the Captain, pushing up his mustache, "the pearl of towns, the paragon of villages! Like Rome and other cities of Asia, which grew up from small beginnings, Winchester, my dear friend, is destined to rule the world! But perhaps that is too strong—I wish to confine myself strictly within the most reasonable bounds—I will be moderate, and say that Winchester is destined to be the capital of Virginia! I expect to see his Excellency Governor Gooch take up his residence there, and leave forever that abominable county town called Williamsburg—I expect everything; and nothing is too good for that noble village! Who knows but his Majesty George II., attracted by the wide-spread fame of the place, may some day set out from London on a visit to Winchester, and delight the hearts of his faithful subjects of Virginia with a sight of his royal and divine physiognomy! I

think I see myself his herald and king at arms, riding before the royal chariot through Loudoun street, on Injunhater, and crying to the crowd 'Make way, my friends! his Majesty is coming!' This, sir, is the future of Winchester—and is anything so splendid to be descried in the future of Stephensburg—a mere assemblage of huts and unworthy of the least attention! You are laughing at me, my dear friend, and you think I am not impartial. Well, maybe I'm not—and this is all my jesting. But recollect, my dear friend, what I say—recollect what Wagner said when it is fulfilled:—in one year from this time there'll be a splendid wagon road from Winchester to the ferry on the Potomac, and the town will have its jail and courthouse of the finest logs!"

Having uttered these words with deep solemnity, Captain Wagner paused a moment and revolved the remaining points of his subject not yet touched upon.

We need not follow the conversation further—it is enough to say that when Falconbridge and Miss Argal made their appearance again, Captain Wagner had received from his companion a promise to vote for Winchester—a matter, he said, of no importance to him, and rather in accordance with his previous convictions of what would be most advisable.

"And now, Captain," said Mr. Argal, "is there any more intelligence of Indians?"

"You heard the rumours: but that's little. I think, my dear friend, that we shall hear from the South Branch before long. Body o' me! you can't trust these rascals, because you don't see or hear them:—you can't, on that account, be sure that they're not at your very doors: and this young lady might have been carried away yonder in a moment in spite of the presence of her gallant."

"Bah! Captain! said Falconbridge, as he drew near, smiling, "you can't frighten me."

"I would'n't attempt it, comrade. Such men as we are don't get frightened. But Injuns are Injuns!"

"Well, let them come," said Falconbridge, laughing, "we are equal to them in strength."

"And the women?"

"Ah!"

"And the children?"

"You are right—I forgot them, boy that I am."

"In case the Injuns show their noses, companion," replied the Captain, "I undertake to say that you will not possibly be able to forget the said women and children."

"How, Captain?"

"They have a way of squalling—an awful noise it is, or may the fiend seize me!"

"I could'n't bear that," said Falconbridge, "I never could endure the thought that a woman or a child was suffering. I would close my ears to it, if I could not strike!"

"Well, you may, perhaps, have to close your ears, companion, before the arrival of the blood-thirsty rascals."

"What do you mean, Captain?"

"I mean that Mr. Gideon Hastyluck speaks of having old Powell, up yonder, and his daughter, whose name is Cannie—a sweet child—burned as witches, at the next assizes."

"Burned!"

"Yes."

"A man—!"

"And his daughter."

"You jest, Captain!"

"I'm in dead earnest!"

"For witchcraft?"

"Precisely."

"Why, it is barbarous!—worse than the bloodiest murder: a man and his daughter burned for witchcraft!"

"Then you do not believe in witchcraft, comrade, eh?"

"I believe nothing, and disbelieve nothing."

"Very well," said the Captain, "that is just my case—only if that fellow, Hastyluck, makes me angry I will cut off both of his ears. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Let us dismiss the subject, and it's in very good time, as I see the sun setting yonder and a storm brewing. Comrade," he said, turning to Falconbridge, "will you go?"

There was so much sternness and gloom in Captain Wagner's voice, as he uttered

these latter words, that Falconbridge, for a moment, remained silent, gazing with astonishment at him. Then his eyes turned suddenly toward the lady—her hand had pressed his arm, that was all: she was looking with a smile at the evening sky.

"No, my dear Captain," he said, "I think I'll prolong my visit a little. When I am in agreeable company I am loth to leave it."

"Good, good!" said Captain Wagner, indifferently, but gazing with a wistful look at the open and careless face of Falconbridge, "I can understand that. But I am not a youngster, and I really must go."

He turned his eyes as he spoke toward Miss Argal: and his rapid glance took in every detail of her figure—her head bent down,—her glossy curls half covering her cheeks,—her rosy lips half parted and moist,—her brilliant eyes veiled by the long and dusky lashes, but raised from time to time toward her companion: all this Captain Wagner saw, and the frown grew deeper.

He said nothing, however, and refusing to accept Mr. Argal's invitation to remain all night, went and mounted his horse, and set forward.

Falconbridge remained half an hour longer; and then seeing the storm rapidly rising, also took his departure—but not so sullenly as Captain Wagner.

He went on, at full gallop, gaily through the darkness which lightning from time to time illuminated; and if any one had seen his countenance, they might have known of whom he was thinking.

The dazzling beauty of the woman whom he had just left, had intoxicated the young man; and he went on with the carelessness of a lover, or a madman, without heeding the lightning or the storm.

A brighter flash of lightning than he had yet witnessed lit up the road, and he saw a tall, dark horseman before him, who could be no other than Captain Wagner—and so, upon a nearer approach, it proved. The Captain had ridden at a measured pace, Falconbridge had galloped furiously; and thus they had encountered each other.



## XXII.

CAPTAIN WAGNER DISCOURSES ON THE  
NATURE OF PANTHERS.

Captain Wagner very quietly returned Falconbridge's salute; and touching his horse with the spur, galloped on by his side without speaking.

"Well, my dear Captain," said his companion, "you did not expect to see me?"

"No, I did not," said the soldier.

"Why?"

"Because you were with a woman."

"Pshaw!" cried Falconbridge, "you think me a mere lady's man."

"No—but how did you succeed in getting away?" asked the Captain.

"Succeed in getting away?"

"Yes, pardy! It seems there is much to attract you yonder."

"Is anything more natural than that I should wish to get to the Ordinary before this storm broke? See! that flash! and the thunder! I doubt whether, even at the rapid pace we are now going, we shall arrive without a wetting."

Captain Wagner made no reply, and the two horses continued to devour the space with their long gallop, which was so regular that but one footfall could be heard. At last the Captain turned and said abruptly:

"Comrade, you are from the Lowlands down yonder, are you not?"

"Yes, from Tide-water. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, mere curiosity; fine animals you have down there—your horse for instance."

"Yes, he's of the purest blood—out of Mariana by Bothwell—a racer."

"I believe you; he is eating the road like wildfire—worse than a rabbit at a head of cabbage. But there is one very beautiful animal which I have never yet seen in the Low country, and though the breed of horses there is superior, I believe, to the mountain nags, I think we are ahead of you in—"

"In what Captain?"

"Panthers," said the Captain concisely.

"Panthers! why I have never even seen one."

"Are you sure?"

"Certainly."

"Quite sure?"

"Absolutely—there are none on Tide-water."

"That does not matter, comrade—not in the least."

"How so?"

"You may have seen them since your arrival in this fine country of the Valley, or the devil eat me!"

"I have not, however."

"Do you know a panther when you see one?"

"No."

"How then can you say you have encountered none? Answer that, pardy! companion!"

Falconbridge endeavored to make out the expression of the Captain's face through the darkness. What could this persistence of the soldier in one subject, a subject of no interest to him, signify?

"Well, have it as you will, Captain," he said smiling, "perhaps I may have seen these animals—describe one to me."

"Ah!" replied Wagner, "at last you are becoming curious! Well, I will do as you wish. Listen then to the description of a panther."

"I listen."

The soldier was silent, and seemed to be struggling with himself—debating in the depths of his acute and vigorous brain whether it were advisable or not to follow a certain course. But Falconbridge did not perceive the singular expression of the Captain's face, or indeed hear his dubious mutterings; the darkness shrouded completely his companion's person—the hoof-strokes of the horse drowned his mutterings. The expression of the soldier's countenance would have afforded his companion much food for thought. That expression was both stern and pitying, gloomy and satirical.

The Captain remained thus silent for some time.

"But your description of a panther, Captain," repeated Falconbridge.

"Well, in the first place," said the soldier, "eyes both soft and fiery—that

is to say as tender-looking as the leaf of a flower in bloom, and at the same time as brilliant as a flame of fire."

"Indeed!"

"Yes! extraordinary eyes, wondrous eyes; both human and inhuman, attractive and repulsive, but far more fascinating than menacing, or the devil take me! It is only at certain times that these eyes menace you, and then they blaze!"

"Ah!" said Falconbridge, "then you have seen both expressions?"

"Yes, often! a wondrous pair of optics, that draw you toward them, however firm you may be, as the sun draws, I am told, the fixed stars, pardy!"

Falconbridge laughed at this illustration.

"Well," he said, "continue."

"Next the voice is not less wonderful."

"The voice?"

"Certainly."

"Of a panther? Has a panther a voice, Captain—a voice?"

"Nothing less! Have you never read of the strange *crying of a child*, which hunter's have heard in the deep forests in their expeditions?"

"Ah, yes! I now recollect—"

"Well, that is one of the tones of the panther's voice. You understand," continued the soldier with a cold sneer—"a ferocious, blood-thirsty animal, worse than a tiger, or a rattlesnake, cries like a little fatling baby for its amusement!"

"Strange, indeed!"

"But this voice, which can sigh, and wail, and murmur like a baby's, can also send terror to the strongest heart!"

"Yes."

"To proceed then with my description of this fine animal."

"Captain—your voice! the tones of it! how singularly you speak! but pardon me."

"Oh, my voice, it is true, can't compare with a panther's; but, nevertheless, I have the advantage in one particular. I have never yet seen the panther who could ease his feelings with a good round 'devil take me!' But let me finish. Next to the eyes and the voice come the velvet covering, the graceful movement,

the beautiful sharp teeth, and the sharper claws; but here again is an astonishing thing; with these teeth the fine panther, male or female, actually smiles—"

"Smiles? Captain you mean more than you say! There is a covert meaning in this description my mind struggles to make out!"

"Covert? How is that—it is as accurate a description as possible; no fiction, no imagination, or may the devil fly away with me!"

"Proceed!" murmured Falconbridge.

"I was saying that as the panther with its fine voice could not only make you shudder, but also fill you with pity as for a poor little crying child, so with its fine teeth it cannot only tear you to pieces, but just as easily persuade you that its nature is all tenderness and love—by smiling understand—a soft, gentle, fascinating smile! I have seen it, or the devil take me!"

"Captain, Captain!" murmured Falconbridge, passing his hand over his forehead.

"Then the claws," continued the soldier, paying no attention to this interruption, "they are gifted with the singular power of drawing themselves in and burying themselves beneath the velvety hair, you understand—"

"Yes!"

"Then when they are so drawn back, you touch nothing but a soft velvet cushion, which natural historians have most ungallantly called a *paw*—I say ungallantly because all this time I have been speaking of the female panther, or perhaps I may say pantheress. You have a beautiful, soft cushion before you, a pretty thing to toy and play with—nothing more—no claws any where visible; you comprehend?"

"Perfectly!"

"But if you happen to excite the slumbering ferocity of the fine lady panther, why this beautiful, soft palm will turn into a bundle of iron springs, the sharp claws will dart forth like magic; and the bright teeth which you admired so much will come to the assistance of the claws; and there! you find the consequences of intimacy with a panther!"

When your friend, uneasy at your absence, comes to search for you, he finds a mangled body, half-devoured, and emptied of every drop of blood; panthers like blood!"

"Captain—Captain Wagner!" murmured Falconbridge, "speak to me as a friend—speak to me in plain words—you mean—"

"That I do not like panthers, male or female," said Captain Wagner, sullenly; they are too tender and cruel, too beautiful and fatal with their undulating bodies, their graceful limbs, their soft, velvety covering, their smiles, their sighs, their fascinating glances!"

"Captain! Captain!"

"They smile too sweetly and bite too ferociously! They caress too softly the victim before tearing him to pieces, and lapping with a smile his heart's blood! Would you have me like the animal when I know it so well!"

Falconbridge was silent for a moment, evidently overcome by this terrible allegory. At last he said with much agitation:

"Captain! friend! why have you spoken with such cruel enmity of Miss Argal?"

"I have spoken of no one," said the Captain gloomily; "I have not mentioned Miss Argal's name! I have spoken of an animal which I should fear mortally, were not my muscles of force sufficient to catch that animal in my arms, were she to spring upon me, and there crush her!"

Falconbridge, plunged in disturbed thought, made no reply. They galloped on for a quarter of a mile in silence, and then the moon came out between the lurid clouds. The storm had passed away toward the south.

Captain Wagner, chancing to look at his companion, saw that he was very pale, and that his forehead was covered with a cold sweat. The words of the soldier seemed to have paralyzed him, for he remained perfectly silent—pale, and with eyes full of wonder, fixed far away upon the distance.

Not a word more was uttered by either of the companions until they reached the

Ordinary, and here they separated, and retired to their beds.

With Falconbridge the night was a vigil of wonder and incredulity; with Captain Wagner, on the contrary, it was a genuine period of rest.

## XXIII.

### REFLECTIONS OF CAPTAIN LONGKNIFE.

Some days after the scenes which we have tried to make pass before the eyes of the reader, Captain Wagner, who had been uninterruptedly engaged in conferences with the Earl, bethought him of paying some attention to his private affairs. Accordingly, one morning before the sun had risen he donned his warlike accoutrements, mounted "Injunhater," and set out for the Ordinary.

The sun soon appeared above the brow of the mountain, and scattered the river mists before him. The landscape waked up, the birds began to sing, and not to be behind them, the Captain shouted lustily an old border ballad, with an ardour which was superior to its musical execution.

"The fact is," he said in a confidential tone, after finishing the chorus, "the fact is, I was not intended to delight the world by the sweet tones of my voice. Astonishing, but dooms true! It's not given to everybody to excel in all things, and this is one of my failings. On, Injunhater!"

And the worthy touched his great black animal with the spur, and cantered along gaily, presenting as he moved through the burnished sunlight, an exceedingly striking and martial appearance.

"A fine morning, by the snout of the dragon!" continued the Captain, looking round with satisfaction on the expanse of forest and prairie. "I should like to feel for once like Fairfax yonder, that the world belonged to me—that I was master. But wherefore? Am I not better off by far than this good baron of Cameron? First, I am a common individual—and these lords must have such a

weary time! Then I laugh, and the baron only sighs! He eats little or nothing, and at this moment I could devour a raw buffalo, or I'm a dandy! To end the whole matter I'm going to see my wife—I'm going to breakfast with my intended! A noble woman, a real fairy, though she's so fat. But who cares? I rather like fat people! They laugh where lean ones groan; I'll have this one! If I don't I'll eat my head!"

The Captain seemed inspired by the reflection and pushed on more rapidly. Then as he gazed in the direction of the Ordinary his brow clouded—he was thinking of Falconbridge.

"A noble fellow!" he muttered,—“a heart of oak—an honest boy! And he's going to his doom as sure as my name's Wagner. Well, I've done all I can, and

more than I have liked—things must go on their way. He has had full warning, and though my breast aches at the thought that he's going to bleed, I am done with it. Woman, woman! why can't we male things stay away from them? We die for them—which is better than living for 'em sometimes! We laugh at 'em, sneer at 'em, curl our mustaches with a high-handed air, and then we go kneel down, and make fools of ourselves. Why did they enter the world ever? What is it that draws us so toward 'em?"

The Captain knit his brows as he saw the tavern before him, and after some moments of silence, muttered grimly:

"Woman! woman! wherever you turn in this miserable world, you're sure to find a woman!—and an individual of the masculine sex not far off!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## AN EXCELLENT BALLAD OF CHARITY.

*As written by the good Priest THOMAS ROWLEY, 1464.*

Thomas Chatterton, author of the Rowley Poems, was born in Bristol, England, on the 20th of November, 1752. His education consisted of the limited instruction afforded by a charity school, which he attended for nearly seven years. While a pupil he discarded the amusements usually sought by those of his age, and devoted every moment of freedom from the restraints of his school duties to solitary reading. He perused works of every character; his insatiable appetite made no choice, but devoured every volume which the circulating library, or the small collections of his friends presented to him. Yet he had a preference, for he was especially interested in the study of the old English poets and heraldry. After leaving the charity school he was apprenticed to a scrivener, and performed his duties faithfully. He was regular in his conduct, but scornful to his companions, who, therefore, regarded him with dislike. He lived within himself, and in the person of the poet he was creating. When he looked out upon the world, it was with the feelings of a misanthrope. Having laboured in secret for many months, he, on convenient occasions, produced scraps of ancient poetry, revealed curious historic facts relating to his native city, and traced distinguished lineages, all through the agency of certain manuscripts pretended to be the productions of a priest of the 15th century, which had remained long concealed in the coffres of the St. Mary Redcliffe Church. At length his ambition prompted him to leave Bristol, where he met with too little encouragement, and try his fortune in London. He pictured to himself heaps of gold and a splendid reputation, awaiting only the exertion of his genius to become his own. The infatuated boy entered the metropolis with little money and few friends, and was immediately employed in political writing for the magazines and newspapers. In addition to his political essays, he composed songs and satires, and burlettas and stories, with a rapidity and abundance which, though doing little credit to the quality of his genius,

showed its versatile fecundity. All this unworthy labour earned him barely a scanty living. Where he had sought wealth and fame he found only penury and neglect. This sudden demolition of his magnificent hopes crushed his spirit and he perished by his own hand, an unhappy victim to pride and ambition.

The Rowley Poems, on which his fame rests, were first published in a separate volume by Tyrwhitt, in 1777. They were immediately suspected to be the productions of a modern pen, but many able critics earnestly argued for their antiquity; and the question was not universally decided till within thirty or forty years. There is now no doubt that the old priest Rowley was the poor Bristol boy Chatterton. Had their genuineness been sustained, Rowley would have been the wonder of the 15th century: as the lucubrations of a scrivener's apprentice, few readers inquire further than their title. They have none of the characteristics of old poetry, except the obsolescence of the language in which they are clothed. They have the sweet harmony of the later poets; they are never interlarded with the tedious details which so cumber Chaucer and Gower: their metaphors are natural, and the descriptions truthful and pleasing. They exhibit no profound knowledge of human nature, but every where betray that their author had gazed upon external nature with the appreciation of a poet. In pathos we discover his chief excellence; for Chatterton seems to have infused some of his natural melancholy into his most touching pieces, with a success unsurpassed by the maturest poets. The moral tone of the Rowley Poems, unlike that of his modern effusions, is of the purest Christian character; and there is hardly a poem but it teaches some wholesome moral.

It adds to our wonder, in contemplating these poems, to remember that the power which produced them was unassisted. No friendly advice, nor supervision of critical publisher, ever altered a word; but we have them now as, executed in secret, they came from the brain of Chatterton. They are emphatically the production of the boy's unaided genius.

I have endeavoured to modernize one of those Rowley poems for the gratification of such readers as may have read the history of Chatterton, but have never examined his beautiful forgeries. In this I have been strictly literal; interlarding no idea of my own, and, I think, omitting none of the original. This is not the best of Chatterton's poems, but it has merits which may most recommend it to the majority of readers. It is a beautiful version of the parable of the "Good Samaritan," and abounds with the touches of a poetic spirit.

The sultry sun in Virgo glittered now,  
And hot upon the meads did cast his ray;  
The pale green apples reddened on the bough,  
And melting pears bent down the leafy spray;  
The spotted gold-finch sung the live-long day.  
'Twas now the pride, the manhood of the year,  
And eke the ground did in its best array appear.

The sun was gleaming in the midst of day,  
Dead still the air; dead still the welkin blue,  
When from the sea arose in dread array,  
A heap of clouds of sable sullen hue,  
The which full fast unto the woodland drew,  
Hiding at once the sun's bright festive face;  
And the black tempest swelled and gathered up apace.

Beneath an elm, fast by the pathway side,  
Which did unto St. Godwin's convent lead,  
A hapless, moaning pilgrim did abide,  
Poor in appearance, clothed in beggar's weed,  
Long filled with all the miseries of need.

Where from the hailstone could the poor man fly?  
He had no dwelling there, nor any convent nigh.

Look in his clouded face, his spirit sad there scan;  
How woe-begone, how withered, sapless, dead!  
Haste to thy church-glebe-house, oh, wretched man!  
Haste to thy coffin, thy last, only bed.  
Cold as the clods which will fall o'er thy head,  
Are Charity and Love among the high.  
Rich Knights and Barons feast, nor hear the beggar's cry.

The gathered storm is ripe; the big drops fall;  
The sun-burnt meadows smoke, and drink the rain;  
The ghastly heavens now the herds appal,  
And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain;  
Dash'd from the clouds, the waters fly again;  
The welkin opes; the yellow lightning flies;  
And in the lurid flames, the fiery vapour dies.

List! now the thunder's rattling clam'rous sound  
Rolls slowly on; to sudden fury springs;  
Shakes the high spire, and lost, dissevered, drown'd,  
Still on the trembling ear of terror rings;  
The winds are up; the lofty elm-tree swings;  
Again the lightning, then the thunder pours,  
And the full clouds are burst at once in pelting showers.

Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain,  
The Abbot of Saint Godwin's convent came;  
His chappournette\* was dripping with the rain,  
His painted girdle met with equal shame;  
He backwards told his rosary† at the same;  
The storm increases, and he draws aside,  
With the poor beggar, near the shel'ring elm to bide.

His cloak was all of Lincoln green so fine,  
With a gold button fastened near his chin;  
His priestly robe was edged with golden twine,  
His pointed shoes a courtier's might have been;  
Full well it showed he thought great cost no sin;  
The trammels of his palfrey pleased his sight,  
For gay his head was deck'd with roses red and white.

"An alms, Sir Priest," the dripping pilgrim said,  
"O! let me wait within your convent door,  
Till the sun shineth high above our head,  
And the loud tempest of the air is o'er;  
Helpless and old am I, alas, and poor;  
No money, friends, no home, forlorn alone,  
This sacred silver cross is all I call my own."

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\* Ecclesiastical hat.

† This signifies to curse.

"Varlet," replied the Abbot, "cease your din;  
This is no season alms and prayers to give;  
My porter never lets a beggar in;  
None touch my ring who not in honour live,"—  
And now the sun with the black clouds did strive,  
And darted on the ground his glorious ray,  
The Abbot spurred his steed and swiftly rode away.

Once more the sky was black, the thunder roll'd;  
Fast running o'er the plain a priest was seen;  
Not richly clad, nor buttoned up in gold;  
His cope and cloak were modest grey, yet clean;  
A Limitour he was of order seen;  
And from the pathway side he turned his way,  
To where the trembling almer, 'neath the elm-tree lay.

"An alms, Sir Priest," the dripping pilgrim said,  
"For sweet Saint Mary and your order's sake."  
The Limitour then loos'd his pouche's thread,  
And did thereout a groat of silver take.  
The needy pilgrim did for gladness shake.  
"Here take this silver, it may ease thy care;  
We are God's stewards all; nought of our own we bear.

"But, ah! unhappy pilgrim, learn of me,  
Scarce any give a rent-roll to their Lord.  
Here take my under-cloak, thou'st bare I see;  
'Tis thine; the saints will give me my reward."  
He left the pilgrim, blessings on him shower'd.—  
Virgin and Saints! all who in glory live,  
Or give the mighty will, or power to good men give.

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## THE POLITE ART OF NOVELLING. A DIDACTIC FICTION.

BY G. BUGGINI WUFFICKS.

## GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

I purpose not "to write the history of England from the accession of James II. down to a time within the memory of men now living." For this good reason: In the first place, it seems very doubtful whether Lord Macaulay will write said history, unless indeed he lives down to a time beyond the conception of men now living; and, in the second place, I take it that a much more important and, happily, not so extensive work is now imperatively needed.

The object of my General Introduction is briefly to acquaint the reader with the object, intent, and scope of my design. And here let me dissipate at a blow the fears of any reader who may suppose that I am about to follow the example of a person who has lately made some noise as a historian. I allude to Henry Thomas Buckle. If 600 8vo. pages scarcely suffice as the General Introduction of the history which said Buckle has undertaken, Heaven forbid he should ever attempt a Particular Introduction. The duration of human life will secure us against the history itself. I shall take warning by Messrs. Buckle and Macaulay, but I shall do more. As my General Introduction will be brief, I shall, in order to make my remarks adequately pointed, avail myself freely of capital letters in preference to italics. This said, we at once begin the General Introduction.

I purpose to supply one of the Great Deficiencies of the Age. In due time, it is not improbable that I shall attempt to supply the Greatest Deficiency. Which is this:

Every Vocation under Heaven, even those of the Phenological Lecturer and the circumambulating Spirit-Rapper not excepted, has its preliminary aids and appliances, in the shape of Infant Schools, Academies, Colleges, Universities, with their array of Teachers, Professors, Presidents; all armed and equip-

ped with Books, both small and great, and Instruments; and ending, more or less improperly enough, in Diplomas, Certificates of Proficiency, and Recommendations to Public Favour. All vocations, I say, have these, save one only: and that The Most Important Vocation Of Them All.

Where is your School for Politicians? Sir, there are places called Bar-Rooms, and are there not abundant Cross-Roads Doggeries? Nay! behold the whole city of Washington, with its cellulated Departments, each Cell of every Department containing from one to a half dozen Politicians in different stages of Development, from the Clerk, the political Grub or Slug, up to the Heads of Departments and the Occupant of the White House, that perfect Finality of Political Entomology.

Chambermaids have their Characters; Niggers have their Free Papers and their Passes; the veriest Organ-Grinder and Shipwrecked Sailor is not without a Written Testimony of the Inordinate Abundance of his Family and their Corresponding Destitution—all of which are but Diplomas, oftenest in Crumpled Form, like to the Horn of a Certain Cow, and soiled withal—but Diplomas nevertheless. And yet, neither in the Enlightened, the Civilized, nor the Barbaric World, is there a School, or Academy, or College, or University, or Teacher, or Professor, or Text-Book, or Instrument, for the education of *Editors*! There are, indeed, Instruments—Goose-quills, Steel-pens, and Pistols; but the editorial Pupil must instruct himself in their Use, at the Peril of his Life, seeing that the first Lesson is likely to be his Last. For, "in the hands of Men supremely Small, the Pen is mightier," and more dangerous, "than the Sword," or the Pistol. Who hath not fallen at the crack of his Fatal First Article? Thus these editorial Instruments, by reason of the Invariable ignorance of those who handle them, do place the



Embryo Editor in double danger. With the Pen, he is in imminent danger of Suicide, with the Pistol, he but recommends himself to Murder.

In brief, then, the Greatest Want of the Age is Schools for Infant Editors, with suitable Primers, and following these, the regular Succession and Ascending Scale of Academies, Colleges, etc., with their Indispensable Conclusions—namely, Diplomas. I see no good reason why an Editor should be worse off in this regard than an Apothecary.

Subsidiary to the Awful, Most Important, and Extensive Vocation of Editor, is that of the Novelist, now rapidly attaining the Prominency of an Universal Calling. For I am altogether confident that the Earliest Effect of Mr. Bonner's Ledger will be thoroughly to literaturize Society, thereby completing the already abundantly-recognized Necessity of carrying on one's face the Unmistakable Marks of having written an Original Novel, as a Passport to Polite Society. To supply a present deeply-felt Want and to anticipate the thorough social Literaturization just alluded to, I have written the following pages, which constitute a complete Novelist's Manual and Handbook. Though an elementary Work, I trust it will be found not without value to the veteran Novelist. I shall be disappointed if William Thackeray, Edward Bulwer, and Charles Dickens do not avail themselves of its many excellent hints and suggestions. Close of the General Introduction.

## BOOK I.

### CHAP. I.

#### OF DEDICATIONS.

Perhaps the Human Mind in its wildest aberrations never went beyond the Folly, shall we not say the Supreme Folly? of dedicating Novels. A single well-directed Glance will detect this Folly. As thus: The average of the human Intellect is either Very Low, or Extremely Small. Of this there can be no doubt.

Now, inasmuch as the Art of Novelling has always been, and always will be, the product of the Human Intellect, it follows that the average of Novels is, and must be, either Very Low or Extremely Small. But the time is now at hand when no Gentleman or Lady will be guilty of the Disgrace of having Never written a Novel, in other words Novels will be the test of Gentility, and the rivalry of Novelists will be confined to excelling not in plot, or Style, or any Trick of that sort, but in *Politeness*. Hence how Ineffably Impolite will He or She be who shall so far forget him or herself as to dedicate a thing which of necessity must be Very Low or Extremely Small to anybody. Q. E. D. Gnuph Psed.

RULE. No Dedications.

EXAMPLE. Several; none of which G. B. W. cares at this time to recall.

EXCEPTION. If 4,810 reliable Critics, Wufficks included, unite in pronouncing your Novel an Immortal Work, then, and not till then, dedicate it to—yourself. We now dry up on the subject of Dedications.

## CHAP. II.

#### OF PREFACES.

The youthful, and particularly the very youthful, the Baby Novelist must assure himself that there is no need whatever of a Preface. Nature, in none of her works, puts a face before a face. Masks are human and wicked inventions. Again: Prefaces are not what they purport to be; they are, properly, Conclusions, and, as such, should be placed at the end and not the beginning of the Book.

To avoid having a Preface, the young Novelist may have a chapter anterior to the first chapter, and mark it thus: Chap.—1.

Any number of—Chapters may follow, in which the Author may speak in *propria persona*. Or he may follow Fielding's plan, and divide his Novel into Books, each Book having a Prefatory

Chapter, answering as a sort of ante-room in which the Writer can belabour the Reader with all manner of Fragmentary, Funny, and Philosophic Notions. But the best plan would be to throw all these Prefatory Chapters together, thus securing the Body of the Story an artistic and connected Form, with a corresponding chance of a Comfortable and Intelligent Perusal.

RULE. No Preface.

EXAMPLE. Jane Eyre.

Of Prefaces ridiculous and unnecessary, see Books *passim*. For Preface Run Mad, Consult Buckle's (Henry Thomas) *Int. Hist. Eng.*

### CHAP. III.

#### OF STYLE.

Style is the Novelist's Ear-mark. As no pig can of himself, and *a priori*, determine the manner in which his master will cut his external ear, so no Novelist can decide entirely his style. He may, and probably will, admire this, that, or the other style; and he may *imitate*—sometimes somewhat successfully, as in the case of Dickens' man, George Augustus Sala; but then the Original, Individual, Peculiar, Idiosyncratic, Truck-Essence (I prefer this name) will peep out. Carlyle thought he would imitate the Germans; he only invented a Giberish. "Cut what antics you will," says Emerson, (in effect,) "be as inconsistent as possible, in the end your character will be round and conformed as the inequalities of the earth's surface disappear in the great Circle." Be extravagant, whimsical, foolish; imitate, strain, stretch; eat indigestible food and dream bad dreams, after the manner of Mrs. Radcliffe; try opium, with Coleridge and De Quincey; marry a negress and commit murder, as did Aytoun's Spasmodist; do what you will, your style will be your own and Nobody else's—that is, provided you yourself are Anybody.

It would appear, therefore, that any directions respecting Style are superfluous.

That is true, but Novels themselves are Superfluities. Hence I can induce myself to lay down a few general Rules which may be of some service to the Beginner.

The following styles should be studied.

I. THE INTENSE. Charlotte Brontë.

Advice: If a genius and consumptive, try it.

II. THE DRY PURIST. William Thackeray.

Advice: Adopters of this style should remember to atone for the absence of Greek and Latin derivatives by allusions and quotations sufficient to betray Scholarship. N. B. This Style is often very Dull, and is not the only vehicle for satire.

III. THE ELEGANT PEDANTIC. Edward Bulwer.

Advice: Satisfy yourself that you can never forget you are a gentleman and greatly admired by the ladies—then attempt this Style. Think often of the Greek mythology. The pattern of this style is a fancy pattern—Dark Antique Ground, with Springs of Poetry, and Streaks of Muscle. The Cut is the Decidedly Genteel. N. B. Put in a good deal of Sentimental Love, and apostrophize the Past occasionally.

IV. THE CARICATURISH FUNNY. Chas. Dickens.

Advice: Sink the classics. Let all the characters be Parrots—give them a sentence to repeat every time they are introduced. As a key note, select some Popular Grievance—Provincial Schools, Poor Houses, Suits in Chancery, Speculative, &c. This Style is easily acquired, and good to begin on. N. B. When bilious, avoid this Style. Be funny.

V. THE SLANG-DRAMATIC. Charles Reade.

Advice: Hang about a Theatre, write Plays, associate with Actors and especially with Actresses—then try this Style. Look mainly to Plot. Procure a lot of Startling Effects. Snub the Ancients, and Things Generally. Accustom yourself to regard Jupiter as a bull-terrier, or Dutchman labouring under pecuniary embarrassments and consequently of doubtful respectability. Learn to look

upon the Latin language as upon a box of cheap cigars of various qualities. Take the other side of all questions. Have an off-hand way about everything. Be familiar with your subject, no matter what it may be, whether Elephants or Australia. Remember to make each sex a profound enigma to the other, and have no end to the cunning of women. Prefer low life. Be colloquial. Write talk.

N. B. Akin to this Style, is, the Quadru-Pedantic Style of Guy Livingstone. Abominate neither of them too much. The Former is Very Good in its Way.

If the Youthful Novelist be inclined to Eclecticism, he may venture at combining the foregoing Styles. It is possible he may succeed in not failing, though the chances are against him.

I regret to say that, for several adequate Reasons, I cannot recommend my own Style, of which my Pupils have before them a tolerable fine Specimen. I think it is Inimitable, but do not expect any general concurrence in the Opinion. Something might be said here about the Style of American Novelists, a number of whom are not unknown to trunkliners, book-binders, and the wrappers-up of butter balls. As it is difficult for me to give Expression to a sentiment which will not be attributed to myself, and as I desire neither to compliment the Dead nor to incur the displeasure of the Living, I shall postpone the great deal I have to say on this subject until I appear before the Public in the Capacity of Critic.

RULE. Style makes itself.

EXAMPLE. G. B. Wufficks, Books, and particularly Novels.

For Bad Styles, see Reynolds, (G. W. M.) and Sterne, (Laurence.)

For Good Styles, consult Southey, his "Doctor," and Goldsmith, Vic. of Wak.

#### CHAP. IV.

##### OF AMPLIFICATION.

Confirmed in the Opinion that Prefaces are unnecessary, and that Style, like a

Woman's Temper, is an involuntary and uncontrollable thing, the next Step in the Progress of the Young Novelist is the Study, diligent and advised, of the Art of Amplification, or Spreading, or Drawing Out. Of the uses of Spreading, consult Gold-beaters, Plasterers, medical and other, and Bed-Quilts; of Drawing Out, see Factories of Bar Iron and Wire, and also Dentists. Of the *Æsthetic* and Deceptive Values of Amplification, see Hoops.

The need of Amplification in Novelling may be deduced from hence:

CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OR PEMMICAN OF NOVEL. For Sale by G. B. Wufficks. No. 1½ Quid St. Lugsville. Mr. Wufficks is the Literary Chemist of the Læconic Novelists, Apothecaries Society of London.

Pemmican. { John falls in love with Jane and, after some difficulties, marries her.

Prescription. { Dilute *ad libitum*, with Notions, Conceits, Wit, Fancy, Humour if you have them; if not, with Pure Words. Administer in Book-Form at Bed-Time. To be followed by full dose of Matter-of-Fact in Morning.

Amplification may be accomplished in Various Ways.

Having obtained a modicum of the Drug of Novel from your own Brain or Somebody Else's, generally the latter, or a little of Wufficks's Pemmican, you may spread it with the Patent Literary Spatula, for sale by G. B. W. N. B.—Biscuit-beaters do not answer so well.

Would you Wire-draw it, advise with Dumas concerning his Three Guardsmen and their Prolongations.

Or Crumble in largely of Uninteresting History, after the manner of Thackeray. It is astonishing how the Original Mass may thus be enlarged.

Or thin with Sentiment-gruel, à la Bulwer-Lytton, and Female Novelists generally.

But the Best School, by far, for the Study of Amplification is the Newspapers. To those whose isolated position or impecunious condition deprives them

of access to the many valuable Machines of Amplification published in the United States, the submission of a few Specimens turned out by them, cannot fail to prove instructive, especially to such as have made but little progress in the Art of Novelling.

Observe.

**SIMPLE STATEMENT.** William Brown is a Democrat.

This Statement, though simple, is, at the same time, Full—it conveys all or very nearly all the Public care or need to know concerning Brown. But, as the Requirements, real or supposed, of the Newspapers demand a certain considerable Amount of Editorial, the Amplifying Machine is set to work, and the Simple Statement presently appears in a Form more or less Complex and Involved according to the peculiarities of the Style of the Machinist.

Of these Styles there are Three principal, and numberless minor Forms.

I. The Inflated, or Polysyllabic—Metropolitan.

II. The Wire-drawn, or Tautological—Plain English.

III. The Loose, or Rural, or Neutral-Flabby.

Specimen of Form I.

"Among the innumerable gentlemen whose devotion to the national interests and whose fidelity to the Democratic organization have conspired to illuminate the age and to amplify the area of public liberty, none are more conspicuous than Mr. Brown. To an elevated independence, an enlightened statesmanship, and a comprehensive intellectual capacity, Mr. Brown is fortunate in adding a protracted political career unblemished by the minutest tarnish of venality, as it is illustrious with the blazon of eminent achievement. Thoroughly saturated in the orthodox conceptions of his predecessors, he has consistently displayed his integrity to principle by an invariability of tenacity and an arduousness of legislation which already herald him as an unalloyed member of the dominant party and a guaranteed partizan of no faction whatsoever. Nay more. In the allocation of positions assignable to the

expounders of original, impregnable doctrine, as to the immovable opponents of the subterfuges of expediency, it were but indifferent justice to one who blends these substantial requirements in harmonious combination, to allot to him the most elevated altitude. And such we conceive will be the grateful award of party obligation to Mr. William Brown."

Specimen of Form II.

"Of all the good-for-nothing, no-account and worthless people on the face of the earth or any part of the habitable globe, there is none more worthless and trifling than a man who sticks and clings and hangs on to party for mere party sake. And this is the sort of a man which Bill Brown is. A democrat of the worst sort, and a loco-foco of the meanest kind, he has always been and always will be. We would particularly call the attention of our readers to this fact, and we repeat again and again for the forty thousandth time that Bill Brown is a democrat, and has been nothing but a democrat and an office-holder and office-seeker all the very many days of his long life. If Bill Brown is anything but a democrat, we would be glad to know it. We would like to see the man who would say he was anything else, and if we could not see him we would be glad to hear from him by letter, or even by telegraph. And if it is anything to anybody's credit or honour, or reputation or fame to be a democrat, and especially a democrat like Bill Brown, who couldn't be anything but a democrat even if he wanted to be, because he hasn't got any better sense than to be a democrat, and never will have any better sense—then we say that if it is any credit to anybody to be a democrat of this character, we are mistaken and grievously in error and at fault."

Specimen of Form III.

"On Tuesday evening of last week, about four o'clock P. M., we had the pleasure of shaking by the hand our distinguished townsman, Mr. William Brown. Mr. Brown came in the cars, and though covered with dust and fatigued with travel, was, we are glad to say, looking remarkably well and in

good health and spirits. Mr. Brown did not go to his residence, his family being out of town, but put up at the Grubb House, and selected room No. 3 of that popular hotel, where, during the evening, he was called on by a large number of his political and personal friends. We learn that Mr. Shanks, the accomplished landlord of the Grubb House, and a distant relative of Mr. William Brown, displayed his usual unequalled tact and energy in catering to the comforts of his distinguished kinsman and his friends. This was the more honourable in Mr. Shanks because he differs in politics *toto cœlo* with Mr. Brown. We also learn that at about 11 P. M., an amateur band, consisting of some young and enthusiastic admirers of the honoured guest of the Grubb House, among whom we recognized a well-known flutist and a no less notable clarionetter, did themselves the honour to serenade him. In reply Mr. Brown made a few happy remarks, and ended by asking his young friends in to take some refreshments, which they did with great and alacritous animation. Thus closed one of the most delightful nights with which the community of our quiet village has been blessed for a long time. We had almost neglected to say that Mr. Brown is a democrat of long and distinguished standing. We trust we may recur more at length to this pleasing theme again and at an early day in our issue of next week. Though taking no active part in politics ourselves, we are proud to do honour to the name and fame of our distinguished townsman and democrat, Mr. William Brown."

#### REMARKS.

The Infant Novelist can scarcely be so infantile as not to perceive the immense Advantages of these Three General Styles or Methods or Modes of Amplification. It is for Himself to decide which of the Three is best adapted to his genius—no, not his genius, for he has none—his purposes. It remains only that I should indicate the Application of Newspaper Amplification to the Art of Polite Novelling.

Recurring again to my Inspissated Juice

or Pemmican of Novel, to wit: "*John falls in love with Jane and, after some difficulties, marries her,*" it will in a moment be seen that the proper noun "John" can be Amplified by the Entire History of John, his birth, parentage, station in life, personal appearance, age, habits, mental and moral traits, etc., etc. So likewise of the phrase "falls in love;" it opens the whole boundless Theory of the Affections; but, in this instance, the Novelist will do well to confine himself to the Practice rather than to the Theory of the Applications. "Jane" is, of course, the Heroine, in brief Pemmican Form, however, ready to be diluted, enlarged, Amplified, in short, Spread by the Novelist's art, assisted by my Patent Spatula, heretofore alluded to. The very mention of the name Jane, calls up that By Far the Profoundest and Most Inscrutable of all Mysteries, the Character of Woman (*vide* Charles Reade *passim*.) Not to dwell further upon my Pemmican, (a great variety of which I have now in store, and am constantly receiving per canal boat Dishwater, Puffly, master,) I will close by saying that the words "some difficulties," and "marries her," are susceptible of Infinite Expansion, and with this remark I end the Chapter on Amplification, which has been Amplified merely with the view of illustrating the ease with which the process of Amplifying may be effected.

Upon second thought, I think it well to add the following

#### ADVICE.

Of the Three General Modes of Newspaper Amplification, the first is adapted to persons who talk bigly without difficulty. Its Effect is indeed admirable. There is no fact or conceit so trivial and foolish that it may not be metamorphosed into the Highest Wisdom, or, at least, into the Tone and Semblance of the Highest Wisdom, by the Polysyllabic Method of Spreading. But to those who find it difficult to talk bigly, the adaptation of this Method will be attended with the labour of a frequent recurrence to the Dictionary, a thing to be sedulously avoided by all who desire to novel po-

lately, that is to say, easily, alike to Reader and to Writer.

The Tautological—Plain English Form of Amplification, is perhaps the best of all Forms for the mass of Novelists, whether young or old. See grinders on the Novellette everywhere.

The Rural-Flabby Form may be used with advantage by Beginners and Idiots. Heretofore it has been extensively practised in Polite Novelling, but it is certain that the publication of Wufficks's Handbook will work an entire reformation in this vice.

RULE. Amplify: mainly with Tautology of Word or Idea.

EXAMPLE. Dumas, Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, Everybody.

EXCEPTION. Charles Reade.

EXCEPTION TO EXCEPTION. "Never too Late to Mend."

#### CHAP. V.

##### OF SIZE IN NOVELS.

I had hoped that the day of Three Volume Novels, with Sequels, Subsequels, and Interminable Prolongations, was well past. But the Inexcusable Dimensions of "What will He Do with It?" and "The Virginians," convince me to the contrary. The reasonable Compression of Novels will therefore be one of the Prominent Reforms which I shall inculcate in this Manual.

The urgent Necessity of Compression will be seen from hence: Ladies and Gentlemen *must* Novel—the Age requires it; but, if they *must* Novel, they must by all means Novel *Politely*. Everything must be sacrificed to Politeness. Now it is obviously Impolite to Bore; *ergo* the Necessity of Compression and the moderate indulgence of the arts of Amplification. Leave Long Novels to those who work for bread, and Thick Books make over to Scientific Men and Theologians. Be Decent, be Genteel, be Polite in your Novelling. Bore no man "nor woman neither." I should say that 400 pp. duodecimo was the Utmost Limit to which a Polite Novel

should extend; beyond that, one is sure to verge upon the Ungenteel.

RULE. Novel briefly, i. e., Politely.

EXAMPLE. Peg Woffington, Christie Johnstone, Picciola, Undine, The Professor, Cakes and Ale.

EXCEPTIONS. Too numerous to mention.

#### CHAP. VI.

##### OF CHARACTERS IN NOVELLING.

Concerning the Characters admissible in Novelling, I must again remind the Neophyte Novelist that his first duty is Politeness. With the view of enforcing this Important Point, I submit a few observations.

THEIR NUMBER. The fewer Characters the Better, provided they be not Too Few. Thus one would strain his Politeness did he have but a Single Character or a Half or Two-thirds of a Character. Let the Young Novelist bear in mind the fact that in Novelling he occupies the Altitude of a person introducing People to his Friends and Acquaintances, all of whom, it is to be supposed, are Eminently Genteel. As he would Never take in a body a Couple of Hundred or a Thousand individuals into the private Parlour of a Friend, so let him Beware of bringing too many Characters into his Novel. I will not allude to the difficulty of Managing a great number of Characters, as no one will be Impolite enough to himself to undertake a task which could cause the Slightest Inconvenience.

THEIR KIND. Touching the kind of Characters, this may be said: That a too Stringent Politeness must not be exercised. The majority of Characters should at least be Reputable people, but a Rascal or two, a Low-Flung Fellow, a Vixen of a Woman, and even a Brat of a Child, if not too prominently brought forward, are permissible in the Most Decent of Novels. Do not betray much familiarity with the plebeian classes. Polite Society, it is true, are curious about these animals, but it is not advisable that their

curiosity should be gratified through You. Let them apply to Hack-writers.

**THEIR VARIETY.** As this point has been incidentally treated in the preceding Paragraph, I will only add that although "variety is the spice of life," and that a Novel, to be a Novel, must be even Spicier than real life, it should be borne in mind in Polite Novelling, that the Variety of Characters should never exceed the Variety of Dishes in a well-appointed Dinner. Indeed the Novelist may gather many Useful Hints from the Culinary Art, for what is he himself but a Literary Cook? (no allusion here to a distinguished Adept in Novelling in Virginia,) practising the same, not indeed as a Profession, but as a Fashionable Pastime.

**THEIR AGES.** In what may with great propriety be called the Characterology of Novelling, the Student must not neglect the subject of Age. After much reflection I have been enabled to save the Beginner much trouble by means of the ensuing comprehensive Idea: Decide the Age of your Characters as you do the Age of a Horse, viz: by their Teeth. Before the process of Teething has commenced, Characters are rarely admitted into Polite Society, and when their Teeth are entirely gone, Characters are rarely interesting. With respect to False Teeth, I scarcely know what to say. A Heroine with False Teeth is out of the question, so also a Hero, and yet False Teeth abound most in the most Polite Society. With one remark, I leave this puzzling and disagreeable topic.

**REMARK:** A Character with False Teeth and a good Moral Character is scarcely admissible in Polite Novelling; therefore let the Moral Character of your Character conform to the state of the Character's Teeth.

Inasmuch as the Chapter next succeeding this will contain some valuable suggestions on the subject of Heroes and

Heroines, I will conclude with my usual Conclusion.

**RULE.** Not too many nor too various Characters. Let them be mainly Respectable. Attend to their Teeth.

**EXAMPLE.** The History of Little Bo-Peep. Love me Little, Love me Long.

**EXCEPTION.** The most notable exception which I can now recall in regard to the proper Number of Characters has occurred in this country, and in the State of Virginia, but, for reasons given in a preceding Chapter, I am forced to deny myself the pleasure of indicating that Exception. I will only say that it was Aggravated and Most Wanton. The French, I think, are apt to err on this point: Dickens, too, is almost always Impolite in this respect. As to the Variety of Characters, I can point to several modern Novels which would not very far mislead the Beginner, as, for example, "The Initials;" but, upon the whole, prefer again to refer to the Second Book of this Work. There is a Latin Novel and a German Theological Novel, both of which are entirely unexceptionable on this point, but I have forgotten their names, and rather expect they are extinct. As to the Age of Characters, I am free to confess that very few Novelists have erred, but it must be allowed that the Dental Law of Ages was never laid down until it appeared in this Hand-book. It is an invaluable Generalization for the Young Novelist.

**ADVERTISEMENT.** Mr. G. Buggini Wufficks, No. 1½ Laid St., Lugsville, has on hand a large and assorted stock of Ready Made Characters, of his own manufacture, to which he begs to call the attention of Polite Novelists, and especially such as have Weak Inventive Faculties. Price \$2 per dozen. Single Character 25 cts. Second-hand Characters 1 cent each. For cash.

N. B. Mr. Wufficks has no connection with the Literary Slop Shops.

## RAIN IN THE WOODS.

BY SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

Out in the fair green wood,  
Where tall old oaks their giant branches throw,  
And silvery elms bend gracefully and low  
To kiss the crystal flood;

While pattering overhead  
Comes slowly down the blessed summer rain,  
Giving the shining leaves a richer stain  
Where'er its drops are shed;

I bare my heated brow,  
I loose my tresses to the cool, damp breeze;  
I pause where softly sifted through the trees  
Trickle the rain-drops slow.

My languid frame revives,  
A fresher life through all my being thrills;  
The Heaven-born shower that gently thus distils  
New strength into me gives.

As on the poet's brain  
With worldly care and earthly toil o'erwrought,  
Cometh at times a Heaven-inspired thought,  
Like the sweet summer rain.

So onward still I pass,  
'Mid the high greenwood and the solemn pines,  
Where clear and pure a pendant diamond shines  
On every blade of grass.

Brushing a crystal shower  
From the low boughs that droop beside the way  
Pausing to pluck a moist and fragrant spray  
From the wild jasmine bower;

Breaking the pools that lie  
Half hidden in the beds of velvet moss,  
Whence blue-eyed violets their head uptoss  
As slowly I pass by.

How doth the wood rejoice  
In the new life unto its lone heart given!  
Sending its sweet thanksgiving up to Heaven!  
In birds' and streamlets' voice.

So, would my spirit fain  
Pour forth in praise the thoughts that through it throng,  
And utter forth its low and humble song  
To bless the summer rain!



## LIFE IN A PALACE; OR, GLIMPSES OF ROYALTY.

*A Sketch of the Romantic Life of His Majesty Somdet Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut Phra Chom Klau Chan Yu Hua, the present King of Siam.*

BY A TRAVELLER.

It was sunset—sunset within the tropics. A day of cloudless splendour was succeeded by an evening of dewy freshness; and the too ardent glances of cheery old Sol were now veiled in a pile of fleecy clouds, whose golden brightness seemed almost to rival the dazzling glory of the retiring monarch, as the curtain of night shut him from view, and left his domain in charge of night's less gorgeous, but more beauteous queen and her myriads of starry attendants. The rich emerald of the luxuriant verdure was still glowing with the sky's rosy tint, tall palms lifted their stately heads ready to drink in the pearly dew as it should be distilled from the heavens, whilst

“In every change of earth and sea,  
Breathed the deep soul of Poesy.  
And ordour was on the breeze,  
Sweet thefts of rose and lemon trees.”

The day had been one of intense heat, but toward evening the sea breeze swept softly over the bosom of the gently-flowing Meinam, and all nature seemed reinvigorated at the reappearance of “the Doctor,” the soubriquet by which this periodical sea-breeze is universally designated all over Southern Asia. The lately sleeping city has awaked from the afternoon siesta, multitudes again throng the busy marts, eager passers to and fro carelessly jog each other in the Bazaars as if their thoughts were elsewhere, and here and there little companies converse together, as if something of more than ordinary interest claimed their attention; while the river, almost deserted during the sultry hours that preceded the sunset, is now all alive with the gay cavalades who for business or pleasure, in gilded state canoe or unpretending *Sampan*, float rapidly along its smooth waters, in which are reflected the graceful fringes of the palaces and temples that adorn its banks. Silently and sluggishly winds the beauti-

ful river in its onward course toward the sea, but a general stir is visible among the vessels anchored amid its glassy eddies, pennons float from every mast, and the flaunting, parti-coloured junks seem even more than usually redolent of red paint, and gay with rain-bow-tinted flags and streamers. Gongs and kettle-drums from the towers call the busy populace to evening prayers; and dolorously beat the Chinese tomtoms, as from the crowded decks of the junks, the long-haired celestials cast their burning incense into the smooth waters, and light the fragrant “jos-sticks” upon their gilded altars.

Small lamps send forth their twinkling light from the floating-houses moored on the banks of the river, and here and there are heard the harsh tones of the Chinese fiddle discoursing discord, not music, across the waters of the noble river, rolling majestically on its way, all unmindful alike of the cry of misery from the loathsome cell of the prisoner's damp dungeon, and the acclamations of joy with which a mighty nation are welcoming the *advent of an infant Prince*.

Far up within the massive walls of a city, whose population numbers more than half a million of souls, the busy multitude are still more noisy in their demonstrations of joy, whilst their shouts and acclamations seem to rend the very heavens. Bells are ringing sonorously, gongs sounding, and fire-rockets whirling and whizzing through the air, hissing and smoking in the waters of the noble river, or soaring aloft far above the gilded turrets of the hundred gorgeous palaces that adorn the city of Bangkok, the proud metropolis of “the sacred and great kingdom of Siam.” Criers proclaim from the loftiest pinnacles of the castles and watch-towers, that “a Son of Heaven has descended to earth; and the beauteous queen of love and beauty, the mistress of

the royal harem, and the favorite consort of her regal spouse, has presented to her liege lord, His Golden-footed Majesty of Siam, the long-coveted blessing of a son, an heir to his rich and populous domain!" Other ladies of the royal harem had long before been thus fortunate, and the proud old monarch already numbered in his large family, not only five hundred beautiful wives, but a score or two of princely sons and daughters; but she who claimed the proud preëminence of queen consort, the most illustrious and best-beloved of all, had hitherto been childless; and there was therefore no legal successor to the throne, or rather none had as yet been appointed. For, according to Siamese law, the children of the queen or principal wife are the legal heirs, and it is only when *she* is childless, that a successor is selected at the king's own option, from among the offspring of his other wives. This selection had hitherto been deferred in the hope that the queen might yet become the fortunate mother of a son; and now these long deferred hopes have been realized, and the lady *Mú-há-krà-sát-Ting* has given birth to a son, named from that hour, *Cháu-Fáa* or "Prince of the Upper Regions."

Was it strange, that at this propitious event—one so long and so earnestly desired both by prince and people, and one that seemed, by fixing the succession according to the legal standard, to promise security against the terrible scourge of civil war, in case of his majesty's death—was it strange that this event should be the occasion of such general demonstrations of rejoicing; or that fêtes and processions, songs and illuminations should be the order of the day, on this grand jubilee of the nation? Was it not lawful and reasonable that the wide gulf that separates sovereign and subject, should on this propitious day be forgotten,—that the king should stoop from his lofty dignity to receive the congratulations of his people, and the subject forget for the hour his griefs and his wrongs, and the oppressive yoke that ground him to the dust or robbed him of his hard-earned goods—to rejoice in an event that promised the well-being of his country?

Even to the prisoner's loathsome dungeon had the good news descended, a general amnesty had gone forth, largesses had been given, the prisoner was released and the criminal pardoned.

But amid these general rejoicings, there sat alone in a gloomy apartment within the precincts of the Palace Royal, a young man, who evidently took no part in the nation's joy. His rich dress and the insignia of rank that adorned his person, proclaimed him of royal lineage; but the dark frown that lowered upon his brow, and the occasional gestures of impatience as ever and anon he rose and paced the narrow apartment in evident irritation, showed quite as plainly that his princely rank had not exempted him from the suffering which is alike the birth-right of prince and peasant. He had scarcely yet numbered eighteen years, but his figure was well-developed and handsomely rounded, and his face would have been strikingly handsome, but for the dark passions that had already stamped their impress on his fresh young manhood. The appointments of the narrow closet he occupied, ill accorded with his evident rank, and the eagerness with which he listened to every slight sound that fell upon his ear, showed that he expected or feared intrusion.

He was in truth the eldest son of the reigning sovereign, and though never actually nominated as heir apparent to his father's domain, yet so long as the queen consort continued childless, there was little doubt on the minds of any, that he would ultimately succeed his father; and from early boyhood he had been accustomed to regard himself and to be regarded by the whole court, as the real heir. But now all his hopes were suddenly dashed, and he as the child of an inferior wife, was unhesitatingly set aside in favour of the issue of the queen. To make the matter still worse, he had been obliged to unite in the general rejoicings, and as a dutiful son to congratulate his kingly father on the new cup of bliss which the elated monarch was already quaffing with such delicious joy. But as he writhed under the bitter thought, he cursed his own unlucky destiny, and the mother that

had given him birth: and longed to blot out the existence of the innocent babe whose rising star had thus obscured the brightness of his own; and fearing lest the king should observe the frown of discontent that he strove in vain to banish from his brow, he sought the obscure apartment we have noticed, that there secluded from every eye, he might vent his indignation alone, and bewail the unhappy destiny that had suddenly cast him from the proud pinnacle of his hopes as "heir presumptive to the golden throne," to the obscure condition of an *inferior*, if not a *younger* son. And there in that obscure apartment, in the broodings of that wrathful and discontented spirit, was laid the foundation of events that were destined to shake that kingdom to its centre, fill the throne with a usurper, and alter for more than a quarter of a century, the whole destinies of the nation.

But we turn from this gloomy apartment and clouded brow and chafing spirit, to glance for a moment at a more pleasing picture, where amid softest music and fragrant perfumes, surrounded by careful attendance and all the appliances of oriental luxury, lay in the dreamless slumbers of unconscious infancy, the innocent cause of all these varied emotions.

A gorgeously furnished apartment of the royal harem, was that princely nursery, with ceilings of costly mosaic, from which hung lamps of richly chased silver, the light from them being softened by falling through shades of oiled silk, that the delicate sight of the infant might not be injured by too much glare; and the lamps were fed with cocoanut oil perfumed with attar of roses, that filled the spacious apartment with their rare perfume. The floor was covered with downy Persian carpets that hushed every footfall, divans and cushions of velvet embroidered in gold and precious stones filled every niche, and pictures and mirrors rare and costly hung on every side; while scattered here and there over the room were vases of choice flowers that served not only to gratify the eye, but loaded the air with their delicate fragrance; and the soft notes of the Laos Organ, coming in

from an open door that led to an adjoining apartment, were just sufficiently audible to induce a dreamy repose. And here, in this earthly Paradise, beneath a canopy of massive gold, from which hung curtains of richly-embroidered muslin, slumbered on downy cushions of satin, the young heir, whose birth had been heralded by demonstrations of such unusual joy. The queenly mother reposed in an adjoining apartment; but a score or two of well-practised physicians and nurses hovered around the infant's couch, ready to minister to his necessities, and watching his very breathing, lest disease in some unwonted garb should place its envenomed finger on the tiny form, or death claim the choice treasure for his own. But it was not so decreed—the fair blossom flourished day by day, expanding its beauteous petals to the bright sunshine and fragrant dew that nourished its loveliness, till it unfolded at length, into a healthy, vigorous, and symmetrical flower.

Ten years passed on, and that same fair young mother gave birth to another princely son; and again palace and city rang with rejoicings; for not only did this auspicious event serve to make the succession more secure by providing another heir of purely royal blood, but the head physician had discovered a peculiarity in the form and colour of the new-born infant's tongue, a peculiarity that had belonged to one of Siam's most illustrious kings in by-gone days, and which the astrologers were quite sure augured for the royal infant a career of more than ordinary éclat. Most gladly too was the little stranger welcomed by his friendly brother, then a noble boy of ten, an affection which from that hour grew and strengthened with every successive year, and was in due time warmly reciprocated by *Chau Faa Noi* (Prince of Heaven the younger) as the little prince was named, the *Noi* (younger) being added to distinguish him from his brother, *Chau Faa Yai* (Prince of Heaven the Elder.)

Now again were the dark passions of Prince *Chau Phrá-Má-Chá-Rí* (the king's eldest son and half brother of the little princes) roused to a fearful degree, for now still another obstacle stood in his

way to the throne, and should he even succeed in removing one, it would serve but to induce a more jealous watch-care over the survivor. "And this black-tongue!" exclaimed he in his wrath, "what does this prognosticate, that the stupid multitude should bow down to it, as before a god? They would even now, I doubt not, place this infant in swaddling bands, upon the throne and greet him as their monarch, rather than me, who but for these intruding brats, would have been the undisputed heir! I am my father's first-born, the son of his young manhood, and he loves me as such, better than my brethren. Had this doll-faced woman died long ago, or had she never been born, my mother might perchance have filled her place, and then I should have stood where these accursed nurse-lings now stand—destruction to them!" Thus chafing and lashing his grieved spirit into a perfect frenzy, he cursed alike the innocent mother and her unoffending children, and swore perpetual vengeance on their devoted heads.

We pass now over another hiatus of ten years, and stand again in that royal palace; but it is the chamber of *death* we now enter, and witness not the soft slumbers of unconscious infancy, but the passing away of an aged monarch from the cares and anxieties, the pomps and vanities of an earthly throne, to the realities of an untried country. But kings may not die as other men—even in this *last* scene of the drama, they must be surrounded by all the state and ceremonial of royalty—pills must be disguised in comfits, and nauseous doses drained from golden cups; and though the physical system be racked with agony, kingly decorum must be observed, and even the last expiring moments given to state cares and arrangements for the succession.

Here under the gilded canopy of state, lay the feeble sufferer, wasted and worn by painful disease, but in full possession of his mental faculties. He had known for years of the bitter hatred borne by his eldest son for the two youthful princes; murmured threats of the former against the queen and her children

had several times been reported to him; and often and tenderly had the anxious father remonstrated with his rebellious son, though to no purpose; and the last days of the expiring monarch had been embittered by distressing fears for the consequences that might arise from this bitter hatred. As the closing scene drew nigh, all the children of the monarch were summoned to his couch, where were already assembled the cabinet, council and officers of state, and concealed from view by a costly screen, were the weeping wives and their attendants. The fast-glazing eye wandered wistfully from face to face among those that surrounded the couch of the invalid, and at length he inquired why Cháu-Phrá-Má-Cha-Ri was not with the rest. No one had before noted his absence, but now a messenger was dispatched to summon him, and a few moments after, the Prince entered and saluted his father. The dying monarch now beckoned the two sons of the queen, and uniting their hands placed them in that of their half-brother, and bade them, in feeble tones, to love each other, and dwell peaceably and contentedly in their several positions. He asked of them all a solemn promise to this effect, which was readily accorded by the two young brothers, but adroitly evaded on the part of Cháu-Phrá-Má-Cha-Ri, who replied that in the subordinate position Fate had assigned him, it would be his place to receive favours, not to bestow them, even on his younger brother; and smiling bitterly, he soon after left the room, to complete the arrangements he was making with his followers, to have himself proclaimed king, as soon as his father should ceased to breathe. This was done with indecent haste actually before the body was cold, and while the youthful heir and his child-brother were still weeping in each other's arms, over the couch of death, too much overwhelmed with present grief, to have given a thought to the future.

Prince Cháu-Phrá-Má-Chá-Ri was now about thirty-eight years of age, the legal heir about twenty, and his little brother scarcely ten. Cháu-Faa-Yai, the rightful sovereign, was of a mild, peace-loving

disposition, unostentatious, and studious in his habits, so that he had lived much in retirement, and really was very little elated when he supposed himself about to enter upon his rightful heritage. He was not generally known to the people, or even the nobility, having manifested little disposition to mingle in court festivities, and being more devoted to books than to athletic sports, or public recreations of any sort.

Cháu-Phrá-Má-Chá-Ri, on the contrary, had thrown himself constantly among the people, and had taken great pains to win the favour of the nobles and state officers. He was, in all respects, what he aimed at being, a man of the nation, and the people, dazzled by the specious promises he made of future rewards and preferments, readily espoused his cause, and swore eternal fealty to his interests.

Under these circumstances, it was not difficult for him to cause himself to be proclaimed king, and levying a large army from among his most attached adherents, he boldly defied all opposition. The Prince Chau-Fán-Yai fled in dismay, but found a temporary asylum among a few *old* nobles who still maintained their loyalty—the *young* nobility having almost to a man, enlisted under the banner of the usurper. The ports were now all closed and strictly guarded, so that escape from the kingdom was impossible, and a large reward being offered for the head of the unhappy Prince, he was hunted down like a wild beast by many of the very courtiers who, during the last hours of the old king, had sworn undying allegiance to his son. As a last resource, the young Prince fled to a Wat, (Buddhist Temple,) shaved his head, put on the sacred yellow robe, and became a priest,—and by virtue of Royal rank, *High Priest* of the Empire. By this step a double advantage was gained—first, his life was sacred and inviolate, for no man, not even the sovereign himself, dare lay hands upon the sacred person of a priest, and secondly, as a *priest* he secured the homage that had been refused him as a *sovereign*, even the reigning monarch being compelled by the Buddhist Law, to bow and do rever-

ence to a priest whenever he passes near him. Chan-Faa-Yai exulted in this, and in after years, often threw himself in his brother's way, particularly on festivals and high days when large numbers of the people were present, that the king might be compelled to pay a homage which the haughty Priest would not deign even to notice, or if at all, only with contempt. Especially was this observable at the annual festivals, when according to long established custom, the Sovereign visited every Temple, and presented a priestly robe to each member of the sacred fraternity. He durst on no occasion omit the gift of his priestly brother, and yet he well knew from past experience, how it would be received; for the Priest, when the gift was laid at his feet, would haughtily spurn it, and with scorn and loathing written in every line of his pale, intellectual countenance, would walk disdainfully off, ere the trembling king had risen to his feet.

One can readily imagine the bitter mortification of this haughty despot, at being thus rudely spurned in the presence of his own cringing subjects; and how he, whose will was law, and whose simple word or beck was life or death to the loftiest *noble* in his realm, how sorely he would writhe under these repeated insults from his priestly brother; and how from year to year, the jealous hatred that began, as we have seen, at his infant rival's birth, would be intensified and deepened and widened into the bitterest rage and thirst for revenge. And yet there was no alternative but to bear it with such grace as he might; and writhe under it as he would, so long as the sacred yellow robe enveloped the person of his hated brother, that brother's life was invulnerable, and not a man in the kingdom could be bribed or bullied into any attempt against it. This the Priest well knew, and while acknowledging, as he often did to his foreign friends, that Buddhism was all a fable, and its gods mere myths, a hollow system fit only to amuse weak-minded women and credulous children, he yet availed himself of its prejudices, as a protective against the malice of his half-brother, and found in

the calm quiet of the cloister, the leisure for study and reflection that, by him, were a thousand times more prized than would have been the crown and sceptre of earth's mightiest domain. His private income was large and wholly independent of the crown, and his revenues as High Priest of the Empire immense, so that in this respect there was nothing left for him to desire. The chief drawback to his complete felicity, was the necessary renunciation of his beautiful young wife and infant son, with the former of whom, as a priest, he could hold no communication whatever; and even the latter he could see only in public, at stated intervals.

The younger Prince, Chau-Faa-Noi, was, at the time of his father's death, scarcely ten years old, and, as such a mere child, was considered too insignificant a personage to make it necessary to put him out of the way. He was consequently allowed to go at large, to continue in the palace provided for him by his father; and as he grew to manhood, to maintain in all respects an establishment suited to his rank as a Prince of the blood and a younger brother of the reigning king. As a matter of state policy he was always received at court as a special favourite by the monarch, and in order to disarm the just indignation he would naturally feel toward the usurper, he was loaded with royal titles, and everywhere recognized as "the man whom the king delighted to honour."

As the character of the young Prince developed, the bright promise of his early years was more than fulfilled in the intellectual superiority and manly virtues of his maturity; and the brilliant career upon which he seemed at once to enter justified, for once, the prognostications of the astrologers and soothsayers.

Years passed on, and the excitement attending the rebellion had died out, the glitter and dazzle by which the brilliant usurper had blinded the eyes of his people, began to subside, and they could not help recognizing the vast superiority of their noble and manly young Prince, /now since his brother's consecration to

the priesthood, the legal heir,) to the selfish, jealous intriguer to whom in an hour of excited folly, they had sworn allegiance. The eyes of the usurper were now opened to the fatal error he had committed in sparing the life of this popular favourite; but it was too late to retract without exciting the people to open rebellion, and the only alternative seemed to be to ingratiate himself in the affections of his young brother, speak of him as the next heir, and thus supersede the desire of any immediate attempt to regain the throne of his ancestors.

He was, however, kept under the constant surveillance of the king's officers, his conduct closely watched, and his most trivial actions daily reported to the jealous usurper, who like most unjust claimants for the rights of others, sat uneasily on his throne, and despite the apparent tranquillity of the gilded heavens, ever imagined some dark cloud about to burst in fury upon his head, or Jove's imperial thunderbolts marshalled ready to hurl him from his throne. But the young Prince, though *defacto* a state prisoner, was constantly assured by the wily monarch, that it was only fear for his safety as heir apparent, that induced his affectionate (?) brother to keep him thus surrounded by the minions of the crown. The same *fraternal* regard for his health kept one of the king's own physicians always at the Prince's elbow, and compelled him to swallow many a nauseous dose, certes none the more palatable that he was kept in profound ignorance of its ingredients, and never by any means sure that it was not a slow poison which was ultimately to secure his removal, and make clear the way for the succession of the king's own sons. But this was a bold stroke for which the cowardly usurper was by no means prepared, lest the slumbering lion once aroused should prove too dangerous and deadly a foe. And so, the two, whilst fully cognizant of each other's secret thoughts and purposes, yet continued to play off the ridiculous farce of a pretended affection. The king at heart, hating his young brother with a deadly hatred, would gladly have plung-

ed the assassin's dagger to his heart; and the young Prince, though by no means deceived by the king's specious disguises, and fully aware that his life was held on the uncertain tenure of the caprices of a jealous and unprincipled despot, yet maintained in his intercourse with his half brother, such an appearance of calm dignity and even content as would have lulled the suspicions of the keenest observer; and each believed the other wholly ignorant of his own real sentiments. Yet Prince Chau-Faa-Noi, when mingling with his friends in the social circle, and abating for the time his usual rigorous self-control, would unwittingly betray the gnawing care that preyed like the worm upon his peace; and his oft contracted brow told of a slumbering sorrow that would sometimes defy restraint, and cast a cloud of gloom over his usually cheerful countenance. But even this corroding care, this ever-present sorrow, was perhaps an advantage in the end,—tending to strengthen and to develop the capacities of a noble nature, that perchance in a course of continuous prosperity might have been dwarfed and stifled by courtly adulation.

Employment was necessary to keep down the memory of griefs that would otherwise have been overwhelming; and the Prince applied himself vigorously to study, and to such manly exercises and pursuits, as were best suited to the full development of both the physical and mental systems. Through the aid of the few foreigners then resident at the Siamese capital, he obtained a number of elementary books, and set himself diligently to the study of the English language, as well as French and Latin.

In a few years he had mastered the first, and made very considerable proficiency in the last two—he studied drawing, astronomy, mathematics, and navigation; turned his attention to watch-making, which he first mastered himself, and then taught to several of his attendants; cast guns and cannons by his own unaided skill; and finally, by dint of an untiring energy and perseverance such as the world has seldom known, sub-

stituted for the miserable Chinese Junk of the country square-rigged vessels, admirably built after the European model.

He first made an accurate drawing of an American barque that chanced to be lying in the harbour, took the measurements of the various parts with his own hands, and then without any aid whatever constructed a miniature model about four feet in length, which, for its symmetrical proportions and exquisite workmanship, would compare very favourably with the much-lauded models of William IV. of England, still preserved with such commendable pride in the Royal Polytechnic Institution of London.

His next step was to drill a picked band of his servants, and in their presence to build a second model, which when finished, he took to pieces, explaining as he went on, and duly instructing each man in the construction of the part he was expected to undertake. In this manner, the *third* model was completed, built entirely by his men, with only an occasional hint from the Prince himself. A dock was then prepared, the necessary materials collected, a foundry set up, and the Prince and his men set regularly to work at *ship building*. In about four months a barque of three hundred and fifty tons was completed, and launched under the style and title of the “Royal Adelaide,” in honour of the Queen Dowager of England. Six months more saw the completion of a *ship*, larger and better built than the barque, and named the “Sir Walter Scott.” Various other ships, brigs, and schooners followed each other in quick succession; and the example of the Prince soon incited others to emulation. Phra-Nai-Wai, the son of the Prime Minister, built, in the space of about five years, some six or eight large-sized teak ships, one of which, the “Victory,” was *two thousand tons* burden, and really too large to be of much use in Siam in consequence of the sand-bars at the mouth of the Meinam, forty miles below Bangkok.

It was inconvenient and expensive to

load her so far from the city, and absolutely impossible to get her over the bars when loaded, so that she was kept most of the time laid up in dock, and the Siamese nobles contented themselves thereafter with smaller ships, better suited to the navigation of their rivers.

But we return to the enterprising Prince, whose energy and intelligence have been the means of accomplishing so much for his country; and who stands himself, at this day of enlightenment and cultivation, as one of the first men of the age. Each year during the long reign of his half brother, which lasted more than a quarter of a century, witnessed some new trophy to the indomitable energy and ability of Prince Chau-Faa-Noi; and each passing year tended to enthronement him more fully in the hearts of his countrymen, who began to look with longing eye for the demise of the usurper, as the requisite preliminary that was to bless them with a sovereign of whom they were already so justly proud. This much-wished for day seemed now near at hand, the old king was aged and feeble, and feeling that his end was approaching, he had already nominated the Prince Chau-Faa-Noi as his successor, wishing him a long and happy reign. A few more days, and in all human probability he would be king—a king almost idolized by his people, and with the opportunity of doing now all that his warm earnest heart had long wished for his country and its oppressed and down-trodden people.

But at this crisis appeared perhaps the noblest trait in the character of this amiable and high-minded Prince—a fraternal affection for the play-fellow of his youth, that long years of separation (not by distance, but of habit and pursuits,) had not been able to quench; and a high sense of justice and right that was proof against the allurements of even a crown and a sceptre. The elder brother had, by entering the priesthood, surrendered for the time, his right to the succession, and so long as his name was actually enrolled among the clergy, he ceased to be heir to the throne. But he could, at any time that he choose to do so, leave the

priesthood, and then his rights as Crown Prince again reverted to him. If, therefore, when the old king should cease to breathe, Prince Chau-Faa-Yai had actually thrown off his priestly garb, he was the legal heir; but if otherwise, the crown reverted to his brother, Prince Chau-Faa-Noi. All this the High Priest was fully aware of; but wisely judging that a *crownless* head was better than no head at all, he did not choose to risk leaving the priestly ranks, till absolutely certain that his half brother had no longer the power or the will to take away his life. He therefore determined to let the crown go to his younger brother, and to devote the remnant of his own days to the retirement and study that during the best years of his life, had been his only solace. This he calmly told his brother, and wished him all joy at the brilliant destiny that seemed to await him. The young Prince made little reply, but day and night watched untiringly at the king's bedside; and when the old man had sunk into a death stupor from which it seemed impossible for him ever to arouse, though the physicians said that he might linger thus yet several hours—then this noble, true-hearted young man hastened to his brother, and besought him to throw aside with all haste his priestly garb and show himself in courtier's dress, as speedily as possible at the royal palace. This the Priest declined doing, and greatly touched at this proof of fraternal affection, admonished his brother to return to his post, and as soon as the aged king ceased to breathe, to have *himself* proclaimed king. "You deserve the crown, brother," said he, "and you are better suited to it than I, who am getting advanced in years, while you are in the prime of life, and your active habits and knowledge of the people will enable you to do far more for their happiness than I, who for nearly thirty years have lived in retirement, and am in disposition and habits double your age, though really but ten years your senior." With these and similar arguments he sought to prevail over his young brother to return to the palace, and prepare himself to assume at once



the duties of royalty; but the noble young Prince was not so easily silenced. He almost tore the priestly garb from his brother's shoulders, and throwing his arms about his neck, besought him by the memory of their common father, by the yearning tenderness of the beautiful mother that sorrow had already laid in a premature tomb, by the love he bore to himself, and his regard for the happiness of both, to put on the royal robe he had brought for the purpose, and repair with him at once to the monarch's dying bed.

Overcome at last by his brother's prayers and tears, the Priest yielded assent to his wishes, and the two reached the king's bedside just in time to witness the last struggle. The dying monarch turned his eyes wistfully on the brothers as they sat locked in each other's embrace; a faint flush rose to the cheek as he evidently recognized the ex-priest, and casting upon him a look of rage and mortification, he essayed to speak. It seemed the concentrated hatred and wrath of a life-time, mingled with the bitter consciousness that he was baffled at last, as if he longed to break forth in one last withering invective against the innocent victim of his fiendish malice—his life-long hatred and revenge. But it was too late—a deadly pallor succeeded the momentary excitement, and the spirit was gone to its last account.

An hour afterwards, Chau-Fán-Yai was proclaimed king; and with the quiet dignity that had characterized his whole life, entered upon the discharge of his duties.

His brother was appointed *Second King*, and was in everything his principal stay and right-hand counsellor—*de facto*, the king, generously taking upon his younger and more vigorous shoulders the cares and labours, but leaving to his brother the éclat that attaches to the monarch's life.

Not an unkind word was spoken of the old king, a magnificent funeral was ordered, at which the royal brothers appeared as chief mourners; the wives and children of the late king were liberally provided for; and all were forbidden to make any reference to the offensive acts

of the deceased monarch, or his unjust persecution of the legal heir. Certainly a mark of generous forbearance scarcely to have been expected even from a Christian Prince, in return for such grievous wrongs—still less from one whose advantages had been comparatively so limited; and they speak a character of no ordinary worth.

One month after the coronation of the new king, he again offered the throne to his brother, who again generously declined it, but promised to take upon himself all its arduous duties, and leave his brother the leisure for study and reflection he so ardently desired. And so it has been arranged—the two reigning conjointly—unrivalled in ardent affection for each other—and truly one in their aim to promote the happiness and well-being of their subjects—affording an anomaly in the records of oriental history, of two brothers, each for the sake of the other, ready to resign a kingdom and a crown, and reigning at last in mutual amity, and thus presenting to the world such a picture of self-sacrificing devotion, as one is seldom permitted to witness in this fallen state.

These are the present monarchs of Siam, one of the richest and most densely populated countries in the world—and these kings are men who for enlightened policy, sound discretion, and mild and equitable use of the despotic power vested in them, stand first on the list of Eastern Potentates; and so wondrously superior are they to the age and nation that has produced them, that we are almost inclined to regard them as supernatural personages, dropped down by some beneficent genius from a higher sphere.

The elder brother, who is nominally the king, bears the title of SOMDET PHRA PARAMENDR MAHA MONGKUT PHRA CHOM KLAU CHAU YU-HUA, *His Exalted Majesty the Sacred and Great King, the Lord of Life and Supreme over All.*

He is now about fifty-five years of age, tall and slender in person, mild in disposition, and wholly unostentatious in manner and habits. He was crowned on the 15th of May, 1851, and was welcomed to the throne of his ancestors by universal

shouts and acclamations of joy that seemed to rend the very heavens, and were yet inadequate to the expression of half the emotions of the myriad hearts where he had so long been enthroned. It was, indeed, a bright and glorious renewal of the national festivities and rejoicings that had marked the epoch of his *birth* on that gorgeous summer's night, in that beautiful harem, where his advent was hailed with such rapturous joy. But between these two brilliant events, what a long, dark night of sorrow had intervened; and who can wonder that on that mild, benevolent countenance those days of anxiety and nights of wearying wakefulness have written all too plainly the lines of care that even now, like the memory of some troublous dream, cast their shadows over the usually placid features. May the complete felicity of life's calm evening blot out the bitter memories of its maturity, and as the curtain of death shall close around his mortal life, may angels be commissioned to welcome the ransomed spirit to a kingdom and crown that can never fade away.

His noble wife, faithful to her first love during all those years of painful separation, still lives to bless his declining years with her tender love; and the young son we have spoken of, is now a brilliant and accomplished statesman, holding an important office under the government, and a worthy representative of his noble father.

The younger brother of His Majesty is called the *second king*, and bears the title of **SOMDET PHRA PAWAREND KAMESR MAHESWARES PHRA PIN CLAU CHAU YU HUA**.

He holds his own separate court, and receives nearly the same homage as his elder brother; and the two act so entirely in concert, that the will of the one is regarded as sacred and absolute as the other, though if any issue should unhappily arise, the will of the *first king* would, of course, take precedence. The second king is commander-in-chief of the military and naval forces of the country, and it is his duty to repel invasions, order the appointments of the forts, levy troops, &c., &c., &c.

Since he came into power he has en-

larged the city walls, built several new forts and repaired the old ones, furnished grounds and buildings for the resident Consulates of six different nations, whose several flags may now be seen fluttering in the breezes that sweep over the proud metropolis of Siam; he has added largely to the navy of the country in splendid square-rigged, teak-built ships, and banished forever the clumsy, uncouth junks of former days; and last, but not least, he has introduced *steam* into his country, and brought it to bear efficiently on the agricultural and commercial interests of the nation. Printing presses, and steam presses for the manufacture of sugar, (the staple of Siam, and the finest in the world,) have been introduced, and *ten* noble steamers now regularly plow the waters of the noble Meinam, multiplying ten-fold the commerce of the country, and furnishing facilities for intercourse with the outside world that, ten years ago, no native-born Siamese had ever dreamed of. At the last dates from the country, five new steamers were in process of building, and two were employed as semi-monthly packets between Bangkok and Singapore.

These are some of the vast improvements that Siam owes to the two noble Princes now at the helm of State, and more especially to the active, enterprising spirit of the younger, though it is due to the elder to state, that every effort put forth by the second king has been warmly and intelligently seconded by the first king, without whose co-operation these improvements could not have been carried out, at least to their full extent.

The first king, unlike his inactive predecessor, makes frequent excursions to the sea shore, to the Provinces of Naphuri, Petchiburi, Anglin, and Katchaburi, as well as to the old capital at Aynthia; and in all such cases, the second king occupies his brother's place, and acts with precisely the same authority. So when the second king wishes to be absent for a time his elder brother cheerfully permits it, and assumes all his duties till his return.

The first king resides in the *Wáng Luáng*, (Palace Royal;) and the second

king in one scarcely less magnificent, called *Wáng Náh*, (Front Palace,) which stands also within the walls, some distance north of the Palace Royal.

The second king, like his brother, has one son, a noble, promising youth, now about sixteen years of age. He bears the name of Prince George Washington, and has no *Siamese* name, though several royal *titles*. He was named in honour of the Father of our Country, for whose character His Majesty entertains the most profound veneration, and with whose history the young Prince has been made familiar from his childhood. Prince George usually wears the European costume, and speaks English with almost the fluency of an Anglo-Saxon; whilst the propriety and graceful ease that characterize his compositions in our language, would put to shame the essays of many of our college graduates.

With two such reigning Sovereigns, each possessing in the person of his heir so worthy and noble a representative of the talents and virtues of his illustrious parent, what may we not hope for the future of this rich and populous Empire? Shall we not expect that merging from the cloud of darkness in which oppression and injustice have so long obscured her brightness, she will now rise to her legitimate place among civilized and enlightened nations; and throwing wide the gates of her ports, that she will, by the exercise of a liberal and enlightened policy, invite to her hospitable shores a commerce that shall prove not less a blessing to herself than to her sister states, and our world at large.

MR. EDITOR:

I had just concluded this article and laid it on my table ready for mailing, when this morning's post brought me an autograph letter from my old and attached friend, His Majesty, the first King of Siam, bearing the grand privy seal of state, and enclosing His Majesty's private card, which being used only in his intercourse with personal friends, of course the recipient feels highly honoured by such a distinguishing mark of condescension.

The card is a fine French embossed one, with a neat silver border, scalloped and radiated in silver. It is handsomely engraved in English, with the words, *Somdet Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut*, the translation of which I have already given in the former part of this article. You observe that he omits the latter part of his title, *Phra Chom Klau, Chau Yu Hua*, which signifies "Lord of Life, and Supreme over all"—a significant circumstance which confirms what I have already stated concerning his modesty and sound sense.

On the reverse of the card is written in the King's own hand,

"With respectful compliments,  
To Reverend Mrs. Fannie — —."

(My name in full.)

The letter, also written in English, is dated,

"Royal Residence, Grand Palace of Siam,  
Jan'y 24th, 1859."—

and commences,

"Mrs. Fannie — —, Esq.,  
"My dear friend," &c., &c., &c."

This matter of *titles* is one that is exceedingly puzzling to an Oriental, whose fondness for forms and ceremonies will never allow him to omit them; and yet his ignorance of their meaning leads to perpetual misapplication. The king, as customary with Eastern monarchs on all occasions, uses his own title as the superscription of his letter, which is signed,

"Your old, good friend,  
"SOMDET PHRA PARAMENDR MAHA MONGKOK,  
"Major King of Siam and its Dependencies, &c., &c., &c."

Under these circumstances, his own nice sense of propriety and the respect he wished to show for me as a personal friend, would not permit him to address me without a title of some sort; and he thus resorts to the *Reverend* and *Esquire*, the former as a clerical title, the latter as a civil one; and both he supposes to belong not less to the *ladies* than to their husbands or fathers. He has naturally

fallen into this error from seeing that European ladies are always treated as the equals of their associates of the other sex, sitting with them at table, walking with them side by side, &c.; and it is not strange that he should thus conclude that the same titles are applicable to the one as the other.

The letter is written in a clear open hand, is concise in style, and most cordial in tone. His Majesty acknowledges the receipt of a letter from myself, expresses regret at having heard of some slight indisposition on my part, professes for me a warm affection, and expresses the desire that I should again visit his capital and renew the friendship with himself. It also alludes to the circumstances of his coronation, the fact of his accession to the throne being in accordance with the desire of the whole national council of Siam, and concludes with some items of intelligence on the present condition of the country. This information I had previously received in a letter from another friend, who resides still at the Siamese capital; and having already em-

bodied it in the preceding article, I forbear to repeat it.

The diction, style and penmanship of the letter, all do credit to the ability and application of a man, who five years ago knew not a letter of our alphabet, and who, though now past middle age, and burdened with the cares of State, with the interests of ten millions of people to provide for, has yet, almost unaided by teachers except the occasional hint of a foreign visitor, reached such a respectable degree of proficiency in one of the most difficult languages in the world.

Some early day after my return from my Southern tour, I shall have the pleasure of showing you these interesting memorials; and in the interim, permit me to offer my best wishes for your own health and happiness, and for your excellent magazine the success it so well merits.

Whilst I remain,

Ever and truly yours,

F. R. D.

Americus, Georgia, May 12th, 1859.

In the following Dedication Sonnet, from a recent work of Mr. Simms, allusion is made most touchingly to a severe domestic affliction with which he was visited during the autumn of last year.

#### DEDICATION SONNET.

TO HON. W. PORCHER MILES, M. C.

O FRIEND! who satt'st beside me in the hour  
 When Death was at my hearth; and in my home  
 The mother's cry of wailing for that doom,  
 Long hovering, which, at last, with fatal power  
 Descended, like the vulture on his prey,  
 And in his talons bore away our young!—  
 Thou know'st how terribly this heart was wrung:  
 Thou cam'st with watch and soothing, night and day,  
 No brother more devoted!—More than friend,  
 Belovéd evermore,—behold me thine!—  
 Yet have I little worthy that is mine,  
 Save love, and this poor tribute; which must blend  
 With memories of thy watch, and of our pain,  
 And of those precious boys, we both have watched in vain!

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

WOODLANDS, S. C., April 2, 1859.

## EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN RANDOLPH.\*

It was one of Oberlin's wise maxims that "nothing should be destroyed, nothing thrown away or wasted;"—taking it, as he tells us, from the direction of Christ to his disciples, after feeding the five thousand—"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." I propose to gather up a few fragments from my early recollections of one of the most remarkable men I ever knew;—and if not useful in the mere utilitarian sense of the term, they may, I hope, serve to beguile the time of some reader who might be worse employed. There is no knowledge, however vain in itself, and however little it may be worth the pains of acquiring, which may not at some time or other be turned to account.

About the year 1800, a "grammar school"—as they used to be called—was established by the Rev. Drury Lacy, of precious memory, at Ararat, in Prince Edward County, Va. This school was kept up by its founder until his death in 1815,—and was continued for several years afterwards by his eldest son, now Rev. Wm. S. Lacy, of Arkansas. During a period of its existence, instead of being merely preparatory, as it only professed to be, it became actually the rival of Hampden Sidney College, in the neighborhood of which it was located. For many years of my life I was a member of this school and during the time that Mr. Wm. Lacy was principal, had frequent opportunities of seeing Mr. Randolph. Mr. Lacy, before the death of his father, had studied law under Judge Beverly Tucker, the neighbour and half-brother of Mr. Randolph, and whilst in that family, became very intimate with him, and a mutual attachment was formed, which continued to the close of Mr. Randolph's life. On the death of his father, Mr. Lacy abandoned law and took charge of the school at Ararat, where Mr. Randolph sent his three wards—John Randolph Clay, John Randolph Bryan, and Thomas Bryan, to be taught the "classics." The widow of

his brother Richard still resided at Bizarre, only two miles distant, whom he loved tenderly and often visited. These circumstances united, brought him to Prince Edward and kept him in this neighborhood much of the time when he was not in Washington.

It was Mr. Lacy's custom to hear his boys recite their Latin and Greek grammar lessons before breakfast, and I have known Mr. Randolph, more than once, to come from Bizarre and enter the school-house by sun-up. At 9 o'clock the school was *formally* opened, when all the boys read verses about in the Bible, until the chapter or portion was finished. Mr. Randolph always seemed highly pleased with this exercise, read *his* verse in turn, and with Mr. Lacy would sometimes ask questions. On one occasion whilst reading one of the books of the Pentateuch, he stopped alad with the question: "Tom, Miller, can you tell me who was Moses' father?"—"Jethro, sir"—was the prompt answer. "Why—you little dog, Jethro was his father-in-law." Then putting the question to four or five others by name, not one of whom could answer, he berated them soundly for their carelessness and inattention in reading, saying,—“When you were reading last week, William Cook read the verse containing the name of Moses' father, and have you all forgotten it already?" Just then a young man caught the name, and unable to repeat the verse of the Bible, repeated a part of a line from Milton—"the potent rod of Amram's son, &c." "Ah," said Mr. Randolph, "that is the way you learn your Bible—get it out of other books—what little you know of it"—and, with an exceedingly solemn manner and tone, added, "and so it is with us all—and a terrible proof of our deep depravity it is, that we can relish and remember any thing better than *THE BOOK*." The very utterance, simple as it was, filled every one with awe, and made him feel guilty, whilst at the same time it

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\* From the Central Presbyterian.

imparted a reverence for the Bible which was never felt before, and which from one mind at least never will be effaced. Mr. Randolph was so pleased, however, with the young man who quoted from his favorite author, that in a short time—as soon perhaps as he could get it from Richmond, he presented him with a beautiful copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, with a suitable inscription in his own elegant hand-writing.

Another of the customs in the school at Ararat, was to review every Friday forenoon, the studies of the preceding days, and spend the afternoon in spelling, in which the whole school took part;—in reading select passages from the Bible, the Spectator, Shakspeare or Milton, and in *declamation*. The first exercise—spelling, afforded great amusement occasionally. Mr. Randolph would always take the *foot*, and usually got to the *head* pretty soon, when he would leave the circle and take his seat. On one or two occasions however, he was kept at the *foot* till the exercise was closed, much to the gratification of some of the smaller lads who had been stimulated to prepare the two columns of the Dictionary (Walker's) with perfect accuracy.

In reading too, he would take his turn, and after a trial of a given selection had been made by two or three boys, he would take the book and *show* them how it ought to be read. Mr. Randolph was wonderfully gifted by nature with an ear that could detect the slightest shades of tone, with a voice that was music itself and with a taste that was as faultless as I can conceive. The modulations and intonations of his voice, the pause, accent, emphasis were altogether wonderful. I have felt it myself, and have seen other boys who, when he was reading, actually seemed to doubt if it was the same piece they had read but a few minutes before. Indeed, his reading seemed to shed a flood of light over the passage and give to it a meaning which had never occurred to you before. I love music, and love it dearly—far too much for my good I sometimes fear; but if the choice were given me to attend the best arranged

musical festival this country could get up, or to hear Mr. Randolph read an hour from the Bible and Shakspeare, it would not take a second to decide. As to *declamation*, he never seemed to take much interest in it, holding to the belief that a man or boy, if he had any thing to say, could say it. He used to quote to Mr. Lacy on this subject, a couplet from Hudibras,—

All a rhetorician's rules,  
Teach him but to name his tools—

and nothing but his profound reverence for old customs, *antiquity*, as I have often thought, could induce him to tolerate the practice of declamation in schools. I never knew him, in a single instance, to show how this ought to be done. Once when a little fellow, intending to place his hand on his heart, put it too low down, Mr. Randolph gave a hearty laugh suiting a remark to the gesture.

During recess or playtime, as we used to call it, Mr. Randolph would sometimes take part in the sport of the boys, and engage in them with the greatest interest. The games then most common were, *bandy*, *chumney*, *cat* and *marbles*, with all its variations of long *taw*, short *taw* and *knucks*. I know Congressmen now-a-days, who would think it beneath their dignity to play marbles, though some of them are men, "whose fathers," Mr. Randolph "would have disdained to set with the dogs of his flocks." But I have played marbles with him and Judge Tucker many a time, and have had my knucks stung badly too by both of them.

Usually he was very cheerful and communicative, and at dinner told many interesting anecdotes of George Mason, Edmund Pendleton, Patrick Henry, Nathaniel Macon, John Marshall and other celebrities;—or would talk about his visit to England, describing the parks and dwellings of such and such noblemen with a particularity of detail that always deepened the interest, especially when he came to the stud of horses or the kennel of fox-hounds;—his visit to Oxford with its city of Colleges, his dining with one Professor, taking breakfast with another, and telling all about

what was on the table; how the servants dressed, the different kinds of gowns and caps of the masters and students in the different Colleges; his purchasing his famous horse, Gascoigne, from a nobleman of the same name, for one hundred *English* guineas, when he was only a "yearling last grass!" On another day he would tell the boys at the table—for in good old times we always sat an hour at table whether we had finished eating or not—of some wonderful feat of his own, in walking so many miles when but seventeen years of age;—or in later years how many partridges he had bagged in such a hunt, beating Blake Woodson, a famous shot, and old Charner, his brother, beating Mr. Egglestone, and old William Randolph, John Miller, Theodore Dudley, both the Trents,—and becoming animated he would say, "yes boys, and I beat black David Copeland all hollow—beat him blacker than he is—killed two birds to his one." These were glorious times to us boys.

On one occasion only, do I remember his being gloomy and morose and crabbed,—and then it was bad enough. Shortly after he arrived at Ararat on that visit, a long spell of cold, rainy weather set in—the wind blowing from north-east kept him in doors a week or more. He would read and write and loll on the couch till he was tired, and then became the most restless and fretful mortal I ever saw. From 1 o'clock till bed-time, he would drink rum-toddy and whiskey-grog enough to make any other man dead drunk, though he was never at all fuddled. All we could do was to keep out of his way and let him alone. As soon, however, as the wind changed and the weather cleared off, he was as gay and lively as ever.

There was nothing remarkable about his eating. His breakfast was usually green tea and toast, with an egg or a very small piece of salt fish. Sometimes, instead of the toast, he would take batter-cakes or hominy. At dinner he ate very heartily when he was well, and if there was any dish specially plain, such as *jole* and *turnip greens*, he would eat nothing else except the corn dumplings

that had been boiled in the same pot. He never spoke of corn-bread and wheat-bread, but invariably called the former Indian-bread and the latter English-bread. He rarely, if ever, touched a dessert—and never, if it was made of English pastry. I have been often amazed at the quantity of liquor he would drink at dinner and all the afternoon, and yet I never saw him affected by it in the slightest degree. His supper was lighter than his breakfast.

Far more has been written, and is known of Mr. Randolph's public than of his private and domestic life, and for this reason I offered my recollections of him in a family and in a school-house. There are some circumstances connected with his public life which I do not recollect ever to have seen in print, that may be worth knowing. These I will proceed to give in the present communication,—I wish, however, before doing so, to relate an anecdote, illustrative of the astonishing accuracy of his memory, and his intimate acquaintance with the Latin Classics. During the time of which I have been speaking, that is, whilst I was a pupil in Mr. William Lacy's school at Ararat, there was some public gathering on Saturday at Prince Edward Court House, and in the afternoon of that day, when most of the crowd had dispersed, several gentlemen remained till the mail was opened, and to take advantage of the cool of the day in going home. Among these were, besides Mr. Randolph, Henry E. Watkins, William Berkeley, James Henderson Fitzgerald, Dr. William S. Morton, and several others. These were gathered around Mr. Randolph on the steps that passed over into the Court House yard, under the deep shade of the noble old elms with which the grounds were planted, listening to him reading one of the celebrated political disquisitions, furnished to the Richmond Enquirer by Senator Giles, afterwards Governor of Virginia. The subject discussed with so much ability in the article then reading, was, the causes that operated on the prosperity of the Commonwealth, and that gave it a retrograde, rather than pro-

gressive movement, compared with such States as New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. In the full tide of the eloquent discussion, Mr. Giles had quoted a passage from the Cataline war of Sallust, which was so apt and appropriate, that it called forth at once the admiration of some of the gentlemen. "Yes," said Mr. Randolph, "it is admirable, and peculiarly appropriate, but then it is not correct. The great disquisitor has altered the sentence to suit his purpose." Captain Watkins questioned the statement, and examining the quotation, declared "it was good Latin and just in Sallust's style." "True," said Mr. Randolph, "it is good Latin—but it is not Sallust's Latin." And taking out his pencil wrote on the margin of the newspaper what he regarded as the true language of Sallust\*—and reading it off as he had corrected it—"Here, gentlemen, is the language that Sallust uses in *usum Delphini*, and I'll bet my Betsy Robertson—(his riding mare,) against the sorriest gelding on the ground—I am right and Mr. Giles is wrong." Nobody of course took him up. That night Mr. Randolph and Mr. Fitzgerald accompanied Mr. Lacy to Ararat. At supper when all seemed to have forgotten what had occurred at the Court House—Mr. Randolph turned to the little brother of Mr. Lacy, and said—"go and bring me every copy of Sallust you can find." In a short time the little fellow came staggering in, with his armful, and as the furniture of the table was taken off—the books were thrown upon it. "Now hand me the edition I want, in *usum Delphini* mind you—I'll have nothing to do with your Yankee contrivances with English notes—Mr. Lacy, did you ever see a Yankee who knew any thing about the Classics?—that make dunces and block-heads out of smart boys, and cheat them out of their time and money—Here it is—I told you so, I am right—the old disquisitor wrong." On comparing what he had written on the margin of the paper with the passage in Sallust, it was

found to be strictly accurate—not merely in the collocation of the words, but in every mark—even to a comma.

The first time I ever heard Mr. Randolph make a speech, was several years before the occurrence first stated. My father took me on horseback behind him, when I was only ten or eleven years old, more to see Mr. Randolph than to hear him. It was at a time when politics was running high;—when the effort that succeeded was made to turn Mr. Randolph out of his seat in Congress. The crowd was immense—for the people flocked from every county in the Congressional district to hear the discussion between him and Mr. Eppe. I remember Mr. Eppe, it is true, and was struck with his appearance as a polished gentleman, who figured a gold-headed cane, the first that my childish eyes had ever beheld. But his speech made no impression on me, or if it did, has long since been entirely forgotten. Mr. Randolph was the man I went to see, and I saw him and heard him too. Much of his speech I remember to this day, though it has been more than forty-five years ago. The part I now notice for the sake of showing his mode of reasoning is this. He was defending himself against the charge that his opposition to the war with England was so great, that even after it had commenced and was going on, he voted against an appropriation—the amount I forget—to build forts, &c., to protect the coast. In his defence, he began at St. Croix river, on the north, and went to St. Mary's on the south, then the boundary between the United States and the Spanish Province of Florida—describing every bight, headland and indenture on the coast—every river, creek, inlet and bay—every harbour as if he had actually measured its depth himself, with such minuteness and accuracy of detail as filled me with amazement, who had just studied Geography and thought I knew all about our country at least. Then calling out to one of the old patriarchs—his firm and fast friend—he said: "Capt

\* *Sallustii Catilina*—53. Sed, postquam luxu atque desidia Civitas corrupta est;—



Price, turn round a moment—how many acres are in that old field?" "Between one hundred and one hundred and fifty, I presume," was the prompt reply. "Now, tell me, Nat. Price, here before all your neighbours, can you enclose that old field with ten panels of fence?" "No—no—no, indeed," rung out from a hundred voices. "And yet I am to be turned out of office because I will not waste your money to do what can no more be done than Nat. Price can enclose this old field with ten panels of fence!" The solemn pause—the long steady gaze on the people from an eye flashing indignation at the treatment he had received, made an impression on my memory that will never be effaced. Such an argument was easily understood and to his *friends* was perfectly convincing.

Although I had frequent opportunities of hearing Mr. Randolph speak after this—and the recollection of many of them is yet fresh in my mind,—still to avoid prolixity I adduce but two other statements,—the one to illustrate his remarkable quickness and readiness in applying the merest incident to his purpose with great effect; the other to illustrate the mingled and opposite feelings of his audience under the power of his speaking.

I do not now remember the subject or the occasion of discourse connected with the incident I am about to state, nor is it important to the illustration. He was, at the time alluded to, speaking with calmness and earnestness too—deeply absorbed in his subject, and, from the quiet and fixed attention of the people, they were deeply interested also. He was in the act of stating that if certain things were done, "such an event would follow as inevitably"—and casting up his eye as if to seize upon some appropriate illustration, a leaf from the tree over him came twittering down before his face, and following it with his finger in its fall to the ground, he added—"as the power of gravitation." If he had studied a month for an illustration to suit his purpose precisely, he could not have selected one more appropriate. It seemed to strike every person with an agreeable

surprise. This, however, is only one out of scores of similar incidents.

The last time I ever heard him speak was in the spring of 1828 or 1829—I forget which. The great contest had been waged in Congress during the preceding session between the parties respectively of Adams and Jackson, when Mr. Randolph made his celebrated speech in favour of the latter, although the subject before Congress was on the resolution of a gentleman from Kentucky, *to retrench the expenditures of the general government*. This will fix the date if any one chooses to look up his files of papers for the purpose. Mr. Randolph had sent from Washington City before his return, a circular to his constituents declining a re-election, and avowing his desire to return to private life. After Congress adjourned, he came home in feeble health—with depressed spirits and looking very badly. His constituents, however, would not hear of his giving up the public service. On his reaching Prince Edward C. H., his old friends came crowding around him, as usual, not only to welcome him back, but to importune him to abandon his purpose of retiring. He was at last prevailed upon to speak to the people, and give an account of the public affairs at Washington, if nothing more. On ascending the *steps*, he was assisted by his faithful and devoted personal friends, John James Flournoy and Samuel C. Anderson. He looked pale, emaciated and dejected. Every eye was fixed upon him, every whisper hushed. Leaning upon his cane for support, he surveyed the crowd with a look of unutterable tenderness and deep solemnity, and said,—"*Fellow-citizens!*—I am an old man and worn out,—grown old and worn out in your service. Two and thirty years—with the exception of a single term—have I served you to the best of my poor abilities. These thirty years make sad changes in a man. When I first was honoured with your confidence, I was a very young man, and your fathers stood almost in parental relation to me, and I received from them the indulgence of a beloved son. But the old patriarchs of that day

have been gathered to their fathers—some adults remain whom I look upon as my brethren—here they are clustering around me to-day. But the far greater part were children,—little children,—or have come into the world since my public life began. I know your grandfathers, and men muster-free, who were boys at school when I first took my seat in Congress. Time, the mighty reformer and innovator, has silently and slowly, but surely, changed the relation between us; and I now stand to you *in loco parentis*, in the place of a father, and receive from you this day a truly filial reverence and regard. Yes, you are my children, who have ever resented, with the quick love of children, all my wrongs real or supposed. I have come back to spend my last days among you,—to retire to my old patrimonial oaks, where I may

see the sun rise and set in peace; and when God's time comes, to lay my body down to rest in the bosom of my dear, blessed mother, this venerated Commonwealth, whose unworthy son I am."

It would be impossible to describe the effects of this *exordium* upon the people. Perhaps there was not a dry eye in all the crowd, while many a hard-visaged old planter had his sun-burnt face all bathed in tears, and his whole frame convulsed with emotion. Of course I do not pretend to quote the very words of Mr. Randolph, but only give the substance. His voice, soft, mellow and rich as the lower tones of a flute, was distinctly heard by the most distant, while he uttered every word and syllable slowly, earnestly, solemnly, without removing his hands from his cane, or making a single gesture.

## MENTAL CHARACTER OF THE ABORIGINES.

The Algonquin family of tribes, under their various names and dialects, occupied at the period of discovery the greatest part of the territorial area of the United States, lying between the Atlantic and the Mississippi River, north of a line drawn from Pamlico Sound to the mouth of the Ohio. The exceptions were chiefly the Iroquois tribes of New York and their cognate bands in Canada and Maryland, and in Virginia west of the Powhatans.

Of this wide-spread language, the Powhatans constituted a sub-group, marked by the use of the letter *r*; the Lenapees of Pennsylvania another marked by the interchangeable letter *l*, and the Mohegans of southern New York, and of all New England, in which the *l* is changed to *n*. It is not, however, the object of these remarks, to describe the ethnographical spread of this great stock of language, but to call attention to some

mental developments in their character, which have received but little notice.

The two great objects of fame, in all our Indian tribes, are bravery or military renown and eloquence. Forest-life left them but little beside. Achievements in hunting were the every-day events and topics of conversation, and of every-day boasts. But triumphs in war, and oratory were the peculiar praises of their great men—their chief warriors and speakers. It is some amelioration of the severities of forest-life to know that, when the purposes of war and hunting are temporarily done, they assemble around the evening lodge-fire, to listen to imaginative recitals of adventures of heroes, giants and dwarfs, or pure creatures of fancy. It gives them further claims on this score, to ascertain that a particular season was appropriate to the exercise of this story-telling faculty, and that it is the province of cer-

tain old or recognized men to tell these legends, and that these persons are also the chroniclers of the respective tribes, and the depositories of traditions. This appropriate season is the winter, when snow covers the ground, and leaves do not conceal approach. No war parties are formed in the winter.

These oral stories are, generally, very extravagant, often of an allegorical character, and sometimes they even aim at instruction. They are the true presentments of the Indian mind, and show more than any other species of inquiry, or research, their opinions and beliefs on life, death and immortality. The legends denote what is so difficult to obtain, their ideas of a deity, and spiritual existence, and they cannot be perused, without letting one see their cosmogony, and so to call it, their theology.

The war songs, and hieratic chants of this people, and of the tribes generally, reveal traits of a fixed line of thought. Both species of songs are, often, highly allegorical, and difficult to be understood by the uninitiated. No rhyme is ever attempted in these compositions, but there is a melodious, or measured flow of thought and a fixed or proscribed chorus. Mr. Adair\* has heard, in this chorus, as used among the Creeks, what no other person has, the syllables, *Je-ho-vah*. Re-

petition and transposition are often observed to monotony.

There is another trait in the Algonquin family, which denotes the possession of intellect. It is that common wish of the human family to preserve and transmit their deeds to posterity. This was done in the days of Nineveh and Babylon, by the invention of the cuneiform character, and in the valley of the Nile by hieroglyphics. By these means sounds were preserved before the invention of letters. The Indian tribe never reached to any degree of precision of this character. But by this system of pictography, which is purely ideographic, they represent events, acts, actors. The number of beings slain, whether men or beasts is denoted on barks, scarified trees, or painted rocks, and thus is preserved a recognized memoir of battles and hunting scenes. A tabular stick placed at the grave of a warrior denotes, symbolically, his name, or tribe, and the number of scalps he has taken in war. Such memorials satisfy the Indian.

Believing that these traits of the Indian mind and character, will be best understood and illustrated by examples, it is proposed to submit some specimens of each, originally derived from actors in the forest.

H. R. S.

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\* History of Indians, Edinburgh.

## Editor's Table.

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The recently published article on the Life of William Pitt in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, by Lord Macaulay, has created a profound sensation in England, and the justice of its political views has been challenged by competent critics. Whatever may be the verdict rendered thereupon, it cannot be gainsayed that the article is in the best style of the distinguished historian and reviewer. It does not glitter with the illustrations which adorn his papers in the Edinburgh, nor has it the constantly recurring lights and shadows of his remarkable antithesis, but the clearness and force and nervous diction of T. Babington Macaulay are in it on every page. The passage in which he refers to Pitt's disdain of the peerage, the man who freely dispensed titles and patronage to others, has been turned satirically enough on his Lordship, but the following rebuke of Pitt's indifference to the claims of literature is worthy of the great Coryphæus of the literary class:

No part of the immense popularity which Pitt long enjoyed is to be attributed to the eulogies of wits and poets. It might have been naturally expected that a man of genius, of learning, of taste, an orator whose diction was often compared to that of Tully, the representative, too, of a great university, would have taken a peculiar pleasure in befriending eminent writers, to whatever political party they might have belonged. The love of literature had induced Augustus to heap benefits on Pompeians, Somers to be the protector of non-jurors, Harley to make the fortunes of Whigs. But it could not move Pitt to show any favor even to Pittites. He was doubtless right in thinking that, in general, poetry, history and philosophy ought to be suffered, like calico and cutlery, to find their proper price in the market, and that to teach men of letters to look habitually to the state for their recompense is bad for the state and bad for letters. Assuredly nothing can be more absurd or mischievous than to waste the public money in bounties for the purpose of inducing people who ought to be weighing out grocery or measuring out drapery to write bad or middling books. But, though the sound rule is that authors should be left to be remun-

rated by their readers, there will, in every generation, be a few exceptions to this rule. To distinguish these special cases from the mass is an employment well worthy of the faculties of a great and accomplished ruler; and Pitt would assuredly have had little difficulty in finding such cases. While he was in power, the greatest philologist of the age, his own contemporary at Cambridge, was reduced to earn a livelihood by the lowest literary drudgery, and to spend in writing squibs for the *Morning Chronicle*, years to which we might have owed an all but perfect text of the whole tragic and comic drama of Athens. The greatest historian of the age, forced by poverty to leave his country, completed his immortal work on the shores of Lake Lemman. The political heterodoxy of Porson, and the religious heterodoxy of Gibbon, may perhaps be pleaded in defence of the Minister by whom those eminent men were neglected. But there were other cases in which no such excuse could be set up. Scarcely had Pitt obtained possession of unbounded power when an aged writer of the highest eminence, who had made very little by his writings, and who was sinking into the grave under a load of infirmities and sorrows, wanted five or six hundred pounds to enable him, during the winter or two which might still remain to him, to draw his breath more easily in the soft climate of Italy. Not a farthing was to be obtained; and before Christmas the author of the *English Dictionary* and of the *Lives of the Poets* had gasped his last in the river fog and coal smoke of Fleet street. A few months after the death of Johnson appeared the *Task*, incomparably the best poem that any Englishman then living had produced—a poem, too, which could hardly fail to excite in a well constituted mind a feeling of esteem and compassion for the poet, a man of genius and virtue, whose means were scanty, and whom the most cruel of all the calamities incident to humanity had made incapable of supporting himself by vigorous and sustained exertion. Nowhere had Chatham been praised with more enthusiasm, or in verse more worthy of the subject, than in the *Task*. The son of Chatham, however, contented himself with reading and admiring the book, and left the author to starve. The pension which, long after, enabled poor Cowper to close his melancholy life, unmolested by duns and bailiffs, was obtained for him by the strenuous kindness of Lord Spencer.

What a contrast between the way in which Pitt acted toward Johnson and the way in which Lord Grey acted toward his political enemy Scott, when Scott, worn out by misfortune and disease, was advised to try the effect of the Italian air! What a contrast between the way in which Pitt acted toward Cowper and the way in which Burke, a poor man and out of place, acted toward Crabbe! Even Dundas, who made no pretensions to literary taste, and was content to be considered as a hardheaded and somewhat coarse man of business, was, when compared with his eloquent and classically educated friend, a Mæcenas or a Leo. Dundas made Burns an excise-man, with seventy pounds a year; and this was more than Pitt, during his long tenure of power, did for the encouragement of letters. Even those who may think that it is, in general, no part of the duty of a government to reward literary merit, will hardly deny that a government, which has much lucrative church preferment in its gift, is bound, in distributing that preferment, not to overlook divines whose writings have rendered great service to the cause of religion. But it seems never to have occurred to Pitt that he lay under any such obligation. All the theological works of all the numerous bishops whom he made and translated are not, when put together, worth fifty pages of the *Horæ Paulinæ*, of the *Natural Theology*, or of the *View of the Evidences of Christianity*. But on Paley the all-powerful minister never bestowed the smallest benefice. Artists, Pitt treated as contemptuously as writers. For painting he did simply nothing. Sculptors, who had been selected to execute monuments voted by Parliament, had to haunt the antechambers of the Treasury during many years before they could obtain a farthing from him. One of them, after vainly soliciting the Minister

for payment during fourteen years, had the courage to present a memorial to the King, and thus obtained tardy and ungracious justice. Architects it was absolutely necessary to employ; and the worst that could be found seem to have been employed. Not a single fine public building of any kind or in any style was erected during his long administration. It may be confidently affirmed that no ruler whose abilities and attainments would bear any comparison with his has ever shown such cold disdain for what is excellent in arts and letters.

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Whatever Tennyson writes, we are taught to believe, must be poetry of the highest excellence, and certainly he cannot write a line that will not be copied wherever there is a newspaper printed in the English language. The following verses were published officially three weeks ago in the *London Times*, and already they have made the circuit of the United States, appearing in the "poet's corner" of every village gazette as a stirring inspiration of patriotism. Since the commencement of hostilities between the great powers on the Continent, there has been much excitement in England on the subject of the possibility of a foreign invasion of the island, and the order has been issued for the formation of *Rifle corps*, to be called out at a moment's warning in the event that the French should obtain a footing on English soil. To stimulate the enrolment of volunteers, the laureate takes up the lyre and strikes from its battle strings these notes:

THE WAR.—BY TENNYSON.

There is a sound of thunder afar,  
 Storm in the South that darkens the day,  
 Storm of battle and thunder of war,  
 Well, if it do not roll our way.  
 Storm! storm! Riflemen form!  
 Ready, be ready to meet the storm!  
 Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!  
 Be not gull'd by a despot's plea!  
 Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?  
 How should a despot set men free?  
 Form! form! Riflemen form!  
 Ready, be ready to meet the storm!  
 Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Let your Reforms for a moment go,  
 Look to your butts and take good aims,  
 Better a rotten borough or so,  
 Than a rotten fleet or a city in flames!  
 Form! form! Riflemen form!  
 Ready, be ready to meet the storm!  
 Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Form, be ready to do or die!  
 Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's!  
 True, that we have a faithful ally,  
 But only the Devil knows what he means.  
 Form! form! Riflemen form!  
 Ready, be ready to meet the storm!  
 Riflemen! riflemen! riflemen form!

We are free to say that had our opinion been asked, we should said the foregoing was wholly wanting in the elements of warlike poetry, indeed that it was no poetry at all, and that we could write just as good verses ourselves. As our ability to do this may be reasonably doubted, however, we ask a dispassionate public to consider the subjoined performance, in the same style—

There is a sound of thunder afar,  
 Where is the Laureate true to his pay?  
 Let him come forward and sing of the war,  
 Well, if it does not shut up his lay.  
 Sing, sing, Tennyson sing!  
 Ready, be ready with ting-a-ling!  
 Tennyson, Tennyson, Tennyson sing!

Be not deaf to the shrill French horns,  
 Be not gulled by Napoleon petit,  
 Are figs of thistles or grapes of thorns?  
 What says the Laureate? Fiddle-de-dee.  
 Sing, sing, Tennyson sing!  
 Ready, be ready with ting-a-ling!  
 Tennyson, Tennyson, Tennyson sing!

Let your Idylls a moment go,  
 Look to your butt of sack and your fame,  
 Better a silly lyric or so,  
 Than a silly book or an epic to blame,  
 Sing, sing, Tennyson, sing!  
 Ready, be ready with ting-a-ling!  
 Tennyson, Tennyson, Tennyson sing!

Sing, we are all on hand to applaud!  
 Sing, in Mars's name and the Queen's;  
 True, you have recently given us Maud,  
 But only the Devil knows what *that* means.  
 Sing, sing, Tennyson sing!  
 Ready, be ready with ting-a-ling!  
 Tennyson, Tennyson, Tennyson sing!

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Mirror of the Festival*, a little paper of which four numbers only were published, at the recent Fair held in Baltimore for the benefit of the Building Fund of the Young Men's Christian Association. The *Mirror* had an ephemeral existence but a bright one, amid the blaze of gaslights, the fragrance of roses, and the smiles of beauty, and a Baltimore daily suggested that it should have been called *The Butterfly*, prob-

ably from this happy insect life it led; but upon looking over the numbers we are satisfied, from the truth of its reflections and the polish of its style, that it was properly entitled. One of the numbers contains a pleasing occasional poem by our old friend, the Rev. John C. McCabe, pronounced at the Festival, and in another we find this fine lyric by the Rev. E. Yates Reese, the editor of the *Methodist Protestant*, which we appropriate with great satisfaction—

SING UNTO THE LORD.

Lift the voice of praise and gladness, Zion from her bondage free  
Wakes to deeds of glorious conquest, mountain, valley, shore and sea.

Lo! the fiery cloud and pillar moves at the Divine command,  
And the tramp of mighty marching sounds triumphant through the land.

Zion's banner floats victorious while the hosts of hell retreat,  
Rebels throw their weapons down, and fall submissive at His feet.

Rivers! flash the joy, and bear the Hallelujah far along,  
Mountain echoes catch the chorus, swell aloud the thrilling song!

Air and ocean, isle and woodland, blend all harmonies of praise—  
Let the shout of Israel's triumphs ring as in the ancient days,—

Ring aloud, as when rejoicing from Egyptian bondage free,  
Miriam's timbrel notes were wafted o'er the dark, tumultuous sea.

Sing, as when the rock in Horeb gushed with clear and full supply,  
And the sound of purling waters mingled with the shoutings nigh;—

Sing, as when the tide of Jordan parted in its onward flow,  
Shout, as when with blast of trumpets fell the walls of Jericho:

Shout, as when the Prophet, pleading, turned to Heaven his suppliant eye,  
And the flood of flame descending drank the watered trenches dry.

Higher still and louder, clearer, let the notes of triumph rise,  
Emulate the songs of Angels hovering 'neath Judean skies:

Glory to the Lord's Anointed! peace on earth, good will to men,  
Zion's gates are filled with praise, and ransomed souls are "born again."

We transfer to the pages of the Messenger this month, from the *Central Presbyterian*, some pleasant recollections of John Randolph of Roanoke, which were contributed to that excellent paper by one who knew the gifted and eccentric orator and politician. As contributions to a work as yet unwritten, a full and impartial biography of one of the most remarkable men of his time, these sketches have a permanent value, and it is with the view of placing them within ready access, as well as of

presenting them to our readers, many of whom do not see the *Central Presbyterian*, that we surrender the space for their insertion, to the exclusion of original material. It is a part of the *Messenger's* mission, which we never overlooked, to garner up all that relates to the past history of Virginia in the lives of her distinguished citizens, and thus give to the whole series of the magazine a significance not possessed by periodicals devoted entirely to the literature of the day.

## Notices of New Works.

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1. THE POETICAL WORKS OF JAMES GATES PERCIVAL. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859.
2. THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. *With a Memoir of his Life.* Fourth Edition Greatly Enlarged. Same Publishers.
3. POEMS. By OWEN MEREDITH. *The Wanderer and Clytemnestra:* Same Publishers. [The four volumes in "Blue and Gold" from A. Morris, 97 Main Street.
4. POEMS. By ALBERT LAIGHTON. Boston: Brown, Tazzard & Chase. 1859. [From the Author.
5. POEMS. By R. A. OAKES. New York: Delisser & Procter, 508 Broadway. 1859. [From the Author.

We have grouped together these volumes of poetry, of various degrees of merit, from authors known and unknown, for the sake of convenience, and that in the quotations we may borrow from them, the reader may make the comparison between the genius and sensibility of the poets for himself; more especially of those who are now fluttering on the wings of publication for the first time, and singing their earliest songs in the ear of the public. The claims of Percival have been long established, and yet we think he has less popularity than almost any other of the American poets of his day, a fact which we are disposed to attribute to the wants of human sympathy in his verse. As a man, he was cold and morbidly unsympathetic, living to himself in a strange isolation in that beautiful city of elms where nature yet triumphs over the efforts of the bricklayer—New Haven; and his poems betray the lack of feeling which characterized his private life. Very beautiful they are, highly imaginative, always breathing a delicate, ærial music, and full of a rare appreciation of the glory and the joy of the world, but they lack that vital warmth which is kindled by a cordial recognition of the joys and sorrows of the human race, and without which art can weave no spell, eloquence can exercise no fascination. Poetry, wanting that element of the heart which permeates and vitalizes the verses of Burns, may excite our admiration but can never win our love; it is like the ivory image which Pygmalion

wrought and worshipped, before the god had given it the glow of conscious being—it is like a shrine without the altar fire, a glorious, perhaps, but yet a cold and unattractive thing. We are, by no means, insensible to the grace and finish of Percival, nor can we doubt that much that he has written, will endure to be recited by students of elocution and admired by rhetoricians, though never cherished as household words in city mansion or rural cottage. As specimens of his best manner, we might cite the lines on "May" or the fine lyric of "O, it is great for our country to die," but we prefer to give a Sonnet, which, as it is acrostical, (a poetical exercise by the way that we detest) will show with what neatness and felicity Percival wrote verse. The lady celebrated in it was a famous Boston beauty of thirty-five years ago—

Earth holds no fairer, lovelier one than thou,  
 Maid of the laughing lip and frolic eye.  
 Innocence sits upon thy open brow,  
 Like a pure spirit in its native sky.  
 If ever beauty stole the heart away,  
 Enchantress, it would fly to meet thy smile;  
 Moments would seem by thee a Summer day,  
 And all around thee an Elysian isle.  
 Roses are nothing to the maiden blush  
 Sent o'er thy cheek's soft ivory, and night  
 Has naught so dazzling in its world of light,  
 As the dark rays that from thy lashes gush.  
 Love lurks amid the silken curls, and lies  
 Like a keen archer in thy kindling eyes.

A poet of a very different class is Motherwell, of whom it is scarcely necessary for us to speak, so often and so satisfactorily have his merits been discussed in the reviews and magazines. A deep fellow-feeling underlies his writings, and redeems some that are defective in structure and common-place in expression. There are very few poems in the language which have so wide a celebrity as "Jeanie Morrison," referred to in the article on "Professor John Wilson," in the opening pages of this number of the Messenger. Its mingled sweetness and pathos have never been excelled. But we leave a writer whose place in literature is so well estab-



lished, with the simple remark that we are glad, indeed, to have an edition of his poems at once complete in itself and luxurious in externals, and pass to consider the fresh musings of Owen Meredith, whose earlier volume of "Clytemnestra," (now included with "The Wanderer" in this exquisite little volume,) was reviewed at some length in this magazine as long ago as 1855.

Though Robert Bulwer Lytton is a young man, he must not be dealt with as a tyro in the *Arts Poetica*; he is or he ought to be above immaturity of thought or purpose. He has already written as much as the Laureate of England, and in passing judgment upon him we cannot extend to his faults that leniency which the critic charitably exercises for the youthful essayist in rhyme. Nor need he desire it at the hands of any reviewer, for after all that may be said in the way of fault-finding, he must still be regarded as one of the best poets of the time. As we have something to say of dispraise, let us admit his power at the start, as we shall endeavour to point out some of his beauties afterwards. And foremost, we must employ against him that easy old charge of imitation. Of course the model is Tennyson, for where is the young poet now that imitates anybody else? Not so fast, however, for we must aver that young Lytton also imitates Browning, and we are of opinion that Bryant and Edgar Poe are among his studies of the poets. Before introducing any of the Tennysonian resemblances, let us present the noble tribute to the author of the Princess, which occurs in the "Dedication" of the "Wanderer"—

Tho' mighty spirits are no more,  
Yet spirits of beauty still remain.  
Gone is the Seer that, by the shore  
Of lakes as limpid as his lore,  
Lived to one ceaseless strain

And strenuous melody of mind—  
But one there rests that hath the power  
To charm the midnight moon, and bind  
All spirits of the sweet south-wind;  
And steal from every shower

That sweeps green England cool and clear,  
The violet of tender song;  
Great Alfred! long may England's ear  
His music fill, his name be dear  
To English bosoms long!

Surely this is a very graceful *amende* for the father's satire in the "New Timon," where Sir Edward said

Let school-miss Alfred pipe her puling strain  
And catch her "blue fly singing i' the pane"—

and here, we must ask permission, before getting to the parallel passages from the Laureate and "Owen Meredith," to introduce the lines which immediately follow in the "Dedication" in which the filial love of the author is very tenderly but manfully uttered—

And one . . . in sacred silence sheathed  
That name I keep, my verse would shame.  
The name my lips in prayer first breathed  
Was his: and prayer hath yet bequeathed  
Its silence to that name ;—

Which yet an age remote shall hear,  
Borne on the fourfold wind sublime  
By Fame, where, with some faded year  
These songs shall sink, like leaflets sere,  
In avenues of time.

But to proceed. "Owen Meredith" writes from a soul steeped in Tennyson, he has caught the Laureate's manner, his music, though this is marred by discords out of Browning, his inversions and even his phrases. A better illustration could not, perhaps, be given of the similarity of images employed by the two poets than the opening lines of the Prologue to "The Wanderer"—

Sweet are the rosy memories of the lips  
That first kissed ours, albeit they kiss no more:  
Sweet is the sight of sunset-sailing ships  
Altho' they leave us on a lonely shore,

which must recal to the reader of Tennyson, the

Dear as remembered kisses after death  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy  
feigned  
On lips that are for others—

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail  
That brings our friends up from the underworld.

We do not instance this as direct imitation, but only as showing the tendency of young Bulwer to employ the imagery of his model. A more remarkable similarity will be perceived in the lines which follow. In "A Soul's Loss," he says,

Great men reach dead hands unto me  
From the grave to comfort me,

which mortmain allusion is to be found in the *In Memoriam*,

And from the grave  
Reach forth dead hands to comfort me.

Again, Owen Meredith sings,

Despising all these glittering lies  
Which in these days can fool mankind,

but this stultification of humanity by showy falsehoods has been anticipated by Tennyson, where he speaks of the attempt

To fool mankind with glorious lies.

We might multiply these examples of resemblance so striking as to suggest inevitably the entire preoccupation of the mind with the thoughts, the melody and the language of Tennyson, and it would not be difficult to find passages so closely fashioned upon Browning that with a writer who had no strength of his own, they would prove very damaging to his reputation. But we must hasten to remark that we find our young poet occasionally repeating himself, which there is surely no occasion for one so opulent in fancy to do. *Ex gratia*, in the "Good Night in the Porch," we have this—

her bright hair about her warm neck all  
undone,  
And waving on the balmy air, with tinges  
of the dying sun.  
*Just one star kindling in the west ; just one  
bird singing near its nest.*

and in *Aux Italiens*, we read,

I thought of the dress she wore last time,  
When we stood 'neath the cypress trees,  
together,  
In that lost land, in that lost clime,  
In the crimson evening weather :

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot)  
And her warm white neck in its golden  
chain :

And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,  
And falling loose again :

And the jasmin flower in her fair young  
breast :  
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmin  
flower!)

*And the one bird singing alone to his nest :  
And the one star over the tower.*

But the repetition of favourite images is less striking in these poems than the constant iteration of the sad story of unrequited love. We have no right to inquire into the experiences of Mr. Lytton concerning womankind, but we should infer from the number of his lamentations that he has been somewhat hardly used by the sex. He is a love-lorn Jeremiah, pouring out his sorrows in every form of versification except the hexameter, until we weary of them. Irene has cast your life in shadow, demolished you, broken the precious cup and wasted the golden wine of your affections, has she? *Eh bien*, why renew the unutterable woes, why prolong

the dreadful agony? Irene does this sort of thing every day, the cruel creature, the miserable sinner, all round the globe—the name of the poets is legion who have suffered in this way; let her alone, my dear boy, and seek other sources of inspiration than her white neck, her brilliant eyes, her small hand and her bad heart.

And here let us say that in his descriptions of life, wherein the fickle false ones figure so largely with their diamonds and velvets, Owen Meredith verges dangerously upon the confines of the forbidden, by colouring so warmly the pictures of fashionable sin and elegant licentiousness. In that charming portraiture of *La Marquise* there are some touches that might well have been omitted, and in the highly wrought sketch "Au Café \* \* \*," the revel is drawn a little too much to the life to be satisfactorily dismissed by the introduction of Nemesis in the concluding stanzas.

So much in the way of cavil concerning our young poet whom we rank above any of the latest of the English bards, for fervour of imagination, deep insight into human motives, strength and clearness of thought and richness of expression. If he imitates the poets who have preceded him, it is only in their excellencies, he does not copy Tennyson's affectations, he avoids the obscurity of Browning and the misanthropy of Poe. We have no room for the specimens of his poetry which we had marked in pencil as establishing his place among the great writers of song, but as we have alluded to his harsh judgments upon the daughters of Eve, let us permit him here to utter this lofty truth—

"Blessed the man whose life, how sad  
soe'er,  
Hath felt the presence, and yet keeps the  
trace  
Of one pure woman."

And with this honourable sentiment on his lips, we commend the modern knightly minnesinger to the favour of all who accept the poet's mission.

Mr. Albert Lighton commends himself to our regard in the rose-tinted paper whereon his effusions are printed. These are singularly unequal in merit, the shorter pieces being most to our liking. His range of thought is not a wide one, but within it his perceptions are quick and delicate, and while he has not great passion, he has pathos. The little poem "Found Dead" is a fine example of the pathetic, and has been so often copied in the newspapers as to be generally known. The following stanzas impress us most agreeably, though there is an incompleteness in the last stanza—

## MAY FLOWERS.

Children of the pathless wood,  
Dwelling in deep solitude,  
Born of earth and blessed of heaven,  
Proofs of love that God hath given;  
Pledges from His bounteous hand,  
Ever fair and sinless band—

When your gentle mother, Spring,  
Heard the happy robin sing,  
Then we saw her, calm and slow,  
Lift the coverlet of snow  
From your tiny forms, and press  
Your pure lips with tenderness.

And we knew she lingered there,  
Whispering words of love and prayer;  
For at last each sleeping child,  
Looking upward, sweetly smiled,  
With the beauty of the skies  
Mirrored in its dewy eyes!

Low winds whispering through the trees;  
Dreamy murmurings of bees;  
Notes of birds and flow of rills;  
Music that the rain distile;  
Your sweet cradle songs are these,  
And unnumbered melodies.

O, ye children of the wood,  
Messengers of solitude,  
Ye are dearer far to me  
Than the nurslings of the lea!  
For ye bring to heart and brain  
Childhood's rosy dreams again.

The name of R. A. Oakes is not unfamiliar to the readers of the *Messenger*, since it has been appended now and then to meritorious verses which have graced the magazine. We like much that is revealed of the writer in this modest volume which may be read from beginning to end in fifteen minutes; we like the refinement, the simplicity, the love of beauty his poetical exercises make manifest, and we think Mr. Oakes might win a reputation for himself in literature such as few among the rising poets can boast, if he would write more carefully. These lines on Herrick are worthy of the theme—

He made no grand flights soaring to the sun;  
Within his verse no flaunting pennons flame;  
Among the golden daffodils he won  
The glory of his deathless name.

What quaint conceit and golden fancy fills  
His antique goblets to the very lees;  
The rain of an eternal fragrance spills  
Its sweetness in Hesperides.

In the following, which he entitles

"Thanks before Meat," there is a quaintness suggestive of the old English writers—

## THANKS BEFORE MEAT.

You say if mine e'er touch your lips,  
Some song of love they first must sing—  
Some dainty rhyme they first must bring,  
To praise the crimson of their tips.

You make me give the thanks and praise  
Before I touch the luscious fruit;  
You make me sing when it would suit  
My lip to banish all delays.

O sweet! I fear the blood that runs  
Its courses in your azure veins,  
That reds your cheek with health's flush  
stains,  
Smacks of the stern old Puritans!

But for the boon you ask, you give  
The richest, rarest Lydian wine—  
The taste of those twin lips divine,  
Whose promise bids my frail song live.

But our string of verses must be brought to an end, and we turn from these volumes of poetry to discuss works of another kind.

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WORKS OF MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE. *Comprising his Essays, Journey into Italy, and Letters, with Notes from all the Commentators, Biographical and Bibliographical Notices, &c.* By W. HAZLITT. A new and carefully revised edition. Edited by O. W. WIGHT. In Four Volumes. New York: Derby & Jackson.

ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS. By FENELON. *Translated by Dr. Hawkesworth; with a Life of Fenelon by Lamartine. An Essay on his Genius and Character by Villemain, Critical and Bibliographical Notices, &c.* Same Editor and Publisher. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

Messrs. Derby and Jackson have entered upon a most praiseworthy undertaking, being nothing less than a republication, in an acceptable form, of the entire series of the French classics in English. Five volumes of this edition are before us. They are handsomely printed and neatly bound, and the work of translation has been faithfully executed. The quaint old essayist of France who stands out as the intellectual exponent of his country for the period in which he flourished, as his contemporaries Shakspeare in England and Cervantes in Spain, well deserves to be studied by all who would familiarize themselves with the history of literature.

His writings furnish the material for much quiet entertainment even at this day, and contain the germs of a large portion of subsequent philosophical disquisition. The works of Fenelon is too well known to be made the subject of comment, but we may say that the life of him by Lamartine and the Essay on his genius and character by Villemain render this edition of Telemachus more valuable than any with which we are acquainted. We heartily commend these volumes to public favour.

**THE NEW AND THE OLD; Or, California and India in Romantic Aspects.** By J. W. PALMER, M. D., author of "Up and Down the Irrawaddi," &c. With thirteen Illustrations engraved by A. V. S. Anthony, from original designs by John McLean. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 433. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand Street. 1859. [From the author.]

Dr. Palmer is one of the most delightful of writers of travel. He understands the force of the French maxim that the art of writing is the art of interesting. He takes liberties with the reader and sometimes with the language, but he never wearies the patience, and one feels a livelier confidence as the narrative proceeds, that the drollery, the good sense, the pleasant fancies, the pathos of the book will be maintained to the end. "The New and the Old" is a transcript of personal experience at the "gates of the morning" and at the "golden gates," of sunset, or to speak less figuratively, in California and India. The "New" was Eldorado in 1849, the "Old" was India, which Dr. Palmer visited afterwards. Every Summer tourist should take the book with him to the mountains or the sea-side. It is a most exquisite specimen of the printer's art in America and is embellished with some capital engravings on wood.

**ACADIA; Or, a Month with the Blue Noses.** By FREDERICK S. COZZENS. New York: Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau Street. 1859. [From James Woodhouse & Co., 137 Main Street.]

A romantic and real interest attaches to Nova Scotia—it was the country of Evangeline and it is the land of Sam Slick. Mr. Longfellow's hexameters and Judge Haliburton's fun have prepared the public mind for the kindly reception of just such a humorous little volume as the present. Mr. Cozzens writes with ease, but unlike "the mob of gentlemen" with spirit, and his "Month among the Blue Noses" has given us much enjoyment. There is a very painful chapter, which we would commend to the conscientious agents of the "Underground Railroad" (if there be such people,) descriptive of the abject

misery and helplessness of the runaway negroes who have settled in Nova Scotia. The recital of such misery might touch the heart even of Horace Greeley. Neatness of typography and two lithographic portraits lend their attractions to the volume.

**THE CASSIQUE OF KIAWAH. A Colonial Romance.** By WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, Esq. Redfield, 34 Beekman Street, New York. 1859. [From A. Morris, 97 Main St.]

We had the satisfaction to present our readers in the last number of the Messenger with a full and just estimate of Mr. Simms' characteristic excellences as a novelist, and all the praise conferred upon him in that *critique* is justified by the animation and interest of the present story. He is here upon his old ground, dealing with the stirring incidents of the ancient time in Carolina, and reproducing characters that, but for his interference, would have faded out of the records of the past. The *Cassique of Kiawah* more than sustains his reputation, it would make a reputation for a new writer. The work is dedicated in a sonnet to the Hon. W. Porcher Miles of the House of Representatives, a sonnet so beautiful that we have given it to the reader on a previous page of the present number of our Magazine.

**THE TIN TRUMPET; or, Heads and Tails for the Wise and Waggish. A New American Edition with alterations and additions.** New York: D. Appleton and Company. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.]

The fun in this volume resembles old wine which has been bottled up a quarter of a century and which comes to the lip with a most agreeable smack for its long imprisonment. "The Tin Trumpet" has been out of print for years, and single copies at auction sales of old libraries, have brought fabulous prices. There is a refined cynicism, a malicious, epigrammatic commentary on the affairs of life, running through the definitions, which amuses while it stings, and the jokes will be enjoyed as much by the present generation as they were by the old fogies for whom, twenty-four years ago, they were printed. The following will serve as specimen squeaks from the Trumpet—

**CEREMONY.** All that is considered necessary by many in religion and friendship.

**EXTEMPORE.** A premeditated impromptu.

**EYE-GLASS.** A toy which enables a coxcomb to see others, and others to see that he is a coxcomb.

**FACE.** The silent echo of the heart.

**SATIRE.** A glass in which the beholder sees every body's face but his own.

"The Tin Trumpet" is beautifully printed and is most tastefully bound in embossed muslin.

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"It affords me much pleasure to say, that the Machine works well; and I do not hesitate to recommend it as possessing all the advantages you claim for it. My wife is very much pleased with it, and we take pleasure in certifying to this effect."—*R. C. Brinkley, Memphis, Tenn.*

"It gives me pleasure to find the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine giving so much satisfaction. I have it in constant use, and find it all that could be desired. It is the most simple and durable machine in use, and I heartily recommend it."—*F. M. White, Memphis, Tenn.*

"Having seen, examined, and used many other kinds of Sewing Machines, I feel free to say that the Grover & Baker Machines are far superior to all others in use."—*M. Francois Seltz, Nashville, Tenn.*

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